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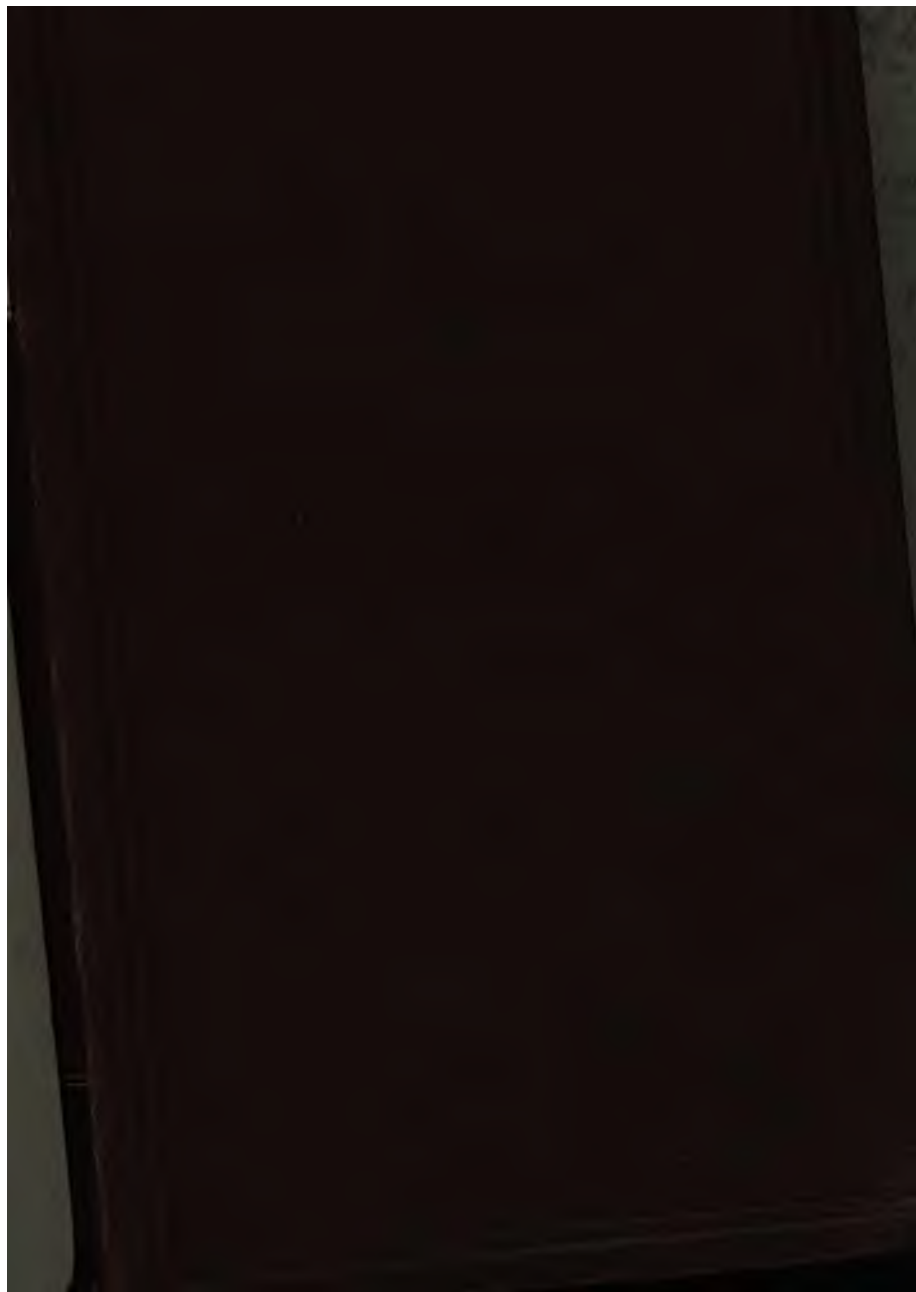
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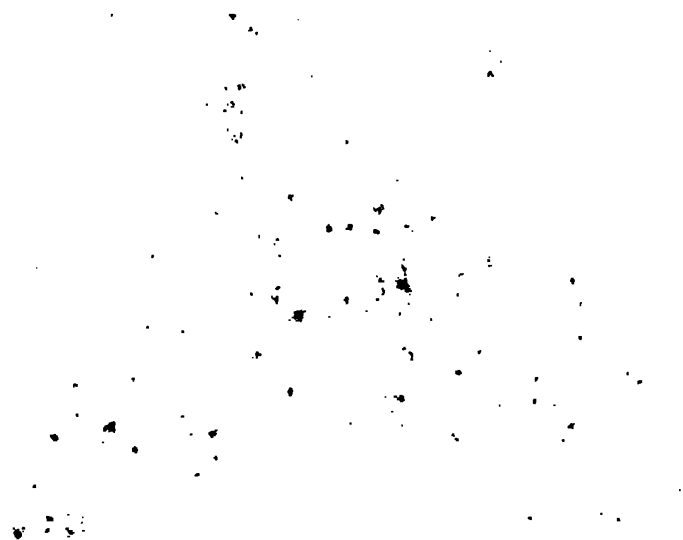
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R



Edinburgh: W. PATERSON.

Dundee: FREDERICK SHAW.

London: J. RUSSELL SMITH.

A
COMPENDIOUS BOOK
OF PSALMS
AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,
COMMONLY KNOWN AS
“THE GUDE AND GODLIE BALLATES.”



EDINBURGH:
REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1578.
M.DCCC.LXVIII.

147. g. 196.





PREFACE.

I.—The Gude and Godlie Ballates, and the reputed Authors.



GARDEN OF SPIRITUAL FLOWERS, to adopt one of the quaint English titles of an early date, might have been quite as appropriate for this collection as that of **A COMPENDIOUS BOOK, &c.** The flowers it exhibits may not be remarkable either for poetical fragrance or beauty, although variegated both as to form and colour. But whatever estimate we may form of the collection, it has its own peculiar value, in connexion with the literature of the Reformation period in Scotland; and

being the only one of its kind, this little volume deserves to be better known than it is at the present day. Its history, indeed, is rather singular. Having passed through several editions, of which hundreds of copies were printed towards the close of the sixteenth century, it may seem strange to add, that the book itself had a somewhat narrow escape ever to have reached our times. During the last century no public library was known to possess a copy ; and the only one discovered in any private collection was that of Andro Hart's, with the date of printing cut off. It was from this solitary copy that Lord Hailes printed selections as a "Specimen" of the work in 1765; and that further selections were included in Sibbald's "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry," in 1802; while a literal reprint of the entire book (thus affording some security for its future preservation) formed the chief portion of Dalzell's "Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century," in 1801.

A few years later a second copy of Hart's edition, with the title-page entire, dated 1621, and also the earlier edition by Smyth in 1600, chanced to make their appearance, and have since passed through the hands of successive collectors. Still

more recently, a copy of the hitherto unknown edition of 1578 occurred in a London sale, and was purchased for a late zealous collector of early poetical literature. Having, for the purpose of collation or transcription, obtained from Mr CHRISTIE MILLER of Craigentinny the liberal use of this unique copy, preserved in the library at Britwell House, Bucks, I found that the three known editions of these "Gude and Godlie Ballates" were essentially the same; yet it occurred to me that a good service would be rendered by re-printing it verbatim, in a small convenient form, so that copies, at a moderate price, might be placed within reach of many persons who take an interest in such remains of Popular Poetry, but who know nothing of Dalzell's collection, which, besides, has now become scarce, and expensive. The present volume, accordingly, is a literal reprint, page for page, of the 1578 edition, but supplying some of its defects, correcting the punctuation and several obvious typographical errors, while adopting the common form of type, instead of the black-letter, as best suited for ordinary readers.

The Collection, it will be observed, divides itself naturally into three separate parts or divi-

sions. The first is Doctrinal, including a Catechism, the Creed, &c., in metre, with various Spiritual Songs. The second contains versions of twenty-two Psalms, and a number of Hymns, chiefly translations from the German. The third, which gives its peculiar character to the collection, consists of secular Songs, but converted from profane into religious poetry. This mode of adapting popular rhymes and tunes to sacred subjects, but often clothed in a very incongruous form, was not unknown in other countries. But before considering this matter in relation to the present volume, although it is obviously impossible to ascribe the contents, either in whole or in part, to the respective Authors, we may inquire what is known or reported on this head.

This "Compendious Book" should properly be regarded as a POETICAL MISCELLANY by various authors, yet tradition, and the concurrent testimony of some old writers, assign the authorship to two brothers, JOHN and ROBERT WEDDERBURN, of Dundee, who flourished about the year 1540. That either of them was the collector or editor of the volume, or that any considerable portion of it was printed in Scotland prior to the Reformation, are points which seem

to be highly improbable. We find no reference to the book earlier than to an impression about 1570, and "the augmentation of ballatis not contained in the first edition" may have been made when the volume was reprinted at Edinburgh, in 1578.

In adding some notices respecting the reputed Authors, I can, however, do little more than recapitulate what has previously been gleaned by Dalzell, M'Crie, and others, derived chiefly from Calderwood's MS. History. As this industrious historian obtained his information from manuscript sources, which are not now preserved, his own words, without abridgment, may be quoted. Under the year 1540 he says :—

" This yeere JAMES WEDDERBURNE, eldest sonne to James Wedderburne, merchant at Dundie, called James Wedderburne at the West Kirk Stile, was delated to the King, and letters of captioun directed to take him. He departed secreteilie to France, and remained at Rowan and Deep till he deceassed. He had beene brought up in Sanct Leonard's Colledge in his youth, in the time of the governement of Johne Duke of Albanie, and was reasonable weil instructed in

philosophie and humanitie. Thereafter he went to France, where he played the merchant. After his returne, he was instructed in religioun by James Hewat, a Blacke frier at Dundie. He confirmed the doctrine which the other had received in his youth, in St Leonard's Colledge, under Mr Gawin Logie. This James had a good gift of poesie, and made diverse comedeis and tragedeis in the Scottish tongue, wherein he nipped the abuses and superstitioun of the time. He composed in forme of tragedie the beheading of Johne the Baptist, which was acted at the West Port of Dundie, wherin he carped roughlie the abuses and corruptionous of the Papists. He compiled the Historie of Dyonisius the Tyranne, in forme of a comedie, which was acted in the play-feild of the said burgh, wherin he likewise nipped the Papists. He counterfooted also the conjuring of a ghaist, which was, indeed, practised by Frier Laing, beside Kingorne, which Frier Laing had beene Confessor to the King. But after this conjuring the King was constrained, for shame, to remove him. When he was at Deepe the factors at Deepe, Johne Meldrum, Henrie Tod, Johne Mowat, Gilbert Scot, delated him to the Bishop of Rowan; but the Bishop re-

fused to meddle with him, becaus they could prove nothing against him. They informed the Bishop and Channons of Rowan that he was declared an heretick in Scotland: the Bishop desired them to send for the processe, and that being tryed, he sould have no residence there. We heare no farther, but that he remained as factor at Deepe, and deing, said to his sonne,— ‘ We have beene acting our part in the theater: you are to succeed; see that you act your part faithfullie.’

“ Mr JOHNE WEDDERBURNE, his brother, brought up also in the course of philosophie, under Mr Gawin Logie, being perswaded by his friends, albeit against his will, he tooke on the order of preesthood, and was a preest in Dundie. But soone after he beganne to professe the (reformed) religioun. Being summouned, he departed to Almaine [Germany], where he heard Luther and Melancton, and became verie fervent and zealous. He translated manie of Luther’s dytements into Scottish meeter, and the Psalmes of David. He turned manie bawdie songs and rymes in godlie rymes. He returned after the death of the King, in December 1542, but was againe persued by the Cardinall, and fled to England.

“MR ROBERT WEDDERBURNE, the youngest brother, brought up also under Mr Gawin, excelled his brother both in humanitie and knowledge of the Scriptures. He succeeded to Mr Robert Barrie, Vicar of Dundie. He went to Parise, where he remained cheeflie in companie of those that were instructed in religioun, as Mr Alexander Hay, N. Sandelands, sonne to the Laird of Calder, in West Lothiane, and Lord of Sanct Johne, whose fater and whole familie were most zealous in advancing of religioun. After the death of the Cardinall he returned to Scotland. The Vicar, his mother’s brother, being departed, he gott possessioun of the vicarage, but remained for the most part with the Laird of Calder. When he was comming home out of the east countreis, in a Danskein ship, the shippe was driven by contrarie winds upon Norway, where the passengers landed at Ripperwicke, and remained certane dayes. In the meane time, upon the Saturday before Whitsonday even, 1546, after continuall disputing and reasoning among the passengers, some Popish, and some Protestants, he, and the rest of his fellowes, tooke the boldnesse, notwithstanding they understood nothing of the Cardinall’s death, to make his pourtraiture, or

statue, of a great oaken blocke, and therupon write his name in paper affixed theron. They accuse him, condemne him, and burne his statue in a great fire of timber. The Cardinall was slaine that same verie day, in the morning,¹ in his owne Castell of Sanct Andrewes.”²

In addition to these notices, it may be stated that more than one family of the Wedderburns flourished in Dundee, or its neighbourhood, at an earlier period. Sir Robert Douglas, in his *Baronage of Scotland*,³ has given a detailed account of the Wedderburns of Blackness and the Wedderburns of Gosford. According to Nisbet⁴ the name was local, taken from the lands and barony of Wedderburn, in Berwickshire; and Douglas says,—“ That the first who settled in Angus was James Wedderburn, burgess in Dundee, in the Reign of James III. He had two sons, David, mentioned in a charter⁵ 19th

¹ On the 29th of May 1546. (Knox's Works, vol. i. p. 174).

² Calderwood's History, MS., 1636 (Advocates Library); and Wodrow Society edition, vol. i. p. 141.

³ Edinb. 1798, p. 278.

⁴ Heraldry, vol. i. p. 371.

⁵ The charter to which Douglas here refers, under a wrong date, is Lib. xii. No. 186. It contains no reference

February 1489-90, who died without issue; and James, merchant-burgess of Dundee, who married Janet, daughter of David Forrester of Nevay, by whom he had a son, John, who was town-clerk of Dundee, and had charters in 1527 and 1533, and whose son, David, also became town-clerk of Dundee," &c.

This account by Douglas is not quite correct; but the persons we have specially to notice were James Wedderburn, merchant-burgess, and his sons, three of whom seem to have received a liberal education. In extracting from the Registers of the University of St Andrews between 1500 to 1540, the names of the Wedderburns (who are usually marked as natives of Angus, or that district of the country to the north of the Tay), I will not pretend either to assign the exact relationship that may have existed between them, or to account for various apparent discrepancies in the notices we have in regard to their history.

to James Wedderburne, burgess, but simply mentions the house called a land belonging to David Wedderburn, in Dundee, in describing the boundaries of a property assigned to one of the Chaplains in the parish church of Dundee, 19th February 1489-90.

Nomina Incorporatorum.—ACTA RECTORUM.

- (1504).—Johannes Wedderburne, nac. Ang. (in Collegio).
(1505).—Ro[bertus] Wedderburne, nac. Ang. (in Pedagogio).
1507.—Johannes Wedderburne (in Collegio).
1509.—Jacobus Wedderburn (in Collegio).
1514.—Jacobus Wedderburne, nacionis Angusie.
1525.—Johannes Wedderburn (in Pedagogio).
1526.—Robertus Wedderburne, An. (in Collegio).

Nomina Determinatorum et Licentiatorum.—

ACTA FACULTATIS ARTIUM.

- 1509.—Robertus Wedderburn, primus actus Collegii, pauper—(Determ.)
1511.—Robertus Wedderburn—(Licent.)
1526.—Johannes Wedderburn, quartus actus, dives—(Determ.)
1528.—Johannes Wedderburn—(Licent.)
1529.—Robertus Wedderburn, in Collegio Divi Leonardi—(Determ.)
1530.—Robertus Wedderburn, in Collegio Divi Leonardi—(Licent.)

I. JAMES WEDDERBURN.—In the preceding list we find a Jacobus Wedderburn incorporated in

St Salvator's College, St Andrews, in the year 1509, and another of the same name in 1514, neither of whom seems to have taken the Degree of Bachelor, or of Master of Arts. James, who became a burghess of Dundee, is said to have spent some time in France connected with his mercantile affairs. He married Janet Forrester, and had at least two sons, John and Robert, as appears from the public records:—

1527-8, January 20. A charter of confirmation granted to John Wedderburn, son of James Wedderburn junior, burghess of Dundee, procreated between him and Janet Forrester, his spouse, of the lands of Croft, with a part of the land of Tullohill, &c. in Forfarshire.¹

1533, October 14. Another charter of confirmation, granted to James Wedderburn junior, burghess of Dundee, and Janet Forrester, his spouse, and John Wedderburn, their son, of thirteen acres of the lordship of Dudhope, in Forfarshire.²

The name of the other son, Robert, occurs in a less enviable manner than that of others of the family, who were accused of heresy.

¹ Regist. Magni Sigilli, Lib. xxii. fol. 77.

² Regist. Magni Sigilli, Lib. xxv. fol. 53.

“Ane respitt maid to Robert Wedderburn, sone to James Wedderburn, burges of Dundee, for the slaughter of umquhill (blank) Malisoun, and for all actioun and cryme that may follow therupoun, and for xix zeris to indure, &c. At Linlithgow, the sext day of Januar the zere for-said [1537-8] *per Signaturam.*”¹

This JAMES WEDDERBURN, as Calderwood relates, exhibited proofs of his dramatic talents, having converted the History of John the Baptist into a dramatic poem, and also the History of Dionysius the Tyrant, both of which are said to have been acted at Dundee. Such performances involved him in trouble, and obliged him, in the year 1540, to escape abroad; and Calderwood adds, that he continued to reside at Dieppe or Rouen until his death, which we may conjecture was about the year 1550. Of his dramatic pieces no trace has been discovered.

II. Mr JOHN WEDDERBURN, second son of the elder James, was educated at St Andrews, but not at St Leonard's College, under Gawin Logye, as usually reported: his name occurs among the students in the *Pedagogium* (a name at first applied

¹ Regist. Secreti Sigilli, vol. xi. fol. 43.

to the New or St Mary's College), who were incorporated in the year 1525, at the same time with George Buchanan and his brother Patrick. Wedderburn took his Bachelor's degree in 1526, and became Master of Arts in 1528. He then entered the priesthood.

Lindesay of Pitscottie, under the year 1530, calls "Mr Johne Wedderburn" Vicar of Dundee. He cannot, however, be trusted for minute accuracy, but the incident he records is worthy of notice. Lord William Howard having come to Scotland that year as Ambassador, with a large retinue of persons skilled in all kinds of games, among trials of skill which took place one was that of archery. The Queen Dowager, sister of Henry VIII., laid a wager with her son, the young King, of one hundred crowns and a tun of wine, on the superiority of the English over the Scots. Six persons were chosen on each side, and the trial took place at St Andrews. Pitscottie says, the six chosen for the Scots were three of the landed men, David Wemyss of that ilk, David Arnot of that ilk, and *Mr Johne Wedderburn, Vicar of Dundee*, with three yeomen. "They shot (he says) very near, and warred (got the better of) the Englishmen of the enterprise, and

wan the hundred crowns¹ and the tun of wine ; which made the King very merry, that his men wan the victory." In some copies of *Pitscottie* it is added, they "went thereafter to the toun, and maid ane banquet to the King, and the Queene, and the Inglish Ambassadour, with the whole two hundred crounes, and the two tuns of wyne. Albeit that the Inglismen confessed that the Scottismen sould have been freed of the payment of that banquet, quhilk was so gorgeous that it was of no less avall than the said gold and wyne extended to."

It appears from the Treasurer's Accounts for the year 1538-1539 that 40s. was received as the composition of the escheat of the goods of Mr John Wedderburn, convicted of heresy (*de certis criminibus hereseos*), granted in favour of his brother Henry. Among various persons in Dundee who, at that time, were condemned upon a similar charge of heresy, was James Rollok, burgess ; and in March 1539 a pursuivant was directed "to pass to Dundee and serche James Rollokkis gudis, and Maister Johnne Wedderburn[is]." In the previous

¹ The crown, in the reign of James V., was a gold coin, equivalent to one pound Scots, or 1s. 8d. sterling, no inconsiderable sum at that time.

year we also find that Gilbert Wedderburn, burghess of Dundee, had been convicted of heresy.

III. Mr ROBERT WEDDERBURN, a younger son, as a student in the University of St Andrews, was incorporated in 1526, and took his degrees of Bachelor and of Master of Arts in 1530, under Mr Gawin Logye, Principal of St Leonard's College. Logye took his degree of A.M. at St Andrews in 1512. In 1518 he is styled *Regens Collegii S. Leonardi*, and, in 1523, Principal of that College. He fled, it is supposed, in 1535, to avoid the accusation of heresy; and the name of his successor occurs two years later.¹ Calderwood says that Robert Wedderburn succeeded his uncle, Mr Robert Barrie,² as Vicar of Dundee. There was

¹ Knox's Works, vol. i. pp. 36, 528.

² The name of Barry or Barrie was not uncommon at this time. In the St Andrews University Registers we find the name of Robertus Barry as a Determinant in 1462, and a Licentiate or A.M. in 1465. Other names might be mentioned of a later date. I have a volume in the old wooden boards, containing:—1. Liber Alexandri Magni de Preliis. 2. Historie notabiles collecte ex Gestis Romanorum. 3. Mag. Jac. de Theramo Consolatio Peccatorum et vulgo Belial appellatur: Printed by Jo. Veldener, 1474, folio. On the fly-leaf is written, "Iste liber constat Magistro Henrico Barry, Rec-

a Mr John Barry, Vicar of Dundee, at an earlier period.¹

In the *Registrum Episcopatus Brechinensis* (vol. ii. p. 184), we find the names of James Wedderburn, one of the bailies of Dundee, also Cristina Jameson, spouse of David Wedderburn senior, and Henry Wedderburn, 7th December 1532. In the appendix to the same register (ib. p. 319) is an indenture between the burgh of Dundee and Andro Barry, kirkmaster for the tyme of the paroch kirk of our Lady, 23d March 1536, to which Mr Jhone Barry, George Rollok, James Wedderburn junior, and others, were witnesses.

It is usually supposed that the three brothers shared in the persecutions to which the adherents of what was termed the Lutheran doctrines were exposed, and that, being tried, and condemned for heresy, they escaped to the Continent. All this may have happened, but we have no direct evidence of

tori de Culass, empt. 11 Aprilis anno 147[6?];" also "Liber Henrici Barry, Rectoris de Culess, qui dedit fratribus Ordinis Predicatorum de Dwnde." In a later hand is written, "Et nunc ex voluminibus G[eorgii] Ogiluy."

¹ Mr John Berri, Vicar of Dundee, 9th June 1483 (*Registrum de Aberbrothok*, i. p. 194)—Mr John Barry, Vicar of Dundee, 1495 (*Reg. Episc. Brechin.*, vol. ii. p. 134).

the facts, except in the case of John, the second brother. Had Robert been convicted, he necessarily would have been deprived of his preferment in the Church ; his name, however, occurs in the public records as the father of two illegitimate sons, having (what was not uncommon for priests in those days) obtained letters of legitimation, under the Great Seal, granted by the Governor, in the Queen's name, in favour of Robert and David Wedderburns, bastard sons natural of Mr ROBERT WEDDERBURN, Vicar of Dundee, dated at Linlithgow on the 13th January 1552-3. As the term *olim* or *quondam* is not applied either to the Vicar's office or person, we may conclude, without absolutely asserting the fact, that he was then alive, and still retained his office as Vicar.¹ This is a question intimately connected with a disputed point in our literary history, to which I shall, in a subsequent page, take occasion to advert.

David Wedderburn above mentioned is not to be confounded with his namesake the town-clerk of

¹ "Legitimatio Roberti et Davidis Wedderburn bastardorum filiorum naturalium MAGISTRI ROBERTI WEDDERBURN, Vicarii de Dundee—Apud Linlithquo, 13. Januarij 1552, et Regni nostri vndecimo." (Reg. Mag. Sig., Lib. xxxi. No. 114).

Dundee, who, according to Douglas's Baronage, was son of John, styled son of James Wedderburn junior, in 1527, and having married Helen Lawson, he "lived to a great age, and died about the year 1590." David Wedderburn, burgess of Dundee, and Helen Lawson, his spouse, had conjoint charters, under the Great Seal, of lands in Forfarshire, &c., dated 10th February 1538-9, confirming a grant in their favour by John, Abbot of Lindores, 9th October 1535; also two others on 8th October 1542 and 8th August 1552.

The preceding notices may not be very satisfactory; and unfortunately, so far as the subsequent history of the Wedderburns is concerned, no precise information has been recorded. That some of the following ballads belong to a later period than that of the Wedderburns, is evident from internal evidence. For instance, at p. 49, the words,

— thy word at lenth

Is preichit cleir befor our ene,

with the satirical allusions in *Hay trix, hay trim*, at p. 178-181, and the mention made of the Protestants, at p. 178, as *The Congregation*, may certainly be referred to the year 1559.¹ In like manner, the

¹ I find that in this view I am not singular. The author

words alluding to the destruction of some of the Abbey Churches and Religious Houses, at p. 185—

Had not your self begun the weiris,
Your stepillis had bene standand yet

In George Bannatyne's MS. collection of Scottish poetry, 1568, the four following poems are attributed to WEDDERBURN, but no Christian name is given. They evidently are of the time of James the Fifth :—

Ballatis in prayis of Wemen.

“I marvell of thir vane fantastik men,”

34 stanzas of 7 lines, . . . fol. 239 b.

“My lufe was fals and full of flattery,”

9 stanzas of 7 lines, . . . fol. 260.

“I think thir men ar verry fals and vane,”

14 stanzas of 7 lines, . . . fol. 279.

“O man, transformit and unnaturall!”

18 stanzas of 7 lines, . . . fol. 287 b.

John Jonston, Professor at St Andrews (1593-1611), in his unpublished work, entitled “ΠΕΡΙ-ΣΤΕΦΑΝΩΝ Sive de Coronis Martyrum in Scotia, of a Memoir of Sir John G. Dalrymple, referring to his republication of the Gude and Godlie Ballates in 1801, says :—
“ From the frequent allusion in them to the Queen Regent, the Pope, and the priesthood, it is evident that many of them were written in the heat of the Reformation.”
Lond. 1858, 4to, p. xxii.

necnon Peculium Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ" (from which Dr M'Crie, in his *Life of Knox*, selected the most interesting portions), thus commemorates the three brothers :—

JOHANNES WEDDERBURNUS.

Pulsus in exilium, an. 1546. Exul in Anglia moritur 1556.

I.

Non meriti est nostri, meritas tibi dicere grates,

Aut paria, aut aliqua parte referre vicem.

Quæ meruisse alii vellent, nec posse mereri est :

Hæc velle, hæc posse, hæc te meruisse tuum est.

Sic facis atque canis sacra : sic agis omnia, nil ut

Sanctius, et nusquam purior ulla fides.

Hinc nullum magis invisum caput hostibus : hinc et

Nemo umquam meruit charior esse bonis.

Grandius hoc meritum, nil te meruisse fateris,

Humanis meritis nec superesse locum.

II.

DE JOHANNE, JACOBO, ET ROBERTO WEDDER-
BURNO, FRATRIBUS.

Divisvm imperium, per tres, tria Numina, Fratres,

Infera quæque vides, quæque superna, canunt.

Vos miror potius tres vero nomine fratres,

Vosque supra veneror, Numina vana, Deos ;

Concordes animas, clarissima lumina gentis,

Tres paribus studiis, tres pietate pares.

Felices qui vos tales genuere parentes,

Quæque orbi tellus pignora rara dedit.

Progenitos Cælo Alectum dedit inclyta terris :

Inde Dei-Donum nomen habere putem.

*II.—The Psalms and Hymns of the
Reformed Churches.*

The practice of singing psalms and hymns in Christian worship has prevailed in all ages. Of the early Latin hymns some still retain their place in the Service Book of the Romish Church, and have also been translated, for that purpose, into different languages, and continue to be sung or chaunted in the English and other Reformed Churches. The Hussites, or Bohemian Brethren, in the fifteenth century, had their devotional songs. But it remained for the great German Reformer to give a permanent form and character to the hymnology of his fatherland, by the publication of his "Gesangbuch" in 1524. This was a collection of hymns enlarged from time to time by himself and others, suited as well for private edification as for public worship, being written in the vernacular tongue, and set in many instances to popular airs or melodies. It is easy to conceive that no method could have been better adapted to excite the enthusiasm of the German

people, and, by setting an example to other countries, materially to promote the spread of the Protestant faith.

The chief source of modern hymnology may, therefore, be clearly traced to a German origin. The collections published by Dr Wackernagel and the Chevalier Bunsen exhibit the great variety and extent of such compositions. Miss C. Winkworth's "*Lyra Germanica*," first and second series, and other works of a recent date,¹ have served to introduce such hymns to the notice of English readers. In the preface to the first series, or "Hymns for the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Christian Year, translated from the German," Miss Wink-

¹ Among these may be noticed a little volume by the Rev. George Walker, minister of Kinnell, Presbytery of Arbroath, entitled, "Hymns translated or imitated from the German: To which is prefixed a Preface, giving an account of the origin of the Lutheran Hymns: By a Clergyman." Lond., 1860, 12mo., pp. xxiv., 116. Mr Walker refers to the earlier *Gesangbuchs* as the source of both Wedderburn and Coverdale's translations. See also Professor Lorimer's interesting volume, "The Scottish Reformation; a Historical Sketch." Lond. 1860, small 4to. Two excellent articles, "Hymnology, German and English," occur in "The Christian Observer," 1859, pp. 704, 834. But the subject has recently been illustrated in a more detailed manner by Professor Mitchell of St Andrews. See page liv.

worth says,—“ Ever since the Reformation, the German Church has been remarkable for the number and excellence of its hymns and hymn-tunes. Before that time it was not so. There was no place for congregational singing in public worship, and therefore the spiritual songs of the latter part of the middle ages assumed for the most part an artificial and unpopular form. Yet there were not wanting germs of a National Church poetry in the verses rather than hymns which were sung in German on pilgrimages and at some of the high festivals, many of which verses were again derived from more ancient Latin hymns. Several of Luther's hymns are amplifications of verses of this class, such as the Pentecostal hymn here given, ‘ Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord,’ which is founded on a German version of the ‘ *Veni Sancte Spiritus, Reple.*’ By adopting these verses, and retaining their well-known melodies, Luther enabled his hymns to spread rapidly among the common people. He also composed metrical versions of several of the Psalms, the *Te Deum*, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the *Nunc Dimittis*, the *Da nobis Pacem*, &c., thus enriching the people, to whom he had already given the Holy Scriptures in their own language,

with a treasure of that sacred poetry which is the precious inheritance of every Christian Church.”¹

Similar attempts, but not with the same success, were made in other countries, to provide metrical versions of the psalms and hymns, suited for public worship. In such countries, however, as France, Italy, and Flanders, the progress of the Reformation was not only rudely checked, but the people generally were not actuated by the same innate love of popular and sacred music as in Germany. Moreover, in these countries the practice of singing in the Reformed churches, during public worship, was in a great measure limited to metrical versions of the Psalter. In France, the thirty psalms translated by Clement Marot, and increased to fifty in 1541, being set to popular airs, found favour for a time among the French courtiers. This version was finally completed by Theodore Beza in 1562, accompanied by musical notes, and it has since continued in use by the Protestant Churches both in France and Switzerland.

In Switzerland the practice of singing psalms in the vernacular tongue by the congregation at

¹ New edition, p. viii. Lond., 1859, 12mo.

large, in place of chaunting Latin Canticles or hymns by the clergy alone, had been introduced at Basel by Œcolompadius, so early as 1527. Various circumstances seem to have prevented this mode prevailing to any extent.

In England there is a singular coincidence in the history of metrical psalmody with that in France. The version which came into general use was commenced by Thomas Sternhold, Groom of the King's Chamber. A selection of nineteen psalms in metre was first printed at London, without date, but apparently in the year 1549, with a dedication to the young King Edward the Sixth. Two years afterwards the number of psalms by Sternhold was increased to thirty-seven; and others, after his death, were added by John Hopkins. This version received further additions by the English exiles of Geneva; and being finally completed and printed, with the tunes, in 1562, it was "allowed," but not enjoined, to be used in churches, by authority of Queen Elizabeth.

Had the use of metrical psalmody been generally adopted in the Church of England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, its effects might have more nearly resembled that of Germany. We find, at least, a notice confirming this in a letter of

Bishop Jewell to Petrus Martyr, 5th March 1560, which may stand alongside of the often quoted description of the Edinburgh congregation of about 2000 people welcoming the return of their minister, John Dury, on 3d September 1582, by singing in the streets the cxxiv. psalm, "till haevin and erthe resoundit." In Scotland, it is well known that song schools were maintained in all the larger towns; and the old Psalm books having in most editions the tunes, this implies some knowledge of musical notation. Bishop Jewell thus writes :—

"Religio nunc aliquanto confirmatio est, quam fuit. Populus ubique ad meliorem partem valde proclivis. Magnum ad eam rem momentum attulit ecclesiastica et popularis musica. Postquam enim semel Londini cœptum est in una tantum ecclesiola cani publice, statim non tantum ecclesiæ aliæ finitimæ, sed etiam longe disjunctæ civitates, cœperunt idem institutum certatim expetere. Nunc ad Crucem Pauli videas interdum sex hominum millia, finita concione, senes, pueros, mulierculas, una canere, et laudare Deum. Id sacrificos et diabolum ægre habet. Vident enim sacras conciones hoc pacto profundius descendere in hominum animos, et ad singulos pene numeros convelli et

concuti regnum suum. Nihil tamen habent, quod jure ac merito quere possint.”¹

“Religion is now somewhat more established than it was. The people are every where exceedingly inclined to the better part. The practice of joining in church music has very much conduced to this, for as soon as they had once commenced singing in public, in only one little church in London, immediately not only the churches in the neighbourhood, but even the towns far distant, began to vie with each other in the same practice. You may now sometimes see at St Paul’s Cross, after the service, six thousand persons, old and young, of both sexes, all singing and praising God. This sadly annoys the mass-priests and the devil, for they perceive that by these means the sacred discourses sink more deeply into the minds of men, and that their kingdom is weakened and shaken at almost every note. There is nothing, however, of which they have any right to complain.”²

At the close of the following century the version of Sternhold and Hopkins was superseded by

¹ Zurich Letters, 1558–1579. Epist. Tigurinæ, p. 40. Cambridge, 1842, 8vo.

² Zurich Letters, p. 71. Parker Society, 1842, 8vo.

the new, but not superior version, of Brady and Tate. In Scotland, the old version of the Psalms by Sternhold and others was adopted in 1564-5, with certain alterations, in having different translations of forty-one Psalms in place of those peculiar to the English copies.¹ In this amended form it continued in use for nearly a century, until our present version was completed, and received, by authority both of Church and State, in May 1650.

III.—Psalms by Coverdale and Wedderburn.

There are two English metrical versions of select Psalms prior to those of Sternhold, which require to be specially noticed. The authors were Myles Coverdale, and, it is presumed, John Wedderburn. The first of these versions belongs to the reign of Henry VIII., and the only edition that seems to have been printed, could never have obtained much circulation in England ;

¹ See Knox's Works, vol. vi., pp. 334-340; Baillie's Letters and Journals, Appendix, vol. iii.

and it became of such rarity as to be wholly unknown till a comparatively recent date, when the copy preserved in the Library of Queen's College, Oxford, was described by the Rev. Archdeacon Cotton, D.C.L., in his valuable work, a List of "Editions of the Bible and parts thereof in English," Oxford, 1821, enlarged in 1852, 8vo. This Psalter has since been reprinted in Coverdale's Remains, Lond. 1846, for the Parker Society, omitting the musical notes. The original title is as follows:—

"Goostly Psalmes and Spirituall Songes drawen out of the holy Scripture, for the comforte and consolacyon of such as love to reioyse in God and his worde." (Colophon.) "Imprynted by me Johan Gough. Cum privilegio Regali." 4to.

On the title page, after short quotations from Psalm cxlvi., Collos. iii., and Jaco. v., are the following lines by the Author:—

To the Boke.

Go, lytle Boke, get the acquaintance
Amonge the lovers of God's worde,
Geue them occasyon the same to auance,
And to make theyr songes of the Lorde,
That they may thrust under the borde
All other Ballettes of fylthyne,
And that we all with one accorde
May geue ensample of godlyne.

Go, lytle Boke, amonge men's chyl dren,
And get thé to theyr companye;
Teach them to synge the Commaundementes ten,
And other Ballettes of God's glorye:
Be not ashamed, I warrande thé,
Though thou be rude in songe and ryme,
Thou shalt to youth some occasion be,
In godly sportes to passe theyr tyme.

This volume, which has no date of printing, is usually assigned to the year 1539, from the circumstance that it appears in the List of prohibited books which Foxe, in the first edition of "The Booke of Martyrs" (p. 573), annexed to "Certane Injunctions" issued by Henry VIII., 6th of November 1539. He introduces the list with this note: "Hereafter folow the names of certen Bokes which either after this Injunction, or some other in the said Kinges daies, were prohibyted: the names of which bokes heare folowe in order expressed." The books first named are works by Myles Coverdale; and include,—“Item, Psalmes and Songes, drawen, as is pretended, out of Holy Scripture.” This list was unquestionably misplaced: it should have accompanied what Foxe, at p. 676 of that edition, calls “A streight and cruell Proclamation, set forth and devised for the abolishing of English Bookes, about the same

time of the death of Anne Askew, the viii. of July, and the xxxviii. yere of the reigne of King Henry."—[A.D. 1546]; as upon examining the list, we find books named in it (some of John Bale's, for instance), which were not printed earlier than 1545 and 1546. Foxe, when revising his great work for a second edition in 1570, at p. 1295, withdrew this list; nor was it restored in any of the later impressions until the republication, edited by the Rev. R. S. Cattley (Lond. 1838, 8 vols., 8vo.), when it was inserted, under its proper year 1546 (vol. v. p. 565); omitting, however, what is of importance, the names of authors which the original edition has on the margin.

Notwithstanding the date of Foxe's list, I consider that Coverdale's Psalms must have been printed between 1536 and 1540, during his residence in England. The books printed by or for John Gough extend from 1536 to 1543, and one, a Sermon by Osiander, "translated out of hye Almayn (or German) into Englyshe by Myles Coverdale," has the date 1537. Now, it is well known that after the fall of his great patron, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex (beheaded on the 28th July 1540), Coverdale made his escape to the Continent, where he remained till the accession of Edward VI. in

January 1547, when he was recalled to England, and was, in 1552, promoted to the see of Exeter. His volume contains translations of thirteen Psalms, the 2, 11, 14, 25, 46, 51 (two versions), 67, 124, 128 (two versions), 130, 133, 137, and 147.

In Coverdale's volume four of these Psalms are nearly *verbatim* with those in the present collection. These are—

Page 57.—I call on thee.	Parker vol. p. 560.
„ 119.—O God be mercyfull to us.	„ 580.
„ 125.—My saull dois magnifie the Lord.	„ 565.
„ 127.—Christ is the onlie Son of God.	„ 553.

A question might arise in regard to their authorship. As fellow-exiles, Wedderburn and Coverdale may have been personally acquainted during their residence abroad, and the former might have contributed some portions to that volume. I do not imagine, however, that such was the case. Coverdale himself makes no allusion either to the fact that most of the pieces were translations from the German, or to assistance received; but his volume having been printed in England not later than the year 1539, selections from it must have found their way into the later collection of “Gude and Godlie Ballates,” which has neither the name of author nor editor. So far as we know, it was not

printed till nearly thirty years after the English Reformer had given to the world the earliest attempt that had been made in the English language to replace profane and licentious songs and ballads with sacred hymns and psalms, adapted for singing to suitable melodies, according to the practice in the Protestant churches in Germany.

The editor of Coverdale's Remains, 1846, in republishing his psalms and hymns, was seemingly not aware of their German origin, or that they formed one of the many works which he employed himself, during his *first* exile, in translating from one of the numerous volumes of German Hymns printed between 1524 and 1537, as, "PSALMEN UND GEYSTLICHE LIEDER" (Psalms and Spiritual Songs). In the list of Coverdale's works, given by his fellow-exile, Bishop Bale, one has the title of "Cantiones Wittenbergensium, Lib. i."

Mr John Wedderburn, living as an exile in Germany, must have been familiar with the collections of hymns by Luther and other contemporaries; and if we give him the credit of writing and translating most of the pieces which form the second portion of the present volume, he, like Coverdale, availed himself of the hymn-

books then in circulation. Indeed, at page 74, it is expressly stated that the Psalms and other new pleasand Ballads were "Translated out of Euchiridion Psalmorum, to be sung." In the "Aufzählung und Beschreibung der alten Deutschen Gesangbücher und Gesangblätter," (an Enumeration and Description of the older German Song-books and Song-leaves), given by Dr Wackernagel, we find several volumes under the titles of *Enchiridion* and of *Kirchenlieder*, in 1524 and subsequent years, printed at Nuremburg, Strassburg, Wittenburg, and other places.

That both Wedderburn and Coverdale were in a great measure indebted to such collections, retaining, for the sake of the music, their peculiar form and structure, is too evident to be doubted. Several of these hymns having been derived from the common source of the Latin hymns sung by the primitive Christians, as handed down from one age to another, although translated at different times and into different languages, would necessarily retain a kind of family likeness.

It is quite impossible, with the scanty information we possess, to assign the various Spiritual Songs and Psalms contained in the present collection to the respective authors or translators.

Each of the three Wedderburns may have contributed to this Miscellany,

*Tres paribus studiis, tres pietate pares.*¹

If their names are to be associated with the present collection, I would conjecture that the Second portion was chiefly the work of Mr John Wedderburn, while residing in Germany; and that the Third portion, consisting of parodies or alterations of Popular Songs or Ballads, might more properly be assigned to his younger brother, the Vicar of Dundee. Judging from the language, we might have attributed the composition of most of these "Godlie Ballates" to the middle of the sixteenth century; but, looking at the history of the reputed authors, the year 1540 would require to be given as the more precise date.

Knox, in his History of the Reformation, records that the night before George Wishart's apprehension at Ormiston,—that is, the night preceding the 16th of January 1545-6,—“After suppar he [Wishart] held comfortable purpose of the death of Goddis chosen childrin, and mearely [merrily] said, ‘Methink that I desyre earnestly to sleap;’ and thairwith he said, ‘Will we sing a

¹ See *supra*, p. xxv.

Psalme?’ and so he appointed the 51st Psalme, which was put in Scotishe meter, and begane thus:—

Have mercy on me now, good Lord,
After thy great mercy, &c.”

It will be seen that these lines occur in the second verse of that psalme, in the present collection, p. 104. Nearly similar words, however, may be found in other translations; but there is no good reason to call in question that this version was the one which Wishart used on the occasion referred to, without admitting that the entire collection then existed in a printed form. Knox, under the year 1555, also says that Elizabeth Adamson, a little before her death, “desyred hir sisteris, and some otheris that was besyd hir, to sing a psalme, and amonges otheris she appointed the 103 Psalme, begynnyng—*My saule, praise thou the Lord alwyse.*”¹ In the note to this passage, I said “This was apparently a metrical version of Psalm 103, but the line does not correspond with any of the known versions of the Psalms in metre. The

¹ Knox’s Works, vol. i. p. 139. In the note to this passage, and also at p. 531 of the Appendix, I inadvertently called the Vicar of Dundee John Wedderburn. He is so called by Pitscottie, see *supra*, p. xviii. It was his brother Robert who appears to have held this office.

Wedderburns, however, may have versified a greater number of psalms than those contained in the volume best known as ‘The Gude and Godlie Ballates.’”¹ At the time, I overlooked the fact that these words form the commencement of Psalm 146, being one of the seven which were contributed by John Hopkins as his first addition to Sternhold’s, and as such printed in the year 1551.² Knox, in 1561, quotes Sternhold’s version of Psalm 103, v. 19—*The hevins hie ar maid the seat.*³

At the close of the sixteenth century the present collection of psalms and spiritual songs would seem to have passed under the name of THE DUNDEE PSALMS, thus contributing to fix the place of its origin. In the inventories of some of the Edinburgh booksellers and printers, copies of various editions of the Psalms occur.⁴ In particular, in Bassandyne’s inventory, who died 18th October 1577, there were 323 “Douglas Psalmes, price the pece vi. d. Summa, £8, 1s. 6d.,” *Item*, “150 Douglas Psalmes, with Quene Ka-

¹ Knox’s Works, vol. i. p. 246.

² See the Rev. Mr Livingston’s very elaborate introduction to his handsome edition of “The Scottish Metrical Psalter, of A.D. 1635.” Glasgow, 1864, folio.

³ Knox’s Works, vol. ii. p. 154.

⁴ Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. ii. pp. 191-233.

tharine Prayer, the pece x. d. Summa, £6, 5s." What collection this was, unless the name was written by mistake, I cannot conjecture. But in the stock of Robert Smyth, bookseller, who died 1st May 1602, we find,—"*Item*, ane thowsand xxxiiij. [1034] Dundie Psalmes." Of Smyth's edition of the present volume, in 1600, only one copy has reached our days.

But popular as this collection may have been at that time, it neither was authorised by the General Assembly, nor was it known to have ever been employed in the public services of the Church. But the same cause which rendered Luther's hymns so popular in Germany may have produced a similar effect in this country subsequent to the Reformation,—by the adaptation of devotional poetry to popular tunes.

Another circumstance that falls to be noticed in connexion with the name of WEDDERBURN is the authorship of that curious little prose work, *The Complaynt of Scotland*, printed, it is supposed, at St Andrews in 1549. Two "slight and contradictory notices constitute (says Dr Leyden) all the information which has as yet been discovered concerning the author." In the catalogues of the Har-


leian Library, 1742 and 1745, a copy of the book is twice entered as "Vedderburn's Complainte of Scotland," 1549. It was conjectured that Wedderburn's name might have occurred on the title-page, which is not preserved in any existing copy. On the other hand, Dr George Mackenzie, who is extremely innaccurate in his statements, describes the work as having been written by a Sir James Inglis, knight, who, he says, died at Culross in 1554. It is quite clear that he confounded some imaginary person with the Sir James Inglis, Abbot of Culross, whom Sir D. Lyndsay commemorates among the Scottish Poets, but who was murdered in 1531. Regarding Inglis's claim, I may refer to a long note in Dunbar's Poems, vol. ii. p. 398. Dr Leyden, in republishing the Complaynt itself (Edinburgh, 1801), attempted, but not successfully, to establish a claim for Sir David Lyndsay to have been the author.

As this question of authorship is one in the literary history of Scotland which some persons may consider to be of greater interest than even that of "The Godlie Ballates," I may add a few words on the subject. I do not apprehend that the name either of author or printer occurred in the book itself. The Harleian copy was pro-

bably obtained by Harley, Earl of Oxford, with other similar books relating to Scotland, from James Anderson, author of the *Diplomata Scotiae*, and it may have had the name of Wedderburn written on the title-page or fly-leaf. In the note to Dunbar's Poems, to which I have just referred, I was not foolish enough to indorse Dr George Mackenzie's account of Sir James Inglis, knight, when pointing out that another priest of that name, also one of the Pope's Knights, was alive after "The Complaynt of Scotland" had appeared in 1549. But an old obscure chaplain, whose name is in no way connected with history or literature, may now be summarily set aside for that of Wedderburn.

The ordinary statements that the three brothers Wedderburn became exiles on account of religion, and the supposed time of their decease, seemed to place their claims out of the question. According to Johnston's verses, printed at p. xxv., John Wedderburn, indeed, is said to have been driven into exile in 1546, and to have died in England in 1556. But these dates cannot be relied upon—as we know that he was in exile in 1539—and, after Cardinal Beaton's death in 1546, there was something like toleration in Scotland, which can-

not be said to have existed in England during the fires of persecution in Queen Mary's reign (1553 to 1558). Mr Robert Wedderburn, Vicar of Dundee, having, however, survived till after the date of printing, leads me now to add, that, notwithstanding some apparent discrepancies, by far the most probable conjecture is, that he was the author of *The Complaynt*. Indeed, from what has been stated above, as the Vicar, in 1553, was still alive, and officially connected with the Romish Church, I have little hesitation in assigning to MR ROBERT WEDDERBURN, VICAR OF DUNDEE, the credit of being the author of that remarkable production, *THE COMPLAYNT OF SCOTLAND*, printed (at St Andrews) in 1549. In coming to this conclusion we have his residence in the vicinity of St Andrews, the general tone and character of the book, as conveying the sentiments of one who was perhaps inclined in his heart to be a Reformer, although retaining his connexion with the Romish Church, and who imitated Sir David Lyndsay in exposing (with a deal of pedantic learning) the prevailing abuses of the time; and more especially his familiarity with the popular literature of the time, while enumerating the names of songs, dances, &c., of which Dr Leyden mentions seven among those which Wedderburn



himself is supposed to have "metamorphosed" in the present collection of "GUDE AND GODLIE BALLATES."

It is generally admitted that this collection of Godly Ballads was not only popular, but had considerable influence on the minds of the common people, who could easily appreciate words sung to popular airs. The number of such satirical invectives against the corruptions and abuses which prevailed in the Romish Church, could not fail to enlighten the ignorant portion of the laity, and tend to facilitate the progress of the Reformed doctrines.

It is to be observed that no mention of the Wedderburns, by Knox or others, is met with until the days of James Melville, when he refers to an unknown edition of the present volume about 1570. In giving an account of his education at the school of Montrose, he relates, in his autobiography, that in the year 1571 John Erskine, the Laird of Dun, "dwelt oft in the town, and of his charitie interteined a blind man, wha had a singular guid voice. Him he caused the Doctor (teacher) of our school teach the whole Psalms in metre, with the toones thereof, and sing them in the kirk; be hearing of whom I was so delyted, that I learned many of the psalms

and toones thereof in metre, quhilk I have thought ever sensyne a great blessing and comfort. . . .

“ There was also there a post (a carrier or messenger) that frequented Edinburgh, and brought hame Psalme-books and Ballates, namely, of Robert Semple’s making, wherein I took pleasure, and learned some thing baith of the estate of the Countrie, and of the measours and cullors of Scottes ryme. He shew me first WEDDERBURN’S SONGS, wherof I learned diverse *par cœur* (by heart), with great diversitie of toones.”¹

In like manner, Mr John Row, minister of Carnock (1592-1646), and son of John Row, the Reformer, minister of Perth (1560-1580), in his History of the Kirk of Scotland, under the year 1558, mentions certain books which were sett out, “ whereby many in Scotland got some knowledge of God’s trueth,” and, along with Sir David Lyndsay’s writings, he enumerates “ WEDDERBURN’S PSALMES and GODLY BALLADS, changinge many of the old Popish Songs unto godlie purposes.”²

¹ Autobiography and Diary of James Melville, Bann. Club edition, 1829, 4to, p. 18. Edinb. Wodrow Society edition, pp. 22, 23, 1842, 8vo.

² Wodrow Society edition, 1846, p. 6.

IV.—Profane Songs Spiritualized.


It is not likely that I am singular in expressing a wish that the original songs and ballads which the Wedderburns “changed to godly purposes” had also been preserved. Several of these, no doubt, were of an indecent character, but others, like such satirical effusions containing references to local and personal as well as public events, would have furnished curious and interesting illustrations of popular literature, and of the history and manners of the time. It has so happened that of these “ballatis, sangis, and rhymes,” in a printed form, not one is known to exist, although they were extensively circulated in the face of prohibitions by Acts of Parliament, Acts of Town-Councils, and Canons issued by the Clergy.

In referring to “the Gude and Godlie Ballates,” Dr M'Crie gives the following information:—

“The title (he says) sufficiently indicates their nature and design. The air, the measure, the initial line, or the chorus of the ballads most com-

monly sung by the people at that time, were transferred to hymns of devotion. Unnatural, indelicate, and gross as this association appears to us, these spiritual songs edified multitudes in that age. We must not think that this originated in any peculiar depravation of taste in our reforming countrymen. Spiritual songs, constructed upon the same principle, were common in Italy—(Roscoe's *Lorenzo de Medici*, vol. i. p. 309, 4to). At the beginning of the Reformation, the very same practice was adopted in Holland as in Scotland.

“The Protestants first sung in their families and private assemblies the Psalms of the noble Lord of Nievelte, which he published in 1540, ut homines ab amatoriiis, haud raro obscoenis, aliisque vanis canticis, quibus omnia in urbibus et vicis personabant, avocaret. Sed quia modulationes vanarum cantionum (alias enim homines non tenebant) adhibuerat,” &c.—“Gisberti Voetii *Politica Ecclesiastica*, tom. i. p. 534—Amstælod. 1663, 4to. Florimond de Remond objected to the Psalms of Marot, that the airs of some of them were borrowed from vulgar ballads. A Roman Catholic version of the Psalms in Flemish verse, printed at Antwerp by Simon Cock, in 1540, has



the first line of a ballad printed at the head of every psalm.”¹

The passage from Roscoe’s Life of Lorenzo de Medici mentioned by Dr M’Crie may be quoted as follows :—


“ In an ancient collection of Laude, or Hymns, printed at Venice in 1512, I find that several of these devout pieces are directed to be sung to the air of *Ben venga Maggio*. From this collection it appears that it was then a general custom in Italy, as it now is, or lately was, the practice of a certain sect in this country, to sing pious hymns to the most profane and popular melodies, for the purpose of stimulating the languid piety of the performers, by an association with the vivacity of sensual enjoyments. Thus the hymn *Jesu sommo diletto*, is sung to the music of *Leggiadra damigella*; *Jesu fammi morire*, to that of *Vaga bella e gentile*; *Genetrice di Dio*, to that of *Dolce anima mia*; and *Crucifisso a capo chino*, to that of *Una Donna d’amor fino*, one of the most indecent pieces in the *Canzoni a ballo* ”²

In order to appropriate the original airs in the

¹ Bayle, Dict. art. Marot, note N; M’Crie’s Life of Knox, vol. i. p. 379, 2 vols. Edinb. 1831, 8vo.

² Roscoe’s Lorenzo de Medici, vol. i. p. 309, edit. 1796.

German *Gesangbuchs*, it has already been remarked, the same structure of verse was adopted by Wedderburn as well as by Coverdale, which to some extent rendered their translations less flowing and easy. But the great object which both of them had in view, and of which Coverdale may claim the merit of being the first in the English language to have made the attempt, was to replace profane and licentious songs and ballads with sacred hymns and metrical psalms. In England, Sternhold's Psalms were harmonized by various persons. There is a rare edition in four parts or separate volumes, imprinted at London, by John Daye, in 1563, professing to be "The whole Psalmes in foure partes, whiche may be song to al Musical Instrumentes, set forth for the encrease of Vertue, and abolyshyng of uther vayne and trifyng Ballates." Another has this title, "The Psalmes of David in English Meter, with Notes of foure partes set unto them by Gulielmo Damon, for John Bull, to the use of the godly Christians for recreating themselves instede of fond and unseemely Ballades. Anno 1579," oblong quarto. This was republished, in 1585, by Iohn Cosyn, and in 1591, by W. Swayne. But these were superseded by Thomas Este's Psalter of



1592,¹ and by Thomas Ravenscroft's Psalms and Hymns, in 1621 and 1633. In Scotland, the Psalms in four parts, were not published until 1635. The Scottish Psalter of 1566, by Thomas Wood, has, it may be said, been only lately discovered. According to his statement, the Parts of the Psalm Tunes "conform to the Tenor" were set in harmony by David Peblis, one of the Canons of St Andrews, at the special request of the Prior, afterwards Earl of Murray, and Regent of Scotland.² Alexander Hume, in his Hymnes and Spirituall Songs, printed in 1599, in his address "To the Scottish Youth," makes use of similar arguments with Coverdale in recommending poetry of a religious nature instead of "that naughty subject of fleshly and unlawfull love. In such sort (he adds), that in Princes Courts, in the houses of greate men, and at the assemblies of yong gentilmen and yong damesels, the chiefe pastime is, to sing profane

¹ Republished by Dr E. F. Rimbault for the Musical Antiquarian Society, 1844, with a learned introduction.

² Three of the original volumes are now in my possession; the *Contra tenor*, required for completing the set, has not been recovered. Two volumes of a duplicate set (the Treble and Bassus) are in the University Library, Edinburgh. See notices of the MSS. in a forthcoming volume of Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

sonnets, and vaine ballats of love, or to rehearse some fabulos faits of Palmerine, Amadis, or other such like raveries.”¹

Myles Coverdale, in the preface to his “Goostly Psalmes and Spirituall Songes,” thus urges the propriety of his attempt to supply the place of the profane and licentious ballads which were in ordinary circulation. The greater part of this address is equally suitable to Wedderburn’s volume, as the following extracts will evince:—

“MYLES COVERDALE UNTO THE CHRISTIAN
READER.”

(After some general remarks on the unthankfulness manifested to the Father of Mercy for spiritual benefits, he exclaims:—)

“O that men would praise the goodness of the Lord, and the wonders that he doth for the children of men! O that we would remember what great things the Father of Mercy hath done, doth daily, and is ever ready to do, for our souls! O that men’s lips were so opened, that their mouths might shew the praise of God! Yea, would God that our Minstrels had none other thing to play

¹ Reprinted for the Bannatyne Club, 1832, 4to.

upon, neither our carters and ploughmen other things to whistle upon, save psalms, hymns, and such godly songs as David is occupied withal! And if women, sitting at their rocks, or spinning at the wheels, had none other songs to pass their time withal, than such as Moses' sister, Glehana's wife, Debora, and Mary the mother of Christ, have sung before them, they should be better occupied than with *Hey nony nony*, *Hey trolly loly*, and such like phantasies.

“If young men also that have the gift of singing, took their pleasure in such wholesome ballads as the three Children sing in the fire, and as Jesus the Son of Sirac doth in his last chapter, it were a token, both that they felt some spark of God's love in their hearts, and that they also had some love unto him; for truly, as we love, so sing we; and where our affection is, thence cometh our mirth and joy. . . .

“Seeing, then, that, as the prophet David saith, it is so good and pleasant a thing to praise the Lord, and so expedient for us to be thankful; therefore, to give our youth of England some occasion to change their foul and corrupt ballads into sweet songs and spiritual hymns of God's

honour, and for their own consolation in him, I have here, good reader, set out certain comfortable songs grounded on God's word, and taken some out of the holy scripture, specially out of the Psalms of David, all whom would God that our musicians would learn to make their songs! And if they which are disposed to be merry, would in their mirth follow the counsel of St Paul and St James, and not to pass their time in naughty songs of fleshly love and wantonness, but with singing of psalms, and such songs as edify, and corrupt not men's conversation.

“As for the common sort of Ballads which now are used in the world, I report me to every good man's conscience, what wicked fruits they bring. Corrupt they not the manners of young persons?

“By this thou mayst perceave what spiritual edifying cometh of Godly Psalms and Songs of God's word; and what inconvenience followeth the corrupt Ballads of this vain world. Now, beloved Reader, thou seest the occasion of this my small labour: wherefore, if thou perceavest that the very word of God is the matter thereof, I pray thee accept it, use it, and provoke youth unto the same. And if thou feelest in thine heart, that all

the Lord's dealing is very mercy and kindness, cease not then to be thankful unto him therefore: but in thy mirth be always singing of him, that his blessed name may be praised now and ever. Amen."¹

The last poem in Coverdale's volume of "Goostly Psalmes and Spirituall Songes," is more of a satirical cast than the others. It is too long to quote entire, but the first four of twelve verses may be given; and it may suggest whether other pieces in the present collection, besides the four which are pointed out in the Notes, might not also claim him as the writer:—

LET GO THE WHORE OF BABILON.

Let go the Whore of Babilon,
Her kyngdome falleth sore;
Her merchauntes begyne to make theyr mone,
The Lorde be praysed therefore.
Theyr ware is naught, it wyll not be bought,
Great falsheed is founde therin:
Let go the Whore of Babilon,
The mother of al synne.
No man wyll drynke her wyne any more,
The poyson is come to lyghte;
That maketh her marchauntes to wepe so sore,
The blynde have gotten theyr syghte.

¹ Works of Myles Coverdale—Remains, p. 537. Parker Society, 1846. 8vo.

For now we se God's grace frelye

In Christ offred us so fayre:

Let go the Whore of Babilon,

And bye no more her ware.

Of Christen bloude so much she shed

That she was dronken withall;

But nowe God's worde hath broken her head,

And she hath gotten a fall.

God hath raysed some men in dede,

To utter her great wickednesse:

Let go the Whore of Babilon

And her ungodlynesse.

Ye ypocrites, what can ye saye?

Wo be unto you all!

Ye have begyled us many a daye;

Heretikes ye did us call,

For lovyng the worde of Christ the Lorde,

Whom ye do alwaye resiste.

Let go the Whore of Babilon,

That rydeth upon the Beast.

In the volume known as the *Aberdeen Cantus* (editions, 1666-1682), there is a later but by no means a happy adaptation of a popular song. The song itself, *Come Love let's walk*, seems to have first appeared in the "Canzonets to three voyces, newly composed by Henry Youll, practitioner in the Art of Musicke," Lond. 1608, which has also a second part, *In yonder dale*, and a third part, *See*

*where this nymphe.*¹ Not having Youll's collection to compare, it is sufficient, for the present object, to copy the first verse from the Aberdeen Cantus, and also the first of three verses of the imitation :—

THE XIV. SONG.

Come, Love, let's walk in yonder spring,
Where we shall hear the Blackbird sing,
The Robin red-breast, and the Thrush,
The Nightingale in thorny bush,
The Mavis sweetly caroling :

This to my Love, this to my Love,
Content will bring.

Another of the same.

Come, Lord, let's walk on Sion Hill,
There to remain for ever still;
Where Prophets, 'Postles, and just folk,
With Martyrs on a row do walk,—
The Angels sweetly caroling :

This to my soul, this to my soul,
Content shall bring.

In concluding these notices, I have to acknowledge that my attention to various points connected with the origin of portions of this volume, as having been translated from the German, was specially called by my Reverend friend PROFESSOR MITCHELL of St Andrews. He himself has fully and

¹ Rimbault's Musical Bibliography, p. 27.

ably illustrated the subject in a Lecture, recently published, including in the Appendix several of the German hymns, and of Coverdale's in parallel columns with the corresponding "Godlie Ballates." It is entitled—

"The Wedderburns, and their Work on the Sacred Poetry of the Scottish Reformation, in its Historical Relation to that of Germany: A Lecture by Alex. F. Mitchell, D.D., Professor of Hebrew, St Andrews. Wm. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1867." 4to, pp. 88.

I have gladly availed myself, in the Notes, of the author's learned researches.

I have also much pleasure in expressing my best thanks to S. CHRISTIE MILLER, Esq., of Craigentenny, for the liberal use of the original edition of 1578; and to Mr JAMES WALKER, for carefully revising and enlarging so fully that portion of the Glossary subjoined to Sir John Graham Dalyell's "Scotish Poems of the Sixteenth Century," which is applicable to "the Godlie Ballates."

DAVID LAING.

1867.



A N E

Cōpendious buik

of godlie Psalmes and spirituall Sangis
collectit furthe of sundrie partis of the
Scripture, with diueris vtheris Ballat-
tis changeit out of prophane Sangis
in godlie sangis, for auoyding of
sin and harlatric. With aug-
mentation of sundrie gude
and godlie Ballatis
not contentit in the
first editioun.



Printit at

Edinburgh be IOHNE ROS
for Henrie Charteris.

M. D. LXXVIII.



Cum priuilegio Regali.



ANE ALMANACK

for ix. zeiris.

The zeir of our Lord.	Paſche day.	The Goldin number.	The Sondagis Letter.	The Leip zeir.
M.D.lxxviii.	30 Marche	2	E	B
M.D.lxxix.	19 Aprill	3	D	
M.D.lxxx.	3 Aprill	4	C	
M.D.lxxxi.	26 Marche	5	A	
M.D.lxxxii.	15 Aprill	6	G	D
M.D.lxxxiii.	21 Marche	7	F	
M.D.lxxxiiii.	19 Aprill	8	E	
M.D.lxxxv.	11 Aprill	9	C	
M.D.lxxxvi.	3 Aprill	10	B	

January xxxi. dayis.

iii	A	Circumcision.	i
	b		ii
xi	c	At viij. and iiij.	iii
	d		iv
xix	e		v
viii	f	Epiphanie.	vi
	g	The 6. day the three wyfe men	vii
xvi	A	acknowledged Christ, and offerit	viii
v	b	giftis vnto him.	ix
	c		x
xiii	d	Sunne in Aquarius.	xi
ii	e		xii
	f	S. Mungo in Glasgowe, a Fair.	xiii
x	g		xiv
	A		xv
xviii	b		xvi
vii	c		xvii
	d		xviii
xv	e	The 19. day the middis of Wyn-	xix
iv	f	ter efter Ptolomie.	xx
	g		xxi
xii	A		xxii
i	b	At vij. and ane half, and iiij. and	xxiii
	c	ane half.	xxiv
ix	d	Conversioun of Paull.	xxv
	e		xxvi
xvii	f		xxvii
vi	g		xxviii
	A		xxix
xiv	b		xxx
iii	c		xxxi

February xxviii. dayis.

	d		i
xi	e	Purificatioun of Marie.	ii
xix	f		iii
viii	g		iiii
	A		v
xvi	b		vi
v	c	The 8. day, the beginning of the	vii
	d	Spring time, among the Romanes,	viii
xiii	e	after Plinius.	ix
ii	f	At vij. and v.	x
	g	Sunne in Pisces.	xi
x	A		xii
	b		xiii
xviii	c		xiiii
vii	d		xv
	e		xvi
xv	f		xvii
iv	g		xviii
	A		xix
xii	b		xx
i	c		xxi
	d		xxii
ix	e	The place of the Leip zeir.	xxiii
	f	Mathew Apostle.	xxiiii
xvii	g		xxv
vi	A		xxvi
	b	At vij. and ane half, and v. and	xxvii
xiv	c	ane half.	xxviii

Marche xxxi. dayis.

xj	d	In S. Monence ane Fair.	i
	e		ii
iiij	f	The iiij. day the Temple of Je-	iii
	g	rusalem was buyldit againe,	iiii
xix	A	and consecratit with greit so-	v
viii	b	lempnitie. Esdra 6. befoir the	vi
	c	birth of Christ 515. zeiris.	vii
xvj	d		viii
v	e		ix
	f	at vi. and vi.	x
xiii	g	Sone in Aries.	xi
iii	A		xii
	b		xiii
x	c		xiiii
	d		xv
xviii	e	Aprilis.	xvi
vii	f	S. Patrik in Dunbartane ane	xvii
	g	Fair.	xviii
xv	A		xix
iiii	b	S. Cudbert in Langtoun in the	xx
	c	Mers ane Fair.	xxi
xii	d		xxii
	e		xxiii
	f		xxiiii
ix	g	Lady day in the west Wemis	xxv
	A	ane Fair.	xxvi
xvii	b	The 25. day Veneis was be-	xxvii
vi	c	gun to be buyldit, anno 423.	xxviii
	d		xxix
xiiii	e		xxx
ii	f		xxxi

April xxx. dayis.

xj	g		i
	A	The first day Rome was de-	ii
xix	b	stroyit be Alarik king of Go-	iii
viiij	c	this, efter ij. zeiris feige. anno	iiii
	d	412. Blondus. The Temple	v
xvj	e	of Jerusaleme is purgit from	vi
v	f	Adolatrie be king Ezechias.	vii
	g	2. Paral. 29.	viii
xiiij	A		ix
ij	b		x
	c	at v. and vi.	xi
x	d		xii
	e		xiii
xviiij	f	Maij.	xiiii
vii	g		xv
	A	The 11. day Josue circumcifeth	xvi
xv	b	the pepill in Gilgall. Jos. 5.	xvii
iiii	c		xviii
	d	The 18. day the pepill passit	xix
xii	e	saif throw the reid sey, and	xx
j	f	Pharao with his Oist drownit.	xxi
	g	Exod. 14. 15.	xxii
ix	A		xxiii
	b		xxiiii
xvii	c	Mark Euangell.	xxv
vj	d		xxvi
	e		xxvii
xiiii	f		xxviii
ij	g	at iiij. and ane half,	xxix
	A	and vij. and ane half.	xxx

Maii xxxi. dayis.

xi	b	Philip and Jacob.	i
	c		ii
xix	d	Haly Croce day in Kinnocher	iii
viii	e	and in Peblis ane Fair.	iiii
	f		v
xvi	g	The 6. day Rome was takin	vi
v	A	be the Duke of Burbone: an.	vii
	b	1527.	viii
xiii	c		ix
ii	d		x
	e	Sone in Gemini.	xi
x	f		xii
	g		xiii
xviii	A		xiv
vii	b	The 15. day God did raine	xv
	c	Manna to the pepill. Exo. 15.	xvi
xv	d		xvii
iiii	e	The 17. day Noe enterit in	xviii
	f	the Arke. Gene. 7.	xix
xii	g		xx
i	A	at iij. and viij.	xxi
	b		xxii
ix	c		xxiii
	d		xxiiii
xvii	e		xxv
vi	f		xxvi
	g	The 27. day Noe came furth	xxvii
xiiii	A	of the arke. Genef. 8. 9.	xxviii
iii	b	The 29. day Constantinople was	xxix
	c	takin be Mahomete.	xxx
xi	d		xxxi

June xxx. days.

	e	The first day the pepill of Ifra-	i
xix	f	ell come in the hill of Sinai : v-	ii
viii	g	therwise callit Casius, & thair	iii
xv	A	abaid almaist ane zeir. Exo. 19.	iiii
v	b		v
	c	The vi. day Alexander the greit	vi
xiiij	d	is borne.	vii
ij	e		viii
	f		ix
x	g		x
	A	S. Barnabie, Lawder fair	xi
xviii	b		xii
vii	c	Sone in Cancer.	xiii
	d	Junij langest day.	xiiii
xv	e		xv
iiii	f	Quarter before iij.	xvi
	g		xvii
xii	A		xviii
j	b	The 19. day James the Sext	xix
	c	king of Scotland was borne	xx
ix	d	Anno. 1566.	xxi
	e		xxii
xviii	f		xxiii
vi	g	S. Jhone in S. Johnstoun	xxiiii
	A	ane Fair.	xxv
xiiij	b		xxvi
ij	c		xxvii
	d		xxviii
xi	e	Peter [A]postle.	xxix
	f		xxx

July xxxi. dayis.

xix	g		i
viii	A		ii
	b		iii
xvi	c		iiii
v	d		v
	e	Canicular dayis begin.	vi
xiii	f	at iiij. and vij.	vii
ii	g	The 8. day John Hus was brunt	viii
	A	in the Counfall of Constance,	ix
x	b	for the treuth, 1415.	x
	c		xi
xviii	d	Sun in Leo.	xii
vii	e		xiii
	f		xiiii
xv	g		xv
iv	A	The 16. Rome was overthro-	xvi
	b	wen be the Galles, befoir Christis	xvii
xii	c	birth 376 zeiris.	xviii
i	d		xix
	e		xx
ix	f		xxi
	g	Marie Magdalene. In Linlith-	xxii
xvii	A	gow, and Pettenweme, ane Fair.	xxiii
vi	b		xxiiii
	c	S. James. In Cowper of Fyfe,	xxv
xiv	d	in Lanerk, and in auld Rox-	xxvi
iii	e	burgh, ane Fair.	xxvii
	f		xxviii
xi	g	This 29. James the Sext King of	xxix
xix	A	Scotland wes crowned in Striuling	xxx
	b	the second zeir of his age, Anno 1567.	xxxi

August xxxi. days.

viii	c	Lambes day, in Inuerkething,	i
xvi	d	in Sanctandrois, and in Dunbar-	ii
v	e	tane, ane Fair.	iii
	f		iiii
xiii	g		v
ii	A		vi
	b		vii
x	c		viii
	d		ix
xviii	e	S. Laurence, in Selkirk, in Dun-	x
vii	f	blane, and in the Raine, ane	xi
	g	Fair.	xii
xv	A	at v. and vij.	xiii
iv	b		xiiii
	c	Lady day. In Dundee, ane Fair.	xv
xii	d	Sun in Virgo.	xvi
i	e		xvii
	f		xviii
ix	g	The 19. day Octavius Augustus	xix
	A	the Emperour died, the 79. zeir	xx
xvii	b	of his age, efter Christis birth	xxi
vi	c	16. zeiris.	xxii
	d		xxiii
xiv	e	Bartholomew Apostle, in Lin-	xxiiii
iii	f	lithgow, and in Kincarne of	xxv
	g	Neill, ane Fair.	xxvi
xi	A		xxvii
xix	b		xxviii
	c	S. Johnis day, in S. Johnstoun.	xxix
viii	d	at v. and ane half,	xxx
	e	and v. and ane half.	xxxi

September xxx. dayis.

xvj	f		i
v	g		ii
	A		iii
xiii	b		iiii
ij	c	Heir endis the Canicular dayis.	v
	d		vi
x	e		vii
	f	Lady day in Striuling and Dun-	viii
xviii	g	die ane fair.	ix
vii	A		x
	b		xi
xv	c	at vi. and vi.	xii
iiii	d		xiii
	e	Rude day in Craill and Jed-	xiiii
xii	f	burgh ane fair.	xv
j	g	Sone in Libra.	xvi
	A	Nicht and day of ane lenth.	xvii
ix	b		xviii
	c		xix
xvii	d	Mathew Apostle in Linlithgow	xx
vj	e	ane fair.	xxi
	f		xxii
xiiii	g		xxiii
iii	A		xxiiii
	b		xxv
xi	c		xxvi
xix	d	at vi. and ane half, and v. and	xxvii
	e	ane half.	xxviii
viii	f	S. Michael in Hadingtoun, in	xxix
	g	Leslie, and in Air ane fair.	xxx

October xxxi. dayis.

xvi	A		i
v	b	The first day the feist of the	ii
xiii	c	Trumpettis in remembrance that	iii
ij	d	Isaac was delyverit from the	iiii
	e	Sacrifying. Leuit. 23.	v
x	f		vi
	g		vii
xviii	A		viii
vii	b	S. Dinneis in Atoun in the Mers	ix
	c	& in Peblis ane fair.	x
xv	d		xi
iiii	e		xii
	f	at vii. and v.	xiii
xii	g	Sone in Scorpio.	xiiii
	A		xv
	b	Nouembris.	xvi
ix	c		xvii
	d	S. Luke in Lawder, in Kin-	xviii
xviii	e	roscheir, and in Ruglane ane	xix
vi	f	Fair.	xx
	g	The 15. day the feist of the Ta-	xxi
xiiii	A	bernackles continewit vii. dayis.	xxii
ij	b	Leuit. 23. John 7.	xxiii
	c		xxiiii
xi	d		xxv
xix	e		xxvi
	f		xxvii
viii	g	Simon and Jude.	xxviii
	A		xxix
xvi	b	at vij. and ane half,	xxx
v	c	and iij. and ane half.	xxxi

November xxx. dayis.

	d	Hallow day ane fair in Edin-	i
xiii	e	burgh viij. dayis, and in Falk-	ii
ij	f	land ane day.	iii
	g		iiii
x	A		v
	b	The 10. day Martine Luther	vi
xviii	c	was borne in Islebia, the zeir of	vii
vij	d	Christ. 1483.	viii
	e		ix
xv	f		x
iiij	g	S. Martine in Dunbar, in Cow-	xi
	A	per of Fyfe, and in Hammiltoun	xii
xij	b	ane Fair.	xiii
j	c	Decembris.	xiiii
	d	The 15. day Jeroboam efter	xv
ix	e	the defectioun of the ten Try-	xvi
	f	bes from Roboam, erectit ij.	xvii
xvij	g	Goldin Calues in Dan, and Be-	xviii
vj	A	thell, and causit the pepill to	xix
	b	ga worfchip thame, that thay	xx
xiiij	c	fuld not go vp to Jerufalem.	xxi
iiij	d	1. Kings 12.	xxii
	e		xxiii
xi	f		xxiiii
xix	g	S. Katherene in Dunfermling	xxv
	A	ane Fair.	xxvi
xviii	b		xxvii
	c		xxviii
xvi	d		xxix
v	e	S. Andro in S. Johnstoun, in	xxx
		Peblis, in Sanctandros, and in	
		Chirnesfyde, in the Mers ane Fair.	

December xxxi. dayis.

xiii	f		i
ii	g		ii
	A		iii
x	b		iiii
	c		v
xiii	d	S. Nicolas in Abirdene a fair.	vi
vii	e		vii
	f	Lady day in the west wemis	viii
xv	g	ane fair.	ix
iiii	A		x
	b	Sone in Capricorne.	xi
xii	c		xii
j	d	Luce, schortest day.	xiii
	e	January.	xiiii
ix	f	at viii. and ane quarter, and	xv
	g	ane quarter before iij.	xvi
xvii	A		xvii
vi	b		xviii
	c		xix
xiii	d		xx
iii	e	Thomas Apostle.	xxi
	f		xxii
xi	g		xxiii
	A		xxiiii
	b	Zule day.	xxv
viii	c	S. Steuin.	xxvi
	d	S. Johne Euangell.	xxvii
xvi	e	Innocentis day.	xxviii
v	f		xxix
	g		xxx
xiii	A		xxxi

The Lamentatioun of a Sinner.

O LORD in thee is all my trust,
giue eare vnto my wofull cry :
Refuse me not that am unjust,
bot bowing down thy heavenly eye,
Behald how I do still lament
my sinnes quhairin I do offend ;
O Lord, for thame fall I be schent ?
fen thee to please I do intend.

No, no, not so thy will is bent,
to deale with sinners in thyne ire ;
Bot quhen in hart thay fall repent,
thow grantst with speid thair just desyre :
To thé thairfoir still fall I cry
to wash away my sinful cryme :
Thy blude (O Lord) is not zit dry
bot that thow may help me in tyme.

For quhy ? whill I on eirth remaine
opprest, allace, with wo and greif !
My febill hart plunged in paine,
doth sigh and sew for thy releif.
Sweit Christ, will thow not then appeir,
to comfort thame that comfort laik ?
Will thow not bow thyne eir to heir ?
Lord Jefus, cum and be not slake !

For then fall thyne reffave thair rest ;
thair joy, thair blys, thair perfite peice,
And

The Lamentatioun.

And sé thy face of treasure best,
O Lord, that dois our joyes increse.
Then fall thow give thofe Nobill crownes,
quhilk thine awin blud hes deirly bocht.
Then fall thofe Pſalmes and hie Renownes
be gevin in grace moſt richely wrocht.

Then fall thy Saintes redemed deir,
from baill to blys remoued be :
And ſweeteſt Chriſt, thy ſweet voyce heir
cum vnto me Babes, cum to me.
Cum Reigne in joye Eternalie,
cum reigne in blys that hes na end,
Cum thairfoir Lord, cum Chriſt we pray,
our preſſed greif with ſpeid amend.

Haſte thee (O Lord) haſte thee I ſay,
to powre on me the giftes of grace;
That quhen this lyfe muſt ſlit away,
in heuin with thé I may haue place.
Quhair thow doſt reigne Eternally,
with God, quhilk once did doun thee fend,
Quhair Angels ſings continually,
to thee be praife, warld without end.

So be it.





¶ THE PROLOGVE.

PAVLE writand to the Coloff. in his thrid Chap. sayis, “ Let the word of God dwel in zow plenteoufflie in all wifdome; teiching and exhorting zour awin felfis with Pfalmes, & Hymnis, and Spirituall fangis, quhilkis haue lufe to God, & fauouris his word.” We haue heir ane plane Text, that the word of God increffis plenteoufflie in vs, be finging of the Pfalmes, and Spiritual fangis, and that specialle amang zoung perfonis, and fic as ar not exercifit in the Scriptures: for thay wil foner confaue the trew word, nor quhen thay heir it fung in Latine, the quhilks thay wait not what it is. Bot quhen thay heir it fung in thair vulgar tounge, or singis it thame felfis, with fweyt melodie, then fal thay lufe thair Lord God, with hart and minde, and caufe them to put away baudrie & vnclene fangis. Pray God. Amen.

2 *The Text of the Catechisme.*

THE text of the Catechisme, or Instructioun of Christiane men, quhilk is necessarie till euerie man that wald be fauit, to knaw and exercise thame selfis daylie thairin, contening the Ten Commandementis of God, the Twelve Articklis of our Faith, the Lordis Prayer, of our Baptisme, and of the Lordis Supper.

*And first, the Ten Commandementis of God,
as thay ar writtin in Exodus the
twentie Chapter.*

I Am the Lord thy God quhilk haue brocht the out of the land of Egypt, and furth of the hous of bondage. Thow sail haue nane vther godis befor my face.

Thow fall not mak to thy self ony grauin Image, nor the similitude of ony thing that is in heuin aboue, nor in the eirth beneth, nor in the watter vnder the eirth : thow fall not bow downe to them nor worship them. For I the Lord thy God am a jelous God, and visitis the sinnes of the Fatheris vpon the Children vnto the thrid and fourt generation of them that hait me, and schew mercie vnto thousandis of them that lufe me, and keipis my commandementis.

Thow fall not tak the Name of the Lord thy God in vane : [For the Lord wil not hald him giltles that taketh his name in vaine. *Edit. 1621.*]

Remember that thow keip haly the Sabbboth day.

Honour thy Father and thy Mother.

Thow fall do na Murther.

Thow fall not commit Adulterie.

Thow fall not Steill.

Thow fall not beir fals witnes aganis thy Nichtbour.

Thow fall not couet thy Nichtbouris hous : thow fall not couet thy Nichtbouris wyfe, nor his feruand, nor his mayd, nor his oxe, nor his asse, nor ony thing that is thy Nichtbouris.

¶ *The threitning of God, maid to them that brekis his Commandementis, and His promise maid to them that keipis them. Deut. xviij.*

Cursit ar thay that continewis not in all the wordis of this Law to do them : and all the pepil fall say Amen. Exod. xx. Chap.

¶ *The twelf Articklis of our Faith, as thay war writtin be the Apostillis to the Thre Persones in Trinitie.*

1 **I** Beleue in God the Father Almichtie, maker of heuin and eird.

2 And in Jesus Christ his only Sone our Lord.

3 Quhilk was confaut be the Haly Gaiſt, borne of the Virgine Mary.

4 Sufferit vnder Ponce Pylate, was crucifyit, deid, and buryit, and discendit into hell.

5 The thrid day he rais againe from the deid.

6 He ascendit into heuin, and sittis at the richt

A. ij

4 *The Articklis of the Faith.*

- hand of God the Father Almichtie.
7 And efter fall cum to judge the quicke and the deid.
8 **I** Beleue in the Haly Gaift.
9 **I** The haly Kirk vniuerfall, the communion of Saintes.
10 The Remissioun of Sinnis.
11 The Refurrectioun of the body.
12 And life Euerlasting. So be it.

¶ *The Lordis Prayer, as it is writtin in the 6. Chap. of Matheuw, quhilk Christ leirnit vs to pray, contening sex petitiounis, and all thingis necessarie for vs. &c.*

- 1 **O**VR Father that art in heuin, hallowit be thy Name.
2 Thy Kingdome cum.
3 Thy will be done in eirth, as it is in heuin.
4 Giue vs this day our daylie breid.
5 Forgiue vs our trespassis, as we forgiue them that trespas aganis vs.
6 And leid vs not into temptatioun. Bot deliuer vs from euill. For thine is the Kingdome, the power and the glorie, for euer. Amen.

¶ *Of our Baptisme.*

GO zour way, and teiche all Natiounis, and Baptise them in the name of the Father & of the Sone, and of the Haly Gaift. Math. xvj. Chap. Go zour way into all the world, and preiche the Euangell till all creatures : and quha

that beleuis and is Baptisit, fall be saif; bot quha beleuis not, sal be condempnit. ad Titum. Cap. 3. Not for the workis of righteousnes that we haif wrocht, bot efter his greit mercie, God hes sauit vs be the fontane of the new birth, and renewing of the Haly Gaißt; quhilk he sched on vs abundantly throw Jesus Christ our Sauieur, that we being maid richteous be his grace, suld be airis of

Eternal Life, according to hope, this is trew,

Rom. vj. Thairfoir we are buryit with

Christ be Baptisme into deid: like as

Christ was raisit fra deid be the glo-

rie of his Father, euin sa we al-

so suld walk in a new life.

¶ *The Lordis Supper, as it is writtin in the first Epistil to the Cor. xj. Chap.*

THAT quhilk I haue deliuerit vnto zow, I ressaueit of the Lord: for the Lord Jesus, the same nicht in the quhilk he was betrayit, tuke the breid, brak it, gaue thankis, and said, Tak ze, eit ze, this is my body quhilk is brokin for zow, do ze this in remembrance of me. Efter the same maner also, he tuke the coupe, quhen the Supper was done, and said, This coupe is the new Testament in my blude, do this als oft as ze drink it in the remembrance of me, for als oft as ze fall eit of this breid, and drink of this coupe, ze fall declair the Lordis deith vntill his cumming. Quhairfoir, quhafaeuer fall eit of this breid, and drinke of this coupe of the Lord vnworthely, salbe gyltie of the body and blude of the Lord. Bot let euerie

6 *Moyſes vpon the Mont Sinay.*

man examine him ſelf, & let him eit of this breid,
and drink of this coupe. For he that eit and
drinkis vnworthely, eit and drinkis his
awin dampnatioun, becaus he makis
na difference of the Lordis
body and blude.

¶ *The power of binding and lowſing grantit to the
trew preicheris of Goddis word.
Mathew xvj. Chapter.*

THE keyis of heuin will I giue vnto thé, quhat
ſæuer thou ſal bind vpon the eird, ſalbe bound
alſo in heuin : and quhatſæuer thou ſal louſe v-
pon the eird, ſalbe lowſit alſo in heuin. Quhais
ſinnis ze forgiue, ar forgeuin vnto them, & quhais
ſinnis ze retene, ar retenit vnto them.



¶ *Heir followis the Catechiſme put in Meter, to
be ſung with the tune, and firſt the Ten
Commandementis.*

MOYSES vpon the Mont Sinay,
with the greit God ſpak face for face,
Faſtand and prayand but delay,
The tyme of fourtie dayis ſpace.
O God be mercyfull to vs.

And God gaue him thir ten Commandis,
To teiche to mankinde euerie one,

Moyſes vpon the Mont Sinay. 7

And wrait them with his awin handis
Twyſe on twa Tabillis maid of ſtone.

O God be mercyfull to vs.

j. I am thy God allanerlie,
Serue me in feir and faith thairfoir,
Worſchip na kinde of Imagerie,
And giue na creature my gloir.

O God be mercyfull to vs.

ij. Tak not the Name of God in vaine,
Bot let zour talk be nay and ze,
Except ane Judge do zow conſtraine
To teſtifie the veritie.

O God be mercyfull to vs.

iiij. Wirk na euill wark on Haly day,
Fle from all finfull luſt and ſleuth,
Walk and be ſober, faſt and pray,
Heir him that preiche the word of treuth.

O God be mercyfull to vs.

iiij. Honour thy Elders, and them ſupplie,
Gif that thair neid of thee requyre,
Obey all Judges in their degre,
Ordand our thé to haue impyre.

O God be mercyfull to vs.

v. Thow fall not ſlay in na kin wyſe,
In counſell, thocht, nor outward deid.
Be thow ane Judge, or on ane Syſe,
In judgement ordourly proceid.

O God be mercyfull to vs.

A. iiij

8 *Moyfes vpon the Mont Sinay.*

vj. Commit na kinde of licherie,
Bot leif ane chaift and sober lyfe :
Want thow the gift of Chaititie
Burne not in luft, bot wed ane wyfe.
O God be mercyfull to vs.

vij. Commit na thift, na man thow reif,
Leif on thy wage, thy rent or wark :
Hald na manis geir, let nane thé craif,
Beg not and thow be haill and fark.
O God be mercyfull to vs.

vijj. Beir na witnes with fals report,
In contrair just and richteous men :
Defame na man in ony fort,
Suppois his fault or vice thow ken.
O God be mercyfull to vs.

ix. Thy Nichtbouris wyfe, hous, heritage,
Thow couet not, to thé, or wis
His hors, his ox, his mayd, nor page,
Nor ony gudis that is his.
O God be mercyfull to vs.

x. Our poyfound nature (allace thairfoir)
Can neuer mair this Law fulfill,
Bot greuand God ay moir and moir,
And can not wirk his godly will.
O God be mercyfull to vs.

Then quhy to vs gaue God this Law ;
The quhilk be na way we can keip ?
That we be it our Sin fuld knaw,

Repent and mend, and for it weip.

O God be mercyfull to vs.

Trew Faith in Christ wirkand be lufe,
Sall saue vs from the fyre of hell:
Thocht Goddis Angell wald vs reprufe,
As fals and curst ze him expell:

O God be mercyfull to vs.

¶ Of our Beleaf.

WE trow in God allanerlie,
Full of all might and Maiestie,
Maker of heuin and eird sa braid,
Quhilk hes him self our Father maid:
And we his Sonnis ar in deid,
He will vs keip in all our neid,
Baith faull and body to defend,
That na mischance fall vs offend;
He takis cure baith day and nicht,
To saue vs throw his godly might
Fra Sathanis subteltie and slicht.

We trow in Jesus Christ his Sone,
God lyke in gloir, our Lord alone:
Quhilk, for his mercy and his grace,
Wald man be borne to mak our peace,
Of Mary mother Virgin chaift
Confaut be the Haly Gaift.
And for our saik on croce did die,
Fra sin and hell to mak vs fre:
And rais from deith, throw his Godheid,
Our Mediatour and our remeid,

Sall cum to Judge baith quick and deid.

We trow in God the Haly Spreit,
In all distres our comfort sweit.
We trow the Kirk Catholick be,
And faithfull Christin companie,
Throw all the world with ane accord.
Remissioun of our Sin we trow;
And this same flesche that leuis now
Sall stand vp at the latter day,
And bruik Eternall lyfe for ay.

FINIS.

OVR Father God Omnipotent,
Quhen Christ thy Sone was heir present,
He bad vs euer pray to thé;
(Becaus we knew not for to pray)
He leirnit vs quhat we fuld say,
Syne hecht to heir vs mercyfullie.

Sen thé to call, is thy command,
Thyne awin wordis then vnderstand,
Quhilk thow hes promiseit for till heir:
Behald not my vnrichteousnes,
Bot luke till Christis richteousnes
And with thy faith my Spreit vp steir.

Lord, thow will haue allanerlie,
Worship in Spreit and veritie,
And to nane vther giue thy gloir:
Thy Name then let vs lufe and dreid,
And call on it in all our neid,
And thank and loue thé euermoir.

The Lordis Prayer.

11

Destroy the Deuill, his Realme and Reigne
Quhilk of this warld is Prince and King,

And let thy Gospell be our gyde:
Conforme our lyfe efter thy word,
That we may reigne for euer (O Lord)
In thy Kinrik with thé to byde.

God grant that we may wirk thy will,
In eird thy plesure to fulfill,

Siclyke as in the Heuin impyre:
And quhat that euer we tak on hand,
May be conforme to thy command,
And na thing efter our defyre.

Giue vs this day our daylie breid,
And all thing that thow hes maid,
For mennis sustentatioun;
And all thing quhairof we haue neid,
Our faull and body for to feid,
But fleuth or solistatioun.

Forgiue our finnis, and our trespas,
For Christis saik quhilk geuin was,
To deid for our Redemptioun;
As we forgiue all Creature,
Offendand vs, baith riche and pure,
Hartfully without exemptioun.

Defend vs from temptatioun,
The feind and his vexacioun,
The warld sa fals, the fragill flesche;
Saif vs from schame, and from dispair,
From vnbeleue and Lollaris lair,

And Deuillis doctrine mair or les.

Deliuier vs from euillis all,
Baith spirituall and corporall,

And grant vs grace quhen we fall die,
And fra this present lyfe we wend,
That we may mak ane blyssit end,
Syne reigne with thé eternallie.

Power nor gloir, impyre nor tryne,
Is nane in heuin nor eirth bot thyne,

And euer mair fall sa remaine:
Thairfoir thow may and wil releue
All them that can in Christ beleue,
From Deid, the Deuill, and Hellis paine.

FINIS.

¶ *The effect of the Sacrament of Baptisme, and first
institution thairof; declaring alsua qubat sin-
gular comfort we obtene be the samin.*

CHRIST baptist was be Johne in Jordan flude,
For to fulfil for vs all richteousnes,
And our Baptisme dotit with sanctitude,
And greit vertew, to wesche our sinfulness,
To drowne the deid, and hell for to oppres,
Quhen Goddis word with water joynit be,
Throw Faith to gif vs life Eternallie.

For our waiknes God of his mercy sweit,
To strenth our Faith ordand this Sacrament,
In Name of Father, Sone and Haly Spreit,
To wesche our body, and in our minde to prent

That worde and water outward represent,
Throw wirking of the Spirit into our hart,
That Christis blude weschtis away the sin inwart.

Our Baptisme is ane takin, and ane signe,
That auld Adame suld drownit be and die,
And grauit in the deid of Christ our King,
To rife with him to life Eternallie :
That is, we suld our sin ay mortifie,
Resistand vice, leif haly, just and trew,
And throw the Spirit daylie our life renew.

Be figure and be word, Christ did vs teiche,
The Fatheris voyce was hard fayand full cleir,
Jefus, quhome I haue send my word to preiche,
He is my weilbelouit Sone fa deir,
In word, in wark, allone ze fall him heir :
In him is all my plesure and delyte,
To him I zow commit baith small and greit.

The Haly Gaißt come downe to testifie,
His doctrine and his Baptisme to declair,
In forme of Dow fat on him soberlie :
In Baptisme to dout not nor dispair,
Baith Father, Sone, and Haly Gaißt ar thair
To be our gyde, the Trinitie him fell,
Hes geuin in eird with vs to dwell.

Christ bad his Apostillis preiche to all creature
That thay with sin and hell war all forlorne;
Ouha will beleue, and traist my wordis fure
And bapteist is, and new againe is borne,
And Sathan and his warkis hes forsworne,

Thay fall be faif, and neuer mair fall die,
Bot ring in gloir perpetuall with me.

Quha will not this greit grace beleif, to hell
Salbe condemnit, with eternall deid
Quhair Purgatorie and Pardounis will not fell,
And gude intent, thair Pylate plicht and leid:
Dum ceremonies, the quhilk themself hes maid
And vowis vaine, quhilk thay did neuer keip,
Sall gar thame gnashe thair teith, & eyis weip.

Our eine feis outward bot the watter cauld,
Bot our pure faith the power spirituall
Of Chrifteis blude, inwart it dois behauld,
Quhilk is ane leuand well celestially
Zit for to purge the penitent with all
Our natue fin, in Adame to expell,
And all trespas committit be our fell.

Our Baptisme is not done all on ane day,
Bot all our lyfe it leftis identlie:
Remiffioun of our fin, induris for ay:
For thocht we fall, throw grit fragylitie,
The cunnand anis contract faithfullie
Be our grit God, at Font, fall euer remaine,
Als oft as we repent, and fin refraine,

We can not giue to God louing conding
For fa greit grace, and mercy infinite,
Quhilk intitute this Sacrament and Signe,
Quhais greit vertew in veirs I can not dyte;
Bot mony cunning Clerk of it dois wryte
Full Christianely, als the Catechisme buke

The Lordis Supper.

15

Declaris at length, quha list to luke.

¶ *The Supper of the Lord, and richt vse of it,
to be sung.*

O VR Sauour Chrif, King of grace,
With God the Father maid our peace;
And with his bludie woundis fell,
Hes vs redemit from the Hell.

And he, that we fuld not forzet,
Gae vs his body for to eit
In forme of breid, and gae vs syne
His blude to drink in forme of wyne.

Quha will reffaue this Sacrament,
Suld haue trew faith, and fin repent;
Quha vfis it vnworthelie,
Reffauis deid eternallie.

We fuld to God giue praise and gloir,
That sched his blude vs to restoir;
Eit this is his remembrance,
In signe of thy delyuerance.

Thow fuld not dout, bot fast beleue,
That Christis body fall releue
All them that ar in heuines
Repentand fair thair sinfulness.

Sic grace and mercy nane can craif
Bot thay that troublit hartis haif:
Feill thow then sin, abstene thy fell,

Or thy rewaird fall be in hell.

Chrift sayis, Sinners, cum vnto me,
 Quhilk myfter hes of my mercie:
 Neidis thow nocht my medicine,
 I lois my paine and trauel tyne.

Giue thow thy felf thy Saull culd win,
 In vaine I deit for thy fin:
 My Supper is nocht graithit for thé,
 Gif thow can mak thy felf fupplie.

Will thow thy finfull life confes,
 And with this wark thy faith expres,
 Sa ar ze worthie, fmall and greit,
 And it fall strenth zour faith perfite.

And thow fall thankfull be thairfoir,
 And loue thy God for euirmoir;
 Thy Nichtbour lufe, and als fupplie
 His neid, as Chrift hes done for thee.

¶ *Certaine Graces to be fung, or said, befoir
 or efter meit.*

ALL meit and drink was creat be the Lord,
 Resfaut for to be with thankfulnes,
 Til all faithful knawers of the trew word,
 To fatisfie thair neid with sobernes.
 All fude is gude, the quhilk God creat hes,
 And not to be refusit ony day,
 Only to God geuing the louing ay,
 Be prayer, and be Goddis word all meit

Unto the clene, all thingis is clene to eit;
Thairfoir, we pray his godly Maieſtie
To blys our meit, and all our companie,
And ſaif vs fra exces and drunkenneſſe;
Efter our meit to thank his gentilneſſe.

CHRIſT leirnit vs on God how we ſuld call;
And bad vs pray, ſyne hecht to heir vs all.
OUR Father God quhilk is in heuin ſa hie,
Thy glorious Name with vs mot hallowit be.
Let cum to vs thy kingdome and thy gloir.
Thy will mot be fulfillit euermoir
In eird, as it is in heuin, but variance.
Giue vs this day our daylie ſuſtenance.
Forgiue our dettis, for Chriſtis paine and ſmart,
As we forgiue our detteris with our hart.
And leid vs not into temptatioun,
Bot, for Chriſt Jeſus bitter paſſioun,
Delyuer vs from euillis ſpirituall
And corporall, now and perpetuall.
Saif vs, gude Lord, for thy promeis deuyne:
For Kingdome, power, gloir and all is thyne.

WE thank our God baith kynde and liberall,
His grace and mercy dois euer indure:
He geuis ſuſtentatioun to vs all,
To man and beift, and euerie creature;
And he allone, dois feid baith riche and pure.
Thairfoir to God be gloir allanerlie,
Throw Jeſus Chriſt we thank him hartfullie.

ALL Creature on the Lord dependis,
Thair ſuſtenance for to reſſaue of thé;
B. j

Thair meit & drink in tyme to them thow sendis,
 Thow oppinnis furth thy hand full graciously
 And satisfiis all flesche abundantly:
 Blys vs gude Lord into thir giftis gude,
 Quhilk thow hes geuin to be our daylie fude.

TO our gude God, of warldis Lord and King,
 Full of mercy, only trew and wyfe,
 Be louing, honour, gloir, without ending,
 Kingdome, impyre, hiest renoun and pryfe:
 With mynde and mouth, giue we ane thousand
 All gloir to him, quhilk alone worthie is, [syfe
 Asking for Christ to bring vs to his blis.

WE thank thé God, of thy gudnes,
 Throw Jesus Christ our gracious Lord,
 For thy greit mercy and gentilnes,
 Quhilk feidis vs with thy sweit word:
 Sen all that euer tuke lyfe of thé,
 Thow satisfiis abundantlie,
 We praise thé all with ane accord.

As thow hes fed this sinfull flesche,
 Quhilk sone fall die, and turne in asse:
 Siclyke the fillie faull refresche,
 The quhilk immortall creat was.
 God, for thy grace and mercy greit,
 Grant vs ane steidfast faith perfite,
 And in thy gloir with thé to pas.

To God on heich be louing maist,
 Quhilk lowfis sin allanerlie,
 Till all that will repent, and traist

On

On Iesus Christ his Sone onlie:
Thow makis them thy sone and air,
Throw him thow will them faif from cair,
To quhome be gloir eternallie.

¶ *Certaine Spirituall Sangis, togidder with ane Confessoun of Sin, and ane Prayer.*

SORE I complaine of Sin,
And with King Dauid weip:
I feill my hart within
The wraith of God full deip.
I wyte my greit trespas
Is caus of all my wo,
Quhairwith God greuit was
Full fore, and oft also.

O God! I me confes
Ane sinfull creature,
Full of all wretchitnes
Fragill, vaine, vyle and pure.
Thair is na gude in me
Bot pryde, lust, and defyre,
And warldis vanitie,
The way to hellis fyre.

Except God do me saue
From hell and endles paine,
My sin will me dissaue,
Quhilk I can not refraine.
My only hope and traift,
Help my fragillitie
My sinnes to detest,
B. ij

Resistand constantlie.

O cast me not away
For my grit finne, O Lord,
I grant my vices all
Blasphemit hes thy word.
God, for thy grit mercie,
And Chrifteis woundis wyde,
Ane steidfast faith grant me
Allone to be my gyde.

Christ Goddis Sone allone,
Victour of deid and hell,
Thow tuke my nature one
My finnes to expell,
And gaif thyself to plaige,
Me catiue to conuoy,
To my richt heritage,
From paine to heuinlie ioy.

Thy seruand Lord defend,
Quhome thow hes bocht fa deir;
Trew preichours to me fend
Thy word to schaw me cleir:
Lat me my lyfe amend,
And thairin perseueir,
Grant me ane blyffit end
Quhen I fall part from heir.

O Lord God, Haly Spreit,
Full of benignitie,
Trew Chrifts promeis fweit,
Teiche me the veritie.

Expell

Expell my ignorance,
My finnis mortifie,
Grant me perfeurance
Unto the end trewlie.

FINIS.

¶ *Ane Sang of our corrupt nature, and the only
remeid thairof.*

WE wretchit finners pure,
Our sin hes vs forlorne,
Thairin all creature confaut is and borne:
Sin hes wrocht vs sic paine,
That we, without remeid,
Condemnit ar and slane to hell, the deuil, & deid.
Lord haue mercy on vs. Christ haue mercy, &c.

Our warkis can nocht be
As dois the Law requyre,
Nor zit can satisfie our Fatheris wraith and ire:
Na deid can mak vs fre
From our greit sinfulness,
Bot Goddis Sone must die, for our vnrichteousnes.
Lord haue mercy on vs. Christ haue, &c.

Or had not Christ bene send,
Cled in our vyle nature,
Fra hell vs to defend, our deidly wound to cure,
And willingly to die,
Fra Sin to mak vs clene,
We had eternallie in hell condemnit bene.
Lord haue mercy on vs. Christ haue, &c.

Man now hes thy peace,
B. iij

Sic lufe God schawis thé;
 He takis thé in his grace, his mortall ennemie.
 Throw Faith in Christ sa kynde,
 Quhilk frely gaif him sell
 On Croce for to be pynde, to faif vs fra the hell.
 Lord haif mercy. Christ haif mercy. Lord, &c.

This we suld euer beleue,
 And nocht dispair for sin :
 For hell cannot vs greue, the deid nor deuil thairin:
 We ar maid iust and rycht,
 And fred from panis fore, [more
 Throw Christ that Lord of micht, bliffit for euer-
 Lord haif mercy. Christ haif mercy. Lord, &c.

Thairfoir lat vs loue and pryse,
 God the Father feruentlie.
 We thank ane thousand fyfe, his Sones Maiestie :
 We pray the Haly Gaist
 Our sin to mortifie, [fullie.
 And not dispair, bot traist Goddis word most faith-
 Lord haif mercy. Christ haif mercy, &c.

¶ *Ane Sang of the Flesche and the Spreit.*

ALL Christin men tak tent and leir,
 A How faull and body is at weir :
 Upon this eird baith lait and air,
 With cruell battell identlie,
 And nane may not ane vther fle.

¶ *The Flesche.*

The Flesche said, Sen I haue haill,
 I will in zouth with lustis daill,
 Or age with forrow me affaill :

The Fleſche and the Spreit. 23

With joy I will my tyme ouirdriue,
And will not with my luſtis ſtryue.

¶ The Spreit.

The Spreit ſaid, Thocht I charge thé nocht,
Dreid God, and haue his Law in thocht:
Thow hecht quhen thow to Font was brocht,
Efter his Law luſt to refraine
And not to wirk his word againe.

¶ The Fleſche.

The Fleſche ſaid, I am ſtark and wicht,
To wacht gude wyne, freſche, cauld and bricht,
And tak my plefure day and nicht,
With finging, playing, and to dance
And ſet on ſex and ſeuin the chance.

¶ The Spreit.

The Spreit ſaid, Think on the riche man,
Quhilk all time in his luſtis ran,
Body and faull he loiffit than,
And ſone was buryit into hell
As Chriſt Jeſus hes ſaid him ſell.

¶ The Fleſche.

The Fleſche ſaid, Quhat hald I of this?
Laſer aneuch, and time thair is
In age for till amend my mis;
And from my vitious lyfe conuert
Quhen ſadnes hes ouirſet my hart.

¶ The Spreit.

The Spreit ſaid, Power thow hes none
In zouth, nor zit in eild bygone,
With twinkling of ane eye anone
God fall thé tak at euin and morne,
Na certaine tyme ſet thé beforne.

B. iiij

24 *The Fleſche and the Spreit.*

¶ The Fleſche.

The Fleſche ſaid, All time air and lait,
I ſe all warldlie wife eſtair
Hald luſt vertew in thair cōſait,
With thame I will perſew my weird
Als lang as I leue on this eird.

¶ The Spreit.

The Spreit ſaid, Zit fall cum the day
The faull fall part the body fray;
Then quhat fall help thy game or play,
Quhen thow mon turnit be in as,
As firſt in eird quhen thow maid was.

¶ The Fleſche.

The Fleſche ſaid, Thow hes vincuſt me,
I traift eternall gloir to ſe:
Chriſt grant that I may cum thairby,
Now will I to my God returne,
Repent my ſin, richt ſore I murne.

¶ The Spreit.

The Spreit ſaid, Nane to ſchame I driue,
Ane contrite hart help God aliue,
The fleſche mon die, with paine and ſtriue,
For it was borne to that intent,
In eird with wormes to be rent.

¶ The Fleſche.

The Fleſche ſaid, O Lord God of peace,
Help me to turne, throw Chriſtis grace;
O Haly Gaiſt my faith increſ,
That I may thoill this eirdly noy,
My hope is in eternall joy.

¶ The Spreit.

The Spreit ſaid, Now I haue my micht,
Thocht

Cum heir, sayis Goddis Sone to me. 25

Thocht I be ane vnworthie Knicht:
Thow God the' quhilk is only richt,
Thow saue me from the Deuillis net:
Thairfoir thow on the Croce was plet.

¶ The Dyter.

Now hes this Ballat heir ane end,
God grant ilk man his hart sa kend,
To sin na mair, fyne to Christ wend:
Than fall he turne againe to vs,
And giue vs his eternall blys.

FINIS.

¶ *Ane Sang of the Croce, and the frute thair of.*

CVM heir, sayis Goddis Sone to me,
Sinneris, that heuie ladin be,
I will zour fillie Sauill refresche:
Cum zounge and auld, baith man and wyfe,
I will zow giue eternall lyfe,
Thocht troublit heir fair be zour flesche.

My zok is fweit, my burding small,
Quha drawis efter me, thay fall
Eschaip eternall deid and fyre:
For I fall help them in thair draucht,
That thay fall cum, as I haue taucht,
To gloir and joy, and heuin impyre.

Quhat I haue teichit lait and air,
Quhat I haue tholit les and mair,
That preis zow euer to fulfill;
And thocht zour flesche be heir opprest,
Zit all thing wirk fall for the best;
For fa is richt, and Goddis will.

26 *Cum heir, sayis Goddis Sone to me.*

The world wald fauit be, and faine,
And cum to gloir but croce or paine;
 Quhilk Christis flock must suffer heir.
Bot paine, thair is nane vther way
To cum to gloir, and put away
 Eternall hellis paine, but peir.

That the faithfull must the Croce indure,
Witnes beiris all creature,
 Subdewit vnto vanitie:
Quha will not thoill in Christis name,
The Deuill fall wirk him sic ane schame,
 With peirles paine perpetuallie.

To day ane man is fresche and fair,
The morne he lyis feik and fair,
 Syne dulefully domeit to deid:
Euin lyke as in the feild ane flour,
The day is sweit, the morne is four:
 Sa all this wretchit world fall faid.

The godles dreidis fair to die,
Bot quhen he can na further flee,
 And fain his sinfull lyfe wald mend:
Thay grip sa fast his geir to get,
The sillie faull is quyte forzet,
 Quhill haiftely gais out his aind.

Quhen he persauis na remeid,
Then greuouusly he gais to deid,
 And gruncheand geuis up the gaift:
Sair I suspect God do accuse
His Sectouris, and him self refuse,

That

That fa vnfaithfully deceit.

The riche man, helpis not his gude,
The nobill not his royall blude;

For thay fall baith thair quarrell tyne:
Thocht ane had all this warld fa wyde,
Zit he fall die with dule and pyne,

With golde and precious stanis of pryde.

Knowledge concernis not the clerk,
Nor hypocrite his haly wark;

Bot thay but dout with deid mon dwell.
Quha will not haill to Christ him giue,
Quhill in this present lyfe he liue,
For euer mair fall die in hell.

Mark weill thairfoir, my Sonnis fweit,
How Christis croce is for zow meit:

O moue zow not in mynde thairfoir,
Bot at his word stand steidfastlie,
And with him suffer pacientlie,
Gif ze wald enter in his gloir.

Do gude for euill, and leid zour lyfe,
Without reprove, but pryde or stryfe,
And thoill the warldis wraith to rage.

O enter be that narrow rod;
Giue gloir and vengeance vnto God,
And he thair cruell ire fall fwage.

Quhen that zour flesche hes all the will,
And may zour lustis all fulfill,
Ze ar but dout the Feindis pray:

28 *Cum beir, sayis Goddis Sone &c.*

God fendis zow the croce thairfoir,
To mortifie zour flesche so foir,
To saif zour fillie faull for ay.

And quhen this schort paine to zow greif,
Than think on hell the lang mischeif,
Quhair mony ane for ay fall murne;
And faull and body fall remaine,
For euermoir with cruell paine,
Endles for ay, without returne.

Bot he fall, efter warldly pyne,
Reioyce with Christ, withouttin fyne,
Quhair na myndis memoriall
Can think, nor tounge can tell the tryne,
Nor haue the gloir quhilk fall propyne
That michtie Lord vnto vs all.

For quhat eternall God of peace
Hes promiseit, throw his Spreit of grace,
And fyne sworne be his haly Name,
That he fall hald baith trew and sune.
God grant that we may se his Throne,
Throw faith in Iesus Christ. Amen.

¶ *Ane Consolatioun in aduersitie of the Scripture.*

BLISSIT is he quhome God dois correct;
Thairfoir his scourge se thow not neglect:
For he it is quhilk geuis wan and wound,
And suddanly he will mak haill and found.
He will thé stryke with his maist fatherly wand,
Syne thé releue with his maist mercyfull hand.

God

God will thé slay, and giue thé lyfe anone,
And thé returne, thocht thow to graue wer gone.
And will thé sone bring into pouertie,
Syne giue thé greit riches aboundantie.
He will thé set into a law degre,
Syne thé exalt, that euerie man may se.
Quhome God ressauiis to his sone and air,
Him will he scourge with plagues said and fair;
Thairfoir vnder the croce thow perseuir:
Then as a Father fall God to thé appeir.
Quha is ane sone, and will not pacientlie
His father thoill, with all humilitie?
He schawis him as he wer bastard borne,
And heritage fra him wer all forlorne.
And sen that we our fleschely father dreid,
For eirdly thing our body for to feid,
How mekill mair our Father spirituall
Suld we obey to lyfe perpetuall.
All croce appeiris presently distres,
Voyde of all joy, bot full of painefulnes;
Bot efterwart it fall giue peace and rest,
Thocht for a tyme with paine we be opprest,
The paine that is now present, schort and licht,
And leftis bot a moment in our sicht,
Aboue measure fall wirk eternall gloir
In till our faull, behalding not thairfoir
The present paine, quhilk is befoir our ene,
Bot luke on that quhilk now may not be sene.
All joy esteme, my brether, ane and all,
Quhen into diueris troublis ze do fall,
And knawis that of zour faith it is a preif,
To wirk in zow pacience for zour releif;

As of the croce ze ar companzeoun,
 Sa fall ze be of consolatioun.
 Faithfull is God, and on zow hes pitie,
 And will not thoill zow temptit for to be
 Aboue zour strenth, bot will quhen ze leift wene,
 Giue zow sic grace, that ze fall weill fustene.
 Just mennis lyfe is in the Lordis hand,
 Torment of deid may not them hald in band.
 Thocht befor men thay thoill aduersitie,
 Thair hope is full of immortalitie.
 God knawis innocentis temptatioun,
 To saif them fra thair greit vexatioun;
 And fall reffaue againe the latter day,
 The wickit for to burne in hell for ay.

F I N I S.

¶ *The Forlorne Sone, as it is writtin in the
 xv. Chapter of Luk.*

SINNERS, vnto my sang aduert,
 Quhilk Christ into his Vangell kend,
 And from zour sinfull lyfe conuert,
 Quhairwith ze do zour God offend.
 For Christ in his sweit Parabill,
 To saif vs is full plyabill,
 Gif we repent, and to him wend.

Ane certaine man of riche substance,
 Had Sonnes twa to him full deir,
 And sone with schort delyuerance,
 The zoungest spak on this maneir:
 Father, giue me my part of geir,
 Quhilk me belangis les and mair,
 I will na mair be thirlit heir.

The

The Father did his gude deuyde,
Betuix them, bot the zoungeſt Sone
Wald na mair with his Father byde,
Bot tuke his part, and furth is gone:
In till ane ſtrange and far countrie,
And leuand thair richt ryatouſlie
He waiftit all his geir anone.

Quhen all was gone, thair rais fra hand
Ane derth quhilk maid the vittell ſkant,
Baith far and neir throw all the land,
And he throw neid begouth to want:
Then to ane Citizenar he zeid,
Quhilk ſend him furth his ſwyne to feid,
For falt of fude he was full fant.

He wald haue eitun with the ſwyne,
His houngrie ſtomak to fulfill:
Bot thocht he ſuld for houngrer tyne,
Zit nane wald giue him leif thairtill:
Quhen he come till him ſelf againe,
This him alone he culd complaine,
In till his mynde with mourning ſtill.

How mony ſeruandis for thair wage,
Hes fude into my fatheris hous,
And I for houngrer die and rage?
Bot my father is gracious,
Thairfoir till him I will me dres:
And ſchaw my ſin and my diſtres,
And ſay with voyce full pitious,
O Father, I haue bene to bauld,

Sinnand contrair the heuin and thé,
 And not worthie that men me hauld,
 Na mair thy Sone in ony degre:
 As ane of thy seruandis me mak.
 With that he did his jorney tak
 Hame till his Father haiftilie.

And quhen he come bot zit afar,
 His father had compassioun,
 And ran him till or he was war,
 And gaue him consolatioun,
 And in his armes he did him fang
 And euer he kiffit him amang,
 With friendly salutatioun.

The Sone said, Father of greit micht,
 I knaw that I haue finnit soir
 Contrair the heuin, and [in] thy sicht,
 And I am worthie now no more
 That ony me thy sone fuld call.
 Bot his Father, full liberall,
 Callit his seruandis him befoir:

And kyndely to them can he say,
 Ze bring me furth the best cleithing,
 And cleithe my Sone courtly and gay,
 And on his finger ze put ane ring,
 Ze set on schone vpon his feit,
 The quhilk ar trym and wounder meit,
 That he be honest in all thing.

And slay that calf quhilk now is maid
 Sa fat, and let vs mak gude cheir,

For this my Sone the quhilk now was deid,
 Againe on lyfe is haill and feir:
My Sone was loist, and now is found.
And they within ane lytill stound
 Began to myrrie be but weir.

The Eldest to the feild was gone,
 And quhen that he hame cummand wes,
And hard the menstraly anone,
 The danfing and the great blyithnes,
Ane of his seruandis he did call,
And said to him, Quhat menis all
 This glaidnes, and this merynes?

Then answerit he, and said him till,
 Thy Brother is cum hame againe,
Thairfoir his father hes gart kill
 His weill fed calf, and is full faine
That saif ressauit him hes he.
The Eldest wraith was and angrie,
 And zeid not in throw greit disdaine:

And then come furth his Father kynde,
 And prayit him richt feruently:
Bot he answerit, richt proude in mynde,
 O Father myne, how lang haue I
Thy trew and faithfull seruand bene;
And neuer zit brak thy biddene,
 Bot thé obeyit faithfully.

Zit gaue thow nocht of thy riches,
 Sa mekle as ane small kyd to me,
That I micht mak sum mirrynes,

And with my lufaris blyith to be.
 Bot now, becaus is cum againe
 Thy Sone quhilk waifit hes, in vaine,
 Thy gudis into harlatrie;

That calf quhilk fosterit was fa fair,
 Thow hes gart kill at his plesour.
 His Father said, My Sone and air,
 Of all my riches and treasour,
 Quhat ever I haue, all that is thyne,
 And thow art euer with me and myne,
 And all is haill into thy cure.

Thairfoir to vs it was full meit
 For to reioyce, and blyith to be,
 With all our hart and all our spreit,
 Thy Brother saif and found to se:
 For he was loist, and now is win,
 And he was deid from all his kin,
 And now aliue againe is he.

Our God and Father is full kynde,
 To sinneris that ar penitent,
 With all thair hart, and all thair mynde,
 Schawand warkis that thay repent:
 And gif in Christis blude thay traift,
 Then fall he neuer them detest,
 But saif them that thay be not schent.

FINIS.

¶ *Ane Sang of the riche Gluttoun and pure Lazarus,
 as it is writtin in the xv. Chapter of Sanct Luk.*

FAITH-

FAITHFVLL in Chrift, vse your riches richt,
Not to your lust and sensualitie:
Bot all tyme help that pure with all your might,
For in the frute fall knawin be the tre;
And gude and euil fall baith rewardit be,
With heuinly gloir, and hell sa terrabill,
To that effect spak Chrift this parabill:—

Ane certaine man was riche, and coistly cled
With purpoure, fylk, heich and presumptuous,
And euerie day deliciously him fed:
Thair was als wa a pure hecht Lazarus,
Lay seik at the zet of this gluttonis hous;
Throw fairis smart he had ane peirles pyne,
And wantit fude, quhen he wald fainest dyne.

To satisfie his seikly appetyte,
He wald haue eitin of the crummis small,
Quhilk fell downe fra his buird of greit delyte;
But nane to gif him was sa liberall:
The doggis did thair office naturall,
And oft thay did this catyue man refresche,
Lickand the fylth furth of his laithly flesche.

It chancit sa this begger did deceis,
Syne caryit was be angels gracious
In Abrahams bosome, in heuinly rest and peace.
And this riche man that was sa ryatous,
Deceissit als, syne buryit glorious;
In hellis paine he lyftit vp his ene,
And syne afar of Abraham hes he sene.

Quhen Lazarus he saw with him also

In his boſome, he ſaid with drerie ſpreit:
Father Abraham haue mercy on my wo,
Send Lazarus his finger for to weit,
And cuill my tounge with cauld water and ſweit;
For I am torment fair into this flame.
Then anſwerit him our father Abraham,

Remember, Sone, that thou reſſauit heſ
Into thy lyfe thy pleaſure in all thing.
And, contrariwiſe, Lazarus had diſtreſ,
Bot now he is in joy and comforting,
And thou art in wo and tormenting;
And als betuix vs thair is ſa greit ane ſpace,
That nane may cum till vther be na cace.

And then he ſaid, O Father, I the pray,
Unto my fatheris hous thou wald him ſend
That he my fyue Brether aduerteis may,
Leiſt they into this cairfull place diſcend.
Bot Abraham ſaid, Let them repent and mend,
And als thay haue the Prophetis & Moyſes law,
Let them heir them, gif thai the way wald know.

Bot he ſaid, Nay, my father Abraham kynde,
Gif ony to the quick zeid from the deid,
Trewly thay ſuld repent with hart and mynde.
Bot not the les, Abraham this anſwer maid,
Gif thay heir not the Law quhilk ſuld them leid
Then ſall they nocht in ony wayis beleif,
Thocht ane ſuld ryſe from deid them to releif.

Unto the pure thairfoir be pietifull,
Quhill ze ar heir, ſchaw them zour cheritie,
Till

Till freind and fa be all tyme mercyfull,
As ze forgiue ze fall forgeuin be;
Mortifie lust and fenfualitie,
Conforme zow not to wardly pomp and pryde,
Dreid God, lufe man, refraine lust at all tyde.

FINIS.

¶ *The principall pointis of the Passioun, shortlie
correctit.*

HELP, God, the formar of all thing,
That to thy gloir may be my dyte;
Be baith at end and beginning,
That I may mak ane sang perfyte
Of Jesus Christis passioun,
Sinneris only Saluatioun
As witneffis thy word in write.

Thy word for euer fall remaine,
As in his buke wrytis Ifay,
Baith heuin and eird fall turne againe,
Or thy trew word cum to decay.
Thow can not lyke ane man repent,
To change thy purpois or intent:
Bot steidfast is thy word for ay.

Jesus, the Fatheris Word alone,
Discendit in ane Virgine pure,
With meruellis greit and mony one;
And be Judas that fals tratour,
That Lambe for sober summe was fauld,
And gaue his lyfe, for caus he wald
Redeme all sinfull creature.

C. iij

Quhen eittin was the Pascall Lamb,
Christ tuke the breid his hand within.
Blyssing it, brak it, gaue the same
Till his Apostillis mair and min,
Eit that, for my body is this,
Quhilk for zour saikis geuin is,
In till remissioun of zour sin.

Siclyke he gaue them for to drink
In wyne his blude, the quhilk was sched,
Upon his precious deid to think,
On him remembrance to be maid.
Quha eit is this blyssit Sacrament,
Worthely with trew intent
Sall neuer se Eternall deid.

For caus thay knew him till depart.
Thay straif quha fuld be ouerest:
Bot Jesus said, with humbill hart,
Princes ar repute nobilest,
The quhilk rewlis maist awfullie;
Sa amang zow it fall not be,
Bot quha is maist fall ferue the leift.

Jesus wushe his Apostillis feit,
Schawand exempill of lawlynes.
And chargit them with wordis fweyt,
That lufe amang them fuld increse;
For thairby it fuld cum to licht,
That ze ar my Discipulis richt,
Giue ze amang zow lufe posses.

Efter this prayer passit he,

And

And met the Jewes quhilk him focht,
Quhen thay had bound him cruellie,
Befoir the Judges they him brocht.
First they him him scurgit, and for fcorne,
Him crownit with ane crowne of thorne,
Syne dampnit him to deid for nocht.

That Prince on Croce thay liftit on hicht,
For our Redemptioun that thocht fa lang;
He said I thrift, with all my micht,
To saue mankynde fra panis strang:
He that all warldis was beforne,
Come downe of Mary to be borne,
For our trespas on croce he hang.

Then he his heid culd inclyne,
As wrytis Johne, and gaue the gaift,
And off the croce tane was fyne,
And laid in graue; bot sone in haift,
Leuand, he rais on the thrid day,
And to his Apostillis did fay,
To them appeirit maift and leift.

And fyne he did his Apostillis teache,
Throw all the world for to pas;
And till all creature for to preiche,
As they of him instructit was.
Quha bapteist is, and will beleue,
Eternall deid fall not them greue,
Bot falbe fauit mair and les.

Sanct Luk wryting his Assentioun,
Thocht present ay with vs he be,
C. iiii

As Scripture makis mentioun,
 That is to say, with vs is he
 Be his sweit word, steidfast but faill,
 Contrair the quhilk can not preuail
 Sathan nor hellis tyrannie.

Ane Conforter to vs he did send,
 Quhilk from the Father did proceed,
 To gyde vs trewly to the end,
 In inwart thocht and outward deid;
 Call on the Lord, our gyde and licht,
 To leid vs in his law full richt,
 And be our help in all our neid.

Pray for all men in generall,
 Suppois thay wirk vs richt or wrang.
 Pray for zour Prince in speciall;
 Thocht thay be just, or tyrannis strang.
 Obey, for sa it aucht to be.
 In prision, for the veritie,
 Ane faithfull Brother maid this sang.

FINIS.

¶ *Ane Sang of the Euangell, contenand the effect
 of the Jamin.*

BE blyith, all Christin men, and sing,
 Dance and mak mirth with all zour micht,
 Christ hes vs kythit greit comforting,
 Quhairfoir we may reioyce of richt;
 Ane wark to wounder that is wrocht
 Christ with his blude full deir vs bocht,
 And for our saik to deid was dicht.

For

For with the Deuill and dulefull deid,
With hell and sin I was forlorne;
The sone of ire, at Goddis feid,
Confaut fa I was and borne;
I grew ay mair and mair thairin,
And daylie eikit sin to sin,
Dispair was euer me beforne.

Quhair I culd not the Law fulfill,
My warkis maid me na supplie;
Sa blind and waik was my fre will,
That haitit the veritie;
My conscience kest me euer in cair,
The Deuill he draif me to dispair,
And hell was euer befor myne eye.

God had greit pitie on my wo,
And aboue mesure schew me grace;
Quhen I was zit his cruell fo,
Zit he wald cure my cairfull case:
His lufe to me he did conuert
From the maist deipest of his hart,
Quhilk coist him deir to mak my peace.

To his belouit Sone he said,
The tyme of mercy drawis neir,
To saif man and the feind inuaid;
Thairfoir, my hartly Sone fa deir,
Ga freith them from the feindis feid;
Thow mon ourithraw sin, hell, and deid,
Syne man restoir baith haill and feir.

The Sone his Father did obey,

And come downe on the eird to me,
 Borne of ane Mayd, as wrytis Esay,
 My kynde sweit brother for to be;
 He tuke on him my nature vyle,
 And did his power for to exyle,
 Sathan and all his subteltie.

He said, Thow fall haue victorie,
 Gif thow alone on me depend:
 For I will giue my self for thé,
 Thy cairfull quarrell to defend;
 For I am thyne, and myne thow art,
 And of my gloir thow fall haue part,
 Syne ring with me withouttin end.

They man fched out my blyssit blude,
 And reif alswa my lyfe from me;
 I thoill this only for thy gude,
 Beleue that firme and steidfastlie:
 For my deid fall thy deid deuoir,
 That sin fall thé condampne no moir,
 For be that way faif thow mon die.

Syne fra this present lyfe I fair,
 To my Father Celestiall;
 Thy Mediator trew fall be thair
 And send to thé my Spreit I fall,
 To giue thé consolatioun,
 In all thy tribulatioun;
 The treuth he fall instruct zow all.

My doing leirning mair and les,
 That leir and do vnfenzetlie;

For

For that dois Goddis Kirk incres,
And his greit gloir dois magnifie.
Be war of men and thair command,
Quhilk me and my word do ganestand,
My Laft Will heir I leif to thé.

FINIS.

¶ *Ane Sang of the Birth of Chriſt, to be ſung with
the tune of Balulalow.*

I COME from heuin to tell,
The beſt nowellis that euer befell:
To zow thir tythingis trew I bring
And I will of them fay and ſing.

This day to zow is borne ane Chylde
Of Mary meik, and Virgin mylde;
That blyſſit bairne, bening and kynde
Sall zow reioyce baith hart and mynde.

It is the Lord Chriſt, God and man,
He will do for zow quhat he can;
Himſelf zour Sauour will be,
Fra ſin and hell to mak zow fre.

He is zour richt ſaluatioun,
From euerlaſting dampnatioun,
That ze may ring in gloir and blis,
For euer mair in heuin with his.

Ze ſall him find but mark or wying
Full ſempill in ane cribe lying;
Sa lysis he quhilk zow hes wrocht,

44 *I come from heuin to tell.*

And all this warld maid of nocht.

Let us reioyce and be blyith,
And with the Hyrdis go full fwyith,
And se quhat God of his grace hes done,
Throw Christ to bring vs to his throne.

My faull and lyfe stand vp and se
Quha lyis in ane cribe of tre :
Quhat Babe is that, fa gude and fair?
It is Christ, Goddis Sone and air.

Welcome now, gracious God of nicht,
To finneris vyle, pure, and vnricht,
Thow come to faif vs from distres,
How can we thank thy gentilnes?

O God that maid all creature,
How art thow now becummin fa pure,
That on the hay and stray will ly,
Amang the affis, oxin and ky.

And war the warld ten tymes fa wyde,
Cled our with golde and stanis of pryde,
Unworthie it war zit to thé,
Under thy feit ane stule to be.

The filk and fandell thé to eis,
Ar hay, and sempill fweilling clais,
Quhairin thow gloris greiteft King,
As thow in heuin war in thy ring.

Thow tuik sic panis temporall,

To

To mak me riche perpetuall;
For all this warldis welth and gude,
Can nathing riche thy Celcitude.

O my deir hart, zoung Jefus fweit,
Prepair thy creddill in my spreit,
And I fall rocke thé in my hart,
And neuer mair fra thé depart.

Bot I fall praisé thé euer moir,
With fangis fweit vnto thy gloir;
The kneis of my hart fall bow
And fing that richt Balulalow.

Gloir be to God eternallie,
Quhilk gaue his only Sone for me:
The Angellis joyis for to heir,
The gracious gift of this New Zeir.

FINIS.

TO vs is borne a barne of blis,
Our King and Empreour,
Ane gracious Virgin mother is,
To God hir Sauour.
Had not that blyffit Barne bene borne,
We had bene euerie ane forlorne
With Sin and feindis fell.
Christ Jefus, louing be to thé
That thow ane man wald borne be,
To faif vs from the hell.

For neuer was, nor fall be man,
Nor woman in this lyfe:

Sen Adam first our sin began,
 And Eue his weddit wyfe,
 That can be faif throw thair gude deid;
 For poyfound all ar Adamis feid,
 And can not sin refraine;
 Quhill God him self fand the remeid,
 And gaue his only Sone to the deid,
 To freith vs from all paine.
 We fuld lufe God and myrrie be,
 And dryue away dispair:
 For Christ is cummin from heuin sa hie,
 Our fall for to repair.
 Na toung sic kyndnes can expres:
 The forme of seruand takin hes,
 And *Verbum caro factum est*;
 Except Sin, lyke vnto vs all,
 To freith vs from the Feindis thrall,
 And mend quhair we did mis.
 Full weill is them for euer moir,
 That trowis faithfullie,
 Be grace to ring with Christ in gloir,
 Throw faith allanerlie:
 And weill is them that vnderstude,
 The gracious gift of Christis blude,
 Sched sinners for to win:
 Was neuer hard fa kynde ane thing;
 Christ for his fais on Croce did hing,
 To purge vs from our sin.
 Thus thank we him full hartfully,
 For his greit gentilnes:

We

We pray him, for his greit mercy,
Trew Preichouris till incres;
Fals Pharifians, and fenzeit lair,
Quhome we haue followit lait and air,
Baith them and vs forgiue,
God, Father, Sone, and Haly Spreit,
Instruct vs in thy word fa fweit,
And efter it to liue.—FINIS.

I*N dulci iubilo*, now let vs sing with mirth & jo,
Our hartis consolatioun lye *in præsepio*;
And schynis as the Sone, *Matris in gremio*.
Alpha es & O, Alpha es & O.

O Jesu parvule, I thrift foir efter thé:
Confort my hart and mynde, *O Puer optime*!
God of all grace fa kynde, *et Princeps gloria*,
Trabe me post te; Trabe me post te,

Vbi sunt gaudia, in ony place, bot thair
Quhair that the angellis sing, *Noua Cantica*,
Bot and the bellis ring, *in Regis curia*.
God gif I war thair: God gif I war thair!

ONLIE to God on heich be gloir,
And louing be vnto his grace;
Quha can condampne vs ony moir,
Sen we ar now at Goddis peace?
In till his fauour we ar taine,
Throw faith in Jesus Christ allane,
Be quhome his wraith fall end and ceis.

We worſchip, and we loue and pryſe,

Thy Maieftie and magnitude;
 That thou, God, Father only wife,
 Ringis ouer all with fortitude:
 Na tounge can tell thy strenth nor micht,
 Thy wordis and thochtis all ar richt,
 And all thy warkis iuft and gude.

Lord Jefus Chrif, Sone only borne,
 Of thy Father Celeftiall:
 Thou fauit vs that was forlorne,
 Fra fin and hell, and Sathans thrall,
 Lord Goddis Lamb, thou tuke on thé,
 For all our fin to fatisfie.

Lord be mercyfull vnto vs [all].

O Haly Gaift, our comfort gude,
 From feindis feid thy flocke defend,
 [Quhome Chrif had ransomit on the Rude:]
 To thy keeping we them commend:
 From errour and hypocrisie
 Strenth vs in the veritie,
 To perfeueir vnto the end.

FINIS.

¶ *Of the greit louing and blyithnes of Goddis word.*

LORD God, thy face and word of grace,
 Hes lang bene hid be craft of men:
 Quhill at the laft, the nicht is paf,
 And we full weill thair falset ken:
 We knaw perfyte the Haly wryte,
 Thairfoir be gloir and praife to Thé,
 Quhilk did vs giue, this tyme to liue,
 Thy word trew preichit for to fe.

Our

Our barnis now weill knowis how,
To worschip God with seruice trew;
Quhilk mony zeir, our fatheris deir,
Allace thairfoir, full fair misknew!
Zit God did feid his chosin in deid,
As Noe, and Lot, and mony mo:
And had respect to his elect,
How euer the blind warld did go.
Sen throw thy strenth, thy word at lenth
Is preichit cleir befor our ene:
Be zit, gude Lord, misericord
To them quhilk zit dissauit bene,
And nocht dois know bot mennis law,
To thair greit dampnatioun;
Teiche them fra hand to vnderstand
Thy word to thair saluatioun.
Quha wald be saif, first this mon haue,
To know thair sin, fyne trow in Christ:
Big on this ground, let lufe abound,
With patience, prayer, hope and traift.
On God thow call, thank him of all,
To serue thy nichtbour giue thy cure:
Thy conscience fré mon euer be,
This can giue thé na creature.
Thow, Lord abone, mon giue alone,
Thir giftis for thy Haly name:
Quha will thair hart to Christ conuert,
Na man can do them skaith nor schame:
Thocht Paip or King wald sa maling,
To mak the word of God forlorne:
D. j

Thair strenth fall fail, and not preuaill,
Thocht thay the contrair all had sworne.

Lord let thy hand help in all land,
That thy Elect conuertit be,
Thy word to leir, quhilk now dar sweir
That thy Word is bot herisie.
Thay giue thy word a fals record,
Quhilk neuer hard the veritie;
Nor neuer it red bot blindlingis led,
With Doctouris of Idolatrie.

The tyme is now, but dout I trow,
Quhilk Paule did prophecie in writ,
Thocht heuin and eird fuld ga areird,
Thy word fall stand fast and perfite.
Thocht that maist part indure thair hart
Setting thair strenth thy word againe;
Repent thay nocht, thay falbe brocht
Eternally to hellis paine.

Our Sauour and Gouvernour
Is Christ, quhais bludie woundis wyde,
Redemit hes from all distres,
Sinneris that will on him confide.
To him be gloir for euer moir,
To vs quhilk hes ane promeis maid:
Us to conuoy from paine to joy,
Baith in our lyfe and in our deid.

We hope and traist, the Haly Gaist
Sall not forzet vs in our neid:
Sa we thy Word with one accord

Hald

Hald in our hart our faull to feid.
Let vs not mis thy gloir and blis,
Quhen fra this wretchit lyfe we wend:
Grant vs thy grace to die in peace,
And perfeueir vnto the end.

FINIS.

¶ Nunc dimittis, *the Prayer of Symeon.*
Luk ij. Chapter.

LORD, let thy seruand now depart
In glaidnes, rest, and peace:
I am reioycit at my hart,
To se his godly face,
Quhome faithfully thow prouise me,
Christ Iesus, King of grace.
This present deid fall be full sweit,
And into sleip fall changit be:
To rest, syne ryse, bot euer my Spreit
Sall liue, and be alwayis with thé,
Throw faith in Christ my only traist,
Quhome presently I se.
Our Sauour thow hes him maid,
His deid fall faue vs all
From sin and hell, the Deuill and deid:
His Resurreccioun fall
Frelie vs giue, euer for to liue,
In gloir perpetuall.
Of Hethin folk, blindit so soir,
He is the verray licht,
Quhilk neuer hard of him befoir,
D. ij

52 *Christ Jesus gaue him self to die.*

Nor saw him with thair sicht:
He is the gloir, praise and decoir,
And strenth of Israel richt.

FINIS.

¶ *Ane sang of the Resurrexioun.*

CHRIST gaue him self to deid,
And for our fault he mendis maid:
For vs he sched his precious blude,
With greit tryumphe vpon the Rude,
And sin and Sathan thair hes flaine,
And fauit vs from hellis paine.

For he againe fra deid vp rais,
Victour of deid, and all our fais;
He raif the obligatioun,
Contrair to our saluatioun;
Syne spoylzeit Sathan, Hell and Sin,
And Heuinlie gloir to vs hes win.

And we ar now at Goddis peace,
Throw Christ ressaute to his grace,
Our Father mercyfull he is,
And we fall ring with him in blis.
Allalua, allalua, *Benedicamus Domino.*

FINIS.

¶ *Certaine Ballatis of the Scripture.*

TILL Christ, quhome I am haldin for to lufe,
I gif my thirlit hart in gouernance.
How suld I lufe, and fra his treuth remufe,

Full

Full wo wer me, that drierie disseuerance,
Is na remeid, saif only esperance:
For weill, for wo, for boist, or zit for schoir,
Quhair I am fet, I fall lufe euer moir.

And sen I must depart on neid, I fall
Be till him trew, with hart, and that I hecht,
And sen that I becummin am his thrall,
With body him serue, with mynde & all my might:
He is the rute of my remembrance richt,
The verray crop, quhome of I comfort tak:
Quhy suld I not do seruice for his saik?

Quhome suld I serue, bot him that did me faue?
Quhome suld I dout, bot him that dantis deid?
Quhome suld I lufe, bot him attour the laif?
Of all my wo he is the haill remeid:
How suld I fle, and can not find na feid?
Quhome suld I lufe, bot him that hes my hart?
How suld we twin, that na man can depart?

Thus vmbefet I am on euerie fyde,
And quhat to do I can not weill deuise:
My flesche biddis fle, my spreit biddis me byde:
Quhen cair cummis, then Comfort on me crys;
Hope sayis get vp, then langour on me lysis,
My panis biddis my wofull hart repent,
Bot neuer mair thairto will I consent.

Depart him fra, my hart will neuer consent;
It biddis me byde, and I fall neuer fle;
For be I takin, flaine, or zit schent,
For sic ane King it is na schame to die.

D. iij

Gif thair be grace into this eird for me,
 It is committit from the heuin abufe,
 Till Christ quhome I am haldin for to lufe.

FINIS.

RICHT foirly musing in my mynde,
 For pitie foir my hart is pynde,
 Quhen I remember on Christ sa kynde,
 that fauit me:

Nane culd me faif from thyne till Ynde,
 bot only He.

He is the way, trothe, lyfe, and licht,
 The verray port till heuin full richt,
 Quha enteris not be his greit micht
 ane theif is he:

That wald presume be his awin micht
 fauit to be.

I grant that I haue faultie foir,
 To stok and stane geuand his gloir,
 And heipand warkis into stoir,
 for my remeid:

War not his mercy is the moir,
 I had bene deid.

Thow lytill bill thy wayis thow wend,
 And schaw my mynde from end to end,
 Till them that will repent and mend,
 thow schaw them till:

Beleue in Christ, quhome God hes fend,
 and wirk his will.

FINIS.

RICHT foir opprest I am with panis smart
Baith nicht and day, makand my wofull mone,
To God for my misdeid, quhilk hes my hart
Put in sa greit distres with wo begone:
Bot gif he send me sum remeid anone,
I list not lang my lyfe for till indure,
Bot to the deid bowne cairfull creature.

I can not do my detfull obseruance,
Till Him that heuin & all the world suld dreid:
Auld Adame is the caus of this mischance,
And turnis oft my faith in wickit deid.
War not the deid of Christ war my remeid,
I list not on my lyfe for till tak cure,
Bot to the deid bowne cairfull creature.

O God of gloir! quhais micht is infinite,
Grant me thy grace quhome fin haldis in thrall,
To fecht aganis my fleshe, quhilk hes the wyte
Of all my wo, and my appeirand fall:
Thow gaue command, in neid on thé to call,
And for thy Sonnis faik I suld be fure,
That thow suld saue all sinfull creature.

Remember, Lord, my greit fragilitie,
Remember, Lord, thy Sonnis passioun,
For I am borne with all iniquitie
And can not help my awin saluatioun:
Thairfoir is my justificatioun
Be Christ, quhilk cled him with my nature,
To saue from schame all sinfull creature.

O Lord! sen thow thy word to me hes send,
Thow let it neuer returne to thé in vaine,
D. iijj

56 *Allace, that same fweir face.*

Bot let me perseuair vnto the end ;
To my auld sin let me not turne againe :
For then bene far better into plaine,
Not till haue hard thy precept in Scripture,
Then, knawand it, die carefull creature.

FINIS.

ALLACE, that same fweir face,
That deit vpon ane tre,
To purches mankynde peace,
From sin to mak vs fre,

Alone to be our remedie.

To graith our place full meit
He is ascendit hie,
And left with vs his Spreit :
To worship Spirituallie,

Onlie to be our remedie.

He bad, quhen he was gone,
Apply vs haillelie,
To serue our God alone,
In Spreit and veritie,

Alone to be our remedie.

Na kynde of outward deid,
How haly that euer it be,
May faif vs at our neid,
Nor zit vs iustifie,

Nor zit can mak vs remedie.

Bot Christ we neid nathing
Quhair throw sauit we suld be :
He is ane potent King,
And will alanerlie,

Onlie be our remedie.

His

His Testament maist perfyte,
Plainely dois testifie,
Quhilk his Apostillis did wryte,
That nane may faif bot he,
Nor zit can mak vs remedie.
Bot now, sen he is gone
To ring eternallie,
We worship stock and stone,
Can nouthir heir nor se,
Nor zit can mak vs remedie.
We haue dwelt all to lang
In fals hypocrisie,
Trew faith, Lord, mak vs fang,
Wirkand be cheritie,
Only to be our remedie.

FINIS.

I CALL on thé, Lord Jesus Christ,
I haue nane vther help bot thé,
My hart is neuer set at rest,
Till thy sweit word comfort me.
Ane steidfast faith grant me thairfoir,
To hald be thy word euer moir,
Abuse all thing, neuer resisting
Bot to increas in faith moir and moir.
Zit anis againe I call on thé,
Heir my request, O mercyfull Lord!
I wald faine hope in thy mercie,
And can not be thairto restoird:
Except thou illuminate with thy grace
My blind and naturall waiknes,
Caus me thairfoir haue hope in stoir,
In thy mercie and sweit promeis.

Lord, prent into my hart and mynde,
Thy Haly Spreit with feruentnes:
That I to thé be not vnkynde
Bot lufe thé without fenzeitnes.
Lat nathing draw my mynde from thé,
Bot euer to lufe thé ernestlie;
Let not my hart unkyndly depart
From the richt lufe of thy mercie.
Giue me thy grace, Lord, I thé pray,
To lufe my enemeis hartfullie,
Howbeit thay troubill me alway,
And for thy caus do sclander me.
Zit Jesus Christ for thy gudnes,
Fulfill my hart with forgiuenes;
That quhill I liue, I them forgiue,
That do offend me mair and les.
I am compassit rounde about,
With foir and strang temptatioun:
Thairfoir, gude Lord, delyuer me out
From all this wickit natioun:
The Deuill, the warld, the fleshe also,
Dois follow me quhair euer I go,
Thairfoir wald I delyuerit be,
Thy help I feik, Lord, and no mo.
Now feis thow, Lord, quhat neid I haif,
Thair is none vther to plenze to:
Thairfoir thy Haly Gaift I craif
To be my gyde quhair euer I go,
That in all my aduerfitie,
I forzet not the lufe of thé;

Bot

Of mercies zit he passis all. 59

Bot as thow, Lord, hes geuin thy word,
Let me thairin baith liue and die.

FINIS.

O F mercy zit he passis all,
In quhome I traift and euer fall;
For to nane vther will I call,
To die thairfoir, to die thairfoir.

For thair is nane vther saluatioun
Bot be that Lord that sufferit Passioun;
Upon our Saulis he hes compassioun,
And deit thairfoir, and deit thairfoir.

That Lord sa far had vs in mynde,
He come from heuin and tuke mankynde;
He haillit the feik, fair, lamit and blinde,
And deit thairfoir, and deit thairfoir.

To pray to Peter, James, or Johne,
Our Saullis to saif, power haue thay none,
For that belangis to Christ allone,
He deit thairfoir, he deit thairfoir.

I traift to God of suretie,
Be Christis blude sauit to be,
In quhilk I hope sa faithfullie,
To die thairfoir, to die thairfoir.

Thair is na deidis, that can saue me,
Thocht they be neuer sa grit plentie;
Bot throw Christ, and his greit mercy,
Quhilk deit thairfoir, quhilk deit thairfoir.

60 *Of mercies zit be passis all.*

Gif deidis nicht faue our Saulis from paine,
Then Christis blude was sched in vaine,
As ze may reid in Scripture plaine,
 To die thairfoir, to die thairfoir.

Zit sum hes hope fauit to be
For doing deidis of cheritie;
Faith can not faue quhair na deidis be,
 Thay lie thairfoir, thay lie thairfoir.

The theif was saift be faith trewlie,
And not for deidis of cheritie,
As wrytis Luk, twentie and thre,
 To die thairfoir, to die thairfoir.

Fyre without heit can not be,
Faith will haue warkis of suretie,
Als fast as may conuenientlie
 Be done, but moir.

Now Lord, that deit vpon ane tre,
And sched thy blude sa plenteoullie
Resfaue our Saullis to thy gloir
 We ask no moir, we ask no moir.

FINIS.

WE fuld into remembrance
Of Jesus Christ our King,
Without ony dissimulance
 Be blyith, and myrrie sing.

We war condampnit to the deid,
 In hell, for Adamis mis:

Bot

Bot Jhesus Christ the peice hes maid
Betuix God and vs.

Christ is our God and Sauour,
Our help and our refuge:
Our Brother and our Mediatour
Our Aduocate and Judge.

Sen on our syde is God him sell,
Quha dar againe him pleid?
For he hes vincuist sin and hell,
The Deuill, and also deid.

This greit gudnes that Christ hes done,
God let vs neuer forzet:
Bot thank and loue that Lord abone,
With fangis fweitley fet.

FINIS.

HAY, let vs sing, and mak greit mirth,
Sen Christ this day to vs is borne:
For had not bene that blyssit birth,
Mankynde alwayis had bene forlorne.

All men wer borne in sinfulness,
Condamnit to eternall deid:
Except Christ that in richteousnes,
Was only borne for our remeid.

And he, gif we beleue, hes coist
His innocens for our trespas;
Had not bene Christ we had bene loist;
O blyssit birth that euer was.

FINIS.

I N Burgh and Land, eist, west, north, south
We glorie for to speik of Christ;
And his Euangell in our mouth,
Bot far fra him our hartis, we wreist.

To Goddis Law quha will aduert,
Sall steidfast in his promeis traift,
And lufe our brethren with our hart,
And fle from sin, and vice detest.

Lufe is fulfilling of the Law,
As Paule reheirsis in his wryt;
Of Christ nathing forsuith we knaw,
That hes na faith, and lufe perfyte.

The Scripture plainely dois accord,
Quha will not wirk his Fatheris will,
Bot sayis euerie day, Lord! Lord!
Sall neuer cum in heuin him till.

Brether and sisteris that will resort
Till Christ, and with his Gospell mell,
Do as ze say, I zow exhort,
And now na mair diffauze your fell:

Or God fall tak his word againe
Fra vs, fyne will it fend
To them that will not wirk in vaine,
Bot perseueir vnto the end.

FINIS.

¶ *Ane Sang contrair Idolatrie.*

WE fuld beleue in God abuse,
And in nane vther thing;
Quha traistis in him, he will them lufe,
And grant them thair asking.

Contrair it is to Goddis command,
To trow that help may cum,
Of Idoles maid with mennis hand,
Quhilk ar baith deif and dum.

Quha doiȝ adorne Idolatrie,
Is contrair the haly writ:
For stock and staine is Mammontrie,
Quhilk men may carue or quhite.

The Apostillis that wrait the veritie,
Expresly do conclude,
That Idoles fuld detestit be,
As contrair to Christis blude.

Ze sempill pepill vnperfite,
Greit ignorance may ze tell,
Of stock and staine hes mair delite,
Then into God him fell.

FINIS.

¶ *Ane Ballat of the Epifill on Chriſtfin-
mes Euin.*

THE Grace of God appeiris now,
Our helth and our ſaluatioun,
To teiche and inſtruct vs how,
In all countrie and natioun.

64 *The Grace of God appeiris now.*

That we fuld leue our wickitnes,
And flé vaine wardly appetyte,
Just, haly, be with sobernes,
Leif in the warld a lyfe perfyte.

That blyffit hope for to abyde,
The cumming of greit God of gloir,
And Jesus Christis woundis wyde,
The Sauour of les and moir.

Quhilk for our saik he gaue him fell,
To saif from sin, and purge vs cleir,
Ane chosin pepill in speciall,
In gude warkis to perseueir.

To studie in them nicht and day,
Thus we fuld ane exhort ane vther,
Of Goddis word to sing and say,
And euery man to lufe his brother.

FINIS.

O F thingis twa I pray thé, Lord,
Deny me not befoir I die,
All vanitie and leand word,
Full far away thow put fra me.

Extreme pureteth, nor greit riches,
Thow giue me not in na kin wif;
Bot only of thy greit gudnes,
Giue me that may my neid suffice.

For be I riche, I may perchance,
Say, Quha is God, and him misknaw;

And

And na thing bot my self aduance,
And him forzet and all his Law.

Or be I pure, and haue na geir,
Than man I outhir reif or steill.
Or than my Goddis name manesweir,
And set him at full lytill vaill.

FINIS.

LORD, Father, God that gaif me lyfe,
Thow leif me not to do my will:
Bot grant thy grace to me catiue,
Thy godlie Law for to fulfill.

The prydefull lukiing of myne eine,
Lat nocht be rutit in my hart:
All euill defyre that in me bene,
Full far from me thow wald aduart.

Ane gredie stomokis appetyte,
And all surfet thow tak from me:
And als I pray thé mak me quyte,
Of fleschelic lust and licherie.

Remoue from me all thrawardnes,
Als weill in mynde as outward deid:
And tak from me vnshamefastnes,
And God and man to lufe and dreid.

FINIS.

BLIS, bliffit God, thir giftis gude,
Quhilk thow hes geuin to be our fude;
Us blis, and mak thankfull in deid,

E. j

Be Jefus Chrift, that bliffit feid.
 In quhome all bliffing we reffaif,
 Be quhome all bliffing we afk and craif.
 Grant bliffing, Lord of nichtis maift,
 God, Father, Sone, and Haly Gaift.

FINIS.

Bliffing, gloir, wifdome, & hartly thankfulnes,
 And godly honouris all nicht and fortitude,
 We offer thé, Lord, with lawly humbilnes,
 Committing our felfis haill to thy celfitude,
 Asking, for Chrift, quhilk for vs gaue his blude,
 Grace for to be in hart and mynde thankfull,
 For all thy gude and fre giftis plentifull.

FINIS.

NOW let vs fing, with joy and mirth,
 In honour of our Lordis birth,
 For his lufe and humanitie,
 Quha gaue him felf for vs to die.

Be Adame we wer all forlorne,
 Bot now Chrift Jefus till vs is borne,
 Hes fred vs fra captiuitie,
 And vincuft hes our enemie.

Quhen he was borne, nane did him fnib,
 To ly richt law intill ane crib:
 Ane oxe, ane affe, richt tenderlie,
 Refrefchit his humanitie.

His Godheid myfteris na fupport

For

For it was full of all comfort;
Quhilk equall is in all degre,
Unto his Fatheris maiestie.

The Angellis fang with mirrynes,
Unto the Hyrdis mair and les,
And bad them of gude comfort be,
For Christis new Natiuitie.

For we [ye] war all at Goddis horne;
This Babe to zow that now is borne,
Sall mak zow faif; and for zow die,
And zow restoir to libertie.

This Babe for zow did sched his blude,
And tholit deid vpon the Rude:
And for his greit humanitie,
Exaltit is his Maieftie.

And now he is our Aduocate,
Prayand for vs baith air and lait:
This can the Scripture verifie,
In sa far as ane man is he.

Thairfoir all tyde, tyme, and hour,
Pas vnto him as Mediatour
Betuix the Fatheris wraith and thé,
Of sin gif thow wald clengeit be.

For he hes promiseit with his hart
To all sinneris that will reuart,
And fra thair sinfull lyfe will fle,
Sall ring with him eternallie.

E. ij

To God the Father mot be gloir,
 And als to Christ for euer moir,
 The Haly Gaist mot bliffit be,
 Wirkar of this Natiuitie.

FINIS.

QVHA can discrue or put in write,
 The grace and mercy of our Lord?
 Quhais godly giftis infinite,
 Men suld remember and record,
 Conforme vnto his haly word.

Our Father, God, fontaine of grace,
 His Sone did send to ranfoun vs
 From Sin, and all our cairfull cafe,
 And from the Deuill maist dangerous.
 And slew that Serpent vennemous.

Christ come rycht fweit, as ane seruand,
 Of seruitude to mak vs fre:
 And broken hes the Deuillis band,
 Quhilk led vs in captiuitie:
 Quhairfor we thank his grit mercie.

Christ beand ryche in heuinlie gloir,
 And we rycht pure and in distres,
 Did mak vs riche for euer moir:
 Quhairfor we thank his gentilnes,
 Be resfoun of his greit gudnes.

Christ come full humbill and full law,
 Us to exalt in majestie:
 And tholit panis, as ze knaw,

Of

Of hounger, cauld, and miserie;
And we gat lyfe quhen he did die.

Christ als discendit to the hell,
And vs redemit from that paine:
And from the deith did rais him fell,
Na mair to thoill the deid againe,
As we may reid in Scripture plaine.

Christ maid vs just quhen he vp rais,
Be reffoun of his victorie:
Quhairthrow he vincust all our fais,
Sin, Deid, and Deuill our enemye,
And from thair bandis maid vs fre.

Christ passit to the heuinnis hie,
To graith ane place for vs in gloir,
Our Aduocate thairfor to be:
Heirfor his grace let vs implour,
That we with him ring euer moir.

FINIS.

IF ze haue rissin from deid againe,
With Christ our cheif and foueraine,
Quhilk did the inward man renew,
Gloir not in eirdly thingis vaine,
Bot in the Croce of Christ Jesew.

Seik thingis abuse that ar not feine,
Nor neuer fall with carnall eine:
Do diligence for till subdew
The flesche, the outward man I meine,
And gloir in the Croce of Christ Jesew.

E. iij

70 *Gif ze haue rissin from deid.*

Honour it with feruent defyre,
And I fall swa zour Spreit inspyre,
Ay quhen temptatioun dois zow perfew,
Of lychorie fall slokkin the fyre,
And gloir in the Croce of Christ Jesew.

Quhen auarice, pryde, or ony fin,
Into zour memberis dois begin,
Than pray with feruent hart and trew,
That ze may be of Isackis kin,
And gloir in the Croce of Christ Jesew.

And delf with deip into zour land
As Isack did, quhill that he fand
The water of lyfe, of heuinly hew,
Quhilk is now fillit with eird and fand,
And gloir in the Croce of Christ Jesew.

Honour the image of the Croce,
Not cryand out with curious voyce,
Bot in the Spreit, as it is dew;
His gudnes that restorit the lose,
And gloir in the Croce of Christ Jesew.

His image is his word compleit,
Performit be the Haly Spreit,
Quhilk from the Father sprang and grew,
Thair is na image half fa sweit,
As gloir in the Croce of Christ Jesew.

Gif ze lufe Christ, hait not his word;
His leuing image, it is na bourd,
Quha lichtleis it, fall not eschew

Of

Of vengeance the abbominabill sword,
And gloir in the Croce of Christ Jesew

Siclyke of Juda the Lyoun strang,
Upon the Croce he grat and hang,
Quhen he was raisit he ouerthrew
The Serpent, and his vennemous stang,
And gloird in the Croce of Christ Jesew.

The decreit and schairp hand write,
That stoppit vs fra the Father quyte,
Furth of the myndes he withdrew,
And fixt it to the Croce perfite,
And gloird in the Croce of Christ Jesew.

Syne the Jewes that wer legall,
And Gentiles, that from Adames fall,
Sa mony zeiris thair God milknew
Maid baith ane body mysticall,
And gloiris in the Croce of Christ Jesew.

Let vs, thairfoir, with Paull now sing,
Away from vs all visibill thing,
Sing to the Lord ane sang of new,
Of laude, prais, and comforting,
And gloir in the Croce of Christ Jesew.

With spirituall lufe let vs proceid,
Nocht lyke the Jewes with feir and dreid;
Sing to the Lord ane sang richt trew,
That was borne of King Dauids seid,
And gloir in the Croce of Christ Jesew.

FINIS.

E. iiii

72 *Quha fuld my melodie amend.*

QVHA fuld my melodie amend,
Or folace swiftly to me fend,
Quha fuld me succour or supplie,
Quha fuld me from the deid defend,
Bot God, my lufe, in heuin fa hie?

Imploir his grace quhair we offend,
And do our former lyfe amend:

Giue honour only to that King
In quhome our hope allone depend,
And lufe him also ouer all thing.

Nixt lufe zour nichtbour as zour fell,
Euill thochtis from zour mynde expell:

Quhair Spreit is waik ask comforting
At Him quhilk creat heuin and hell:
Lufe God in heuin attour all thing.

Do gude for euill, and leif zour will,
Not gude for gude, nor euill for euill,

Than ze present ane peirles sing,
Of lyfe serene, the warld vntill:
Lufe God in heuin attour all thing.

Thocht thow perswaid this threid flyding

Quhilk ay increffis moir and moir,
Think weill on heuinlie gouerning

This warld is nocht bot transitoir,
And lufe thy God attour all thing.

Quha feruis the warld gais amis,
And fall be far from heuinnis blis:
For quhy? in Scripture is founding

Na

The Conception of Christ. 73

Na wicht can ferue twa Lordis I wis:
Lufe God in heuin attour all thing.

FINIS.

The Conception of Christ.

LET vs reioce and sing,
And praise that michtie King,
Quhilk send his Sone of a Virgine bricht.
La. Lay. La.
And on him tuke our vyle nature,
Our deidlie woundis to cure,
Mankynde to hald in richt.
La. Lay. La.
Sanct Luk wrytis in his Gospell,
God send his Angell Gabriell,
Unto that Virgine but defame.
La. Lay. La.
For to fulfill the Prophefie,
Was spouffit with Josaph fre,
Mary scho had to name:
La. Lay. La.
Thir wordis to hir he did reheirs.
Haill Mary! full of grace,
The Lord God is with thé.
La. Lay. La.
Thow blyffit Virgine mylde,
Thow fall consaue ane Chylde
The pepill redeme fall he:
La. Lay. La.
Quhais power and greit nicht,
Sall be in Goddis sicht,
Quhilk from the Father of nicht is send,

74 *The Conception of Christ.*

La. Lay. La.
 Jefus his name ze call,
 Quhilk falbe Prince ouir all
 His Kingdome fall haue nane end.

La. Lay. La.
 Than fpak that Virgin fre,
 Behald, how fall this be,
 Seeing I know na man?

La. Lay. La.
 Than said the Angell chaift,
 Be the power of the Haly Gaiſt,
 Quhilk all thing wirk he can.

La. Lay. La.
 Elizabeth thy couſing alſo,
 Sex monethis with chylde can go,
 At quhais birth greit joy fall be:

La. Lay. La.
 Call him Johne, ſayis the Angell bricht,
 Quhilk is fend be Goddis nicht,
 The Lordis way prepair fall he.

La. Lay. La.

FINIS

*Heir endis the Spirituall Sangis, and beginnis the
 Pfalmes of Dauid, with vther new pleaſand Bal-
 lattis. Tranſlatit out of Enchiridion
 Pfalmorum to be ſung.*

Quare fremuerunt gentes. Pſal. ij.

WHAT is the cauſ, O God omnipotent,
 That all natiounis commouit ar ſa ſoir?

The

The Kingis and the pepill with ane consent,
Resistis thé, thy power and thy gloir.
That stryue againe thy law ay moir and moir,
And contrair Christ thy Sone quhome thou hes
To saif all man that will on him depend. [send,

Thay will not be reformit from thair sin,
Bot will remaine blindit in ignorance,
And will not thoill to luke thy law within,
Bot castis it away with greit greuance:
Thy counsell they refuse and gouernance,
And following thair awin hartis confait,
Euerie man drawis a findrie gait.

Bot thou, O God, in heuin into thy ring,
Thow makis all thair counsels euerie one,
Quhat thay intend, that fall thay neuer bring
To finall end; for thy wifdome allone
Thair pregnant wittis fall sorne, and anone,
In thy greit ire, thou fall them fair reprufe,
And from thy face thou fall them fwyith remufe.

For God hes fet a captaine stark and wicht,
Christ [h]is awin Sone, God and man naturall,
On Mont Sion to reule it iust and richt,
That is to say, his Kirk Uniuerfall,
To teiche his Fatheris word celestiall:
His godly will and plesure for to schaw,
Instructing all the world into his Law.

God said to him, Thow art my Sone and air,
I thé begat, for euer and this day,
Thy deid purchest victorie preclair,

Syne from the deid thow rais, to ring for ay,
 My chosin in thé fall not cum to decay,
 Quha trewlie traiftis in thy godlie name,
 Sall neuer die eternallie I plane.

My Sone, I will thé geue all natiounis
 In heritage, and put thame in thy cure:
 To reule thame with thy ministratiounis,
 And preif thame with the Croce at thy plesure,
 To purge thair flehlie lust, and mak thame pure,
 And for to rais thair myndis spirituall,
 To pryse thy name now and perpetuall.

Heirfoir Kingis and Rewlaris now be war,
 Aduert till Goddis word and discipline.
 Resfaif his Sone, abone all thing prefar
 His godlie word, and keip weill his doctrine:
 Leir him to dreid, and traist in till him syne,
 Quhilk is the trew wirship and rychteousnes,
 That God requyris of mankynd mair and les.

Resfaif thairfoir his sweit correctioun,
 That he na mair with zow offendit be;
 Befoir your eine with trew affectioun,
 And in zour hart ze haif him identlie.
 Obey his law, for quhen greuit is he,
 Than quha dar his just jugement abyde
 Blissit ar they, quhilk on him dois confyde.

FINIS.

Saluum me fac. Psal. xj.

SAIF vs, gude Lord, and succour send,
 For perysit is halynes:

And

And treuth away from men is wend,
And fled fra thame is faithfulnes:
Diffait amang thame fa is fawin,
The veritie may nocht be knawin;
Thair tungis ar full of feinzetnes.

Thair leing tungis, O Lord, cut out,
That speikis in to thy contemptioun:
And sayis in all place round about,
Our tungis hes ane exemptioun,
Euin as we pleis, our lippis may lie,
For we haue all authoritie;
Nane hes of vs dominioun.

Bot God hes said, and will it keip,
I will ryfe vp incontinent,
For the opprest that fair dois weip,
And murning of the indigent.
The pure that vexit is so foir,
I will them saue, and them restoir
Fra wickit toungis teichement.

And Goddis word and promit
Is trewar, cleirar, and mair pure,
Then siluer seuin tymes purifyit:
Sen that thow art in word fa fure,
Thow faue vs from sic fort of men,
And fra the doctrine that they ken
Eternally on vs tak cure.

Quhen hypocrites ar principall,
And hieft in authoritie:
On force the pepill follow fall

Thair falsset and hypocriefie.
 The pepill follow mon, on neid,
 Thir Prelatis and thair wickit deid,
 Baith blindit from the veritie.

FINIS.

*Vsque quo Domine. Pfal. xxij. with the tune of
 Exaudi, Deus, orationem meam.*

O LORD, how lang for euer wil thou forzet,
 And hyde thy face fra me, or zit how lang
 Sall I reheirs thy counsell in my hart?
 Quhen fall my hart ceis of this forie sang?
 O Lord, behald, help me, and licht my eine,
 That suddand sleip of deid do me na teine.

Or ellis quhen my enemeis feis my fall,
 We did preuail, sone will thay say on me:
 And gif thay se me be thame brocht in thrall,
 Thay will reioyce into thair tyrannie
 Bot I in God hes hope, and traist to se
 His godly help, than fall I loue the Lord
 Quhilk did me saue fra them that had me schord.

FINIS.

Domine, quis habitabit? Pfal. xxiiij.

O LORD, quha fall in heuin dwell with thé,
 In thy triumphant throne and tabernakil?
 Or quha fall on thy haly hill sa hie
 Mak refidence, and haue his habitakill?
 The innocent, that is ane spectakill
 Of haly lyfe and conuersatioun,

And

And juft in all his operation.

And he quhilk on the treuth hes all his thocht,
And with his toung the fame for till furthfchaw,
And quhais toung his nichtbour noyis nocht,
And hurtis nane be boift, nor zit be blaw;
And thocht his nichtbouris faute or vice be
He fcornis not: bot dois till his brother [knew
As that he wald till him did ony vther.

He that hes in na reputatioun
The wickit men, in nurifching thair vice,
With flatterie, and adulation;
And all gude men he haldis into pryfe,
And thay that dreidis God he countis wife.
Quhat euer he fweir to ony man, or say,
His promeis he will keip without delay.

Na occour will he vse intill his lane,
Bot frely with his nichtbour len and borrow;
Contrair the juft, rewaird he will tak nane,
Bot him defend from fyre, fchame, and sorrow.
This will he do at midnicht and at morrow.

Quhat euer he be that weill obferuis this,
Sall neuer perishe, but ring in heuinis blis.

FINIS.

Dominus regit me. Pſal. xxiiij.

THE Lord God is my Paſtor gude,
Aboundantly me for to feid;
Then how can I be deſtitute
Of ony gude thing in my neid?

He feidis me in feildis fair,
To riueris fweit, pure and preclair,
He dryuis me but ony dreid.

My faull and lyfe he dois refresche,
And me conuoyis in the way
Of his iustice and richteousnes,
And me defendis from decay:
Not for my warkis verteousnes,
Bot for his name sa glorious,
Preferuis me baith nicht and day.

And thocht I wauer, or ga will,
Or am in danger for to die,
Na dreid of deid fall cum me till,
Nor feir of cruell tyrannie.
Becaus that thow art me besyde,
To gouerne me and be my gyde,
From all mischeif and miserie.

Thy staffe quhair of I stand greit awe,
And thy scheip huke me for to fang;
Thay nurture me, my fautes to knaw,
Quhen fra the hie way I ga wrang:
Thairfoir my spreit is blyith and glaid,
Quhen on my flescche thy scourge is laid,
In the richt way to gang me gang.

And thow ane tabill dois prouyde,
Befoir me, full of all delyte,
Contrair to my persewaris pryde,
To thair displeasure and dyspyte.
Thow hes anointed weill my heid,

And

And full my coupe thow hes maid,
With mony difches of delyte.
Thy gudnes and benignitie
Let euer be with me thairfoir;
And quhill I liue, vntill I die,
Thow lay them vp with me in stoir;
That I may haue my dwelling place
Into thy hous, befoir thy face,
To ring with thé for euer moir.

FINIS.

Exultate Iusti in Domino. Pſal. xxxiiij.

ZE Richteous, rejoyce, and loue the Lord
Juſt men, to thank thair God, dois weil accord.
Play on zour lute, & ſweetly to it ſing,
Tak harpe in hand with mony luſtie ſtring:
Tyrle on the ten ſtringit inſtrument,
And prais zour God with hart, and hail intent:
Sing na auld thing the quhilk is abrogate,
Bot ſing ſum new plesand perfite ballat:
Blaw vp organis with glaid and heuinly ſound,
Joyfull in hart, quhilk all the ſkyis reſound:
For Goddis word is treuth and veritie,
And dois all his deidis faithfullie.
The Lord luſis juſtice and richteousnes,
And all the eird is full of his gudnes.
The heuinnis hie wer creat be the Lord,
Thair ornamentis wer dreſſit be his word.
He heipis vp the wateris lyke ane hill,
Synne turnis them in deip quhen that he will.
Dreid ze the Lord, all dwelleris on the ground,
And wirſchip him all hant the warld ſa round.

F. j

Quhat God decretis is done incontinent,
 All creature obeyis his commandement.
 The counsellis of the wickit and deuyfe,
 He perturbis, appeirand euer sa wyfe:
 He scornis all thair consolatioun,
 And wicket pepillis imaginatioun:
 Bot his counsell fall lest perpetuall, •
 And fall indure till generations all.
 Full happy is the pepill maist and leift,
 Quhilk in thair God & Lord hes all thair traift,
 And quhome that God do cheis before all aige,
 Thame to possheid in proper heritage.
 The Lord lukis furth of his heuinlie fait,
 And persauis all men of euerilk stait:
 From his tryumphant throne he dois beholde
 All natiounis, and dwellaris on the molde:
 For he allone did creat all thair hartis,
 And he allone dois know all thair warkis.
 The King is not faif be his greit armie,
 Nor gyand faif be strenth of his bodie:
 The bardit hors in neid fall men disfaif,
 And mony thousand hors may na man faif.
 The eyis of the Lord thay do aduert
 To them that dreidis him with all thair hart,
 Traifing his godly help with patience,
 To faif thair lyfe in tyme of pestilence;
 And in the tyme of derth them for to feid;
 And be thair only help in all thair neid.
 Thairfoir, my Saull, in God put thy beleif,
 Our strenth and targe to faif vs fra mischeif:
 Our hart salbe into the Lord joyous,
 Sen we traift in thy name maist glorious.

Assist

Assist to vs, O Lord, for thy gudnes,
Euin as we traift in thy greit gentilnes.

FINIS.

Noli æmulari in malignantibus. Psal. xxxvij.

THOW fall not follow wickit menis wayis,
Nor zit murne that sinfull haue gude dayis;
For lyke the widderit hay sone fall thay faid,
And as the grasse that wallowis rute and blaid;
Bot in the Lord put thow thy haill beleif,
And wirk his will, and not that may him greif;
And than the frutefull land thow fall posses
Aboundantie, and fall haue grit riches.
Into the Lord put all thy haill delyte,
And he fall grant thy hartis appetyte.
Schaw furth befor the Lord thy mynd and will,
And traift in him, he fall it weill fulfill:
Than, as the goldin morning schynis bricht,
Sa fall thy justice schyne till euerie wicht;
And as the sone in midday schawis fair,
Sa fall thy vertew knawin be alquhair.
Upon the Lord haue euer thyne intent,
Befoir thyne eine, and haue him ay present;
And muse thé not at thair prosperitie,
That leuis all thair lyfe wrangouslie.
Remoue rancour and ire furth of thy thoct,
The ill exempill of the wickit follow nocht:
For cruell men fall sune destroyit be;
Bot quha abydis the Lord pacientlie,
Sall bruke the land, and his possessioun
Full peciabilie, without oppressioun.
Suffer a lytill quhile, and thow fall se,
F. ij

The wickit man perishe befoir thyne E:
 Thow fall behald him, and his mansioun,
 Be brocht to nocht, and vtter confusioun.
 But humbill men fall inherite the eird,
 And leif in peace fra wickit mens reird.
 The sinful man with euill will await,
 The innocent that can mak na debait;
 With countenance austeir fall on him gyrne,
 His irefull hart with baill fall euer byrne.
 Bot thow, gude Lord, fall lauch thame all to sorne,
 And knawis the tyme that thay falbe forlorne.
 The cruell men fall draw thair birnist brand,
 And haue thair bow bent reddy in thair hand,
 For till slay the meik and innocent,
 That thay may cum to thair wicket intent.
 Thair awin sword fall stryke thame throw the
 And broken fall thair bow be in all part. [hart,
 The lytill of the just is mair commendit,
 Sa that it be weill win, and better spendit,
 Than is the grit ryches of wickit men,
 Quhair throw thay do baith God & man misken.
 The power of the wickit fall decay;
 Bot God fall preferue the just man for ay :
 The tymes of the just God dois record,
 Thair heritage falbe with God the Lord :
 In tyme of perrell thay fall not be agast,
 And in grit derth thair fude falbe adrest.
 Bot wickit men fall perishe in thair neid;
 And thay that of the gude Lord hes na dreid,
 Lyke Sacrifice thay fall consumit be,
 Quhair of bot reik, thow can na mair se.
 The wickit man will tak, and wil not pay,

The

The iust frelie wil gif without delay.
Quha luiffis him, and of him speikes gude,
Sall bruke the land; bot quha will delude,
Or dois blaspheme the kynde and liberall,
Sall ruttit be furth of memoriall.
The paithis of the iust God dois direct,
He luiffis him and will him not neglect.
Suppose he fall be fey, or zit be land,
God will erect him with his helping hand.
I haue bene zung, and cum now to grit age,
Zit saw I neuer the iust left in thirlage,
Nor zit haue sene his posteritie,
Beggand thair breid for grit necessitie.
Bot he will giue and len his gude at large,
Till thame that myster hes, & will him charge,
Zit fall his seid leif into plenteoufnes,
Aboundantly posses grit riches
He leuis ill, and followis gude thairfoir,
With God he fall ring euer moir.
The Lord luiffis iustice and equitie,
And leuis not his Sanctis in miserie.
For he on thame perpetuallie hes cure,
Bot wickit mennis seid fall not indure,
Iust men with joy the eird fall posses,
And dwell lang tyme on it, and haue succes.
The iust mannis mouth exercis sapience,
Of equitie ay speikand of prudence.
The law of God is in his hart fa haill,
In all his wayis thairfoir he can nocht faill.
The wickit dois obserue the innocent,
To seik to slay him with cruell intent.
Bot God will not him leif into his neid,

Bot will him faif fra tyrannis wickit deid.
 Thay can not him condampne; quhen thay accufe
 Preferuit sall he be from thair abuse.
 Traift in the Lord, and keip weill his command,
 And he fall thé exalt in euerie land.
 Posses the eird thow fall, and with thyne E,
 The wickit men destroyit fall thow se.
 Sum tyme a tyrane flureis haue I sene,
 Lyke lawrel tre quhilk euer growis grene :
 Bot in schort tyme sune was he brocht to nocht ;
 He was not found, nor that belangit him ocht.
 Keip justice, and haue E vnto the richt,
 That sal mak peace for euer with God of micht :
 For wrangus men fall end mischeuouslie,
 And wickit mennis fyne his miserie.
 The iust all haill vpon the Lord dependis,
 Quhilk is his strenth, & all tyme him defendis,
 God helpis him and sendis him supplie,
 And sauis him fra tyrannis crueltie ;
 Because in him he did put his traift,
 Into his trublis [nocht] culd him molest.

FINIS.

Exaudi Deus orationem meam. Psal. lxxiij.

O LORD, aduert vnto my voce and cry,
 Now quhen I pray vnto thy Majestie.
 From dredour of my mortall ennemie,
 Defend my lyfe, and als delyuer me :
 Defend me from the fals subtellitie
 Of wickit men, and from the cruelnes,
 Of thame that alwayis wirk vnrichteousnes,

Fra

Fra thame that hes thair tungis scharp & ground,
And scharper than ony twa edgeit fword,
Lyke deidly dartis thow geuis stang & stound.
Rycht sa proceidis of thair mouth euerie word,
Quhairwith to slay thay think it bot a bourd,
The innocent with secreit dissemblance,
Without dredour of Goddis vengeance.

Thay haue deuyfit abbominatioun
Amang thame felfis in thair malicioufnes.
Richt priuelie is thair communicatioun,
To set thair nettis with clokit craftines,
With sic deuce as it war halynes,
That na man suld thair violence espye,
Quhilk wald reuenge thair fals hypocrisie.

Thair counsell is to feirche and to inquire,
The innocent with wrang for till accuse;
In all this warld thay haue na mair desyre,
For euer in thair mynde of this thay muse,
Quha will delay it, thay will mak na refuse
Of fa or fule, and for suspitioun,
Thay will bring men vnto confusioun.

Bot now na mair thair malice fall remaine,
For God fall stryke them in schort sesoun,
Of quhome thay salbe plaguit with grit paine,
And men fall hald thame in derisioun:
Thair tungs salbe thair awin confusioun,
Quhilk was sa scharp in contrair innocence,
That for thame felfis thay fall mak na defence.

Quhen men fall se this haistie suddand change,
F. iij

Than fall thay wonder and cleirlye vnderstand,
 That it is God quhilk dois his awin reuenge,
 All men fal fe this wark of Goddis hand,
 And fall weill knaw, that nane can him withstand.
 The iust fall traist in God, and als rejoyis,
 And all trew hartis fall joy to heir this noyis.

FINIS.

Quam bonus Deus Israel. Psal. lxxiij.

TILL trew in hart God of Israell is fweyt,
 Bot stakerand almaist failzeit my feit,
 Quhen I beheld thir peruerst wickit men
 Prosper alway, thocht thay did God misken.

Thair is na zock thir wickit men may oppres.
 Bot euer in welth, plesour and grit riches,
 Quhen vther men ar trublit, and difesit,
 With all pastime full plesandlie thay ar easit.

Throw quhilk thay ar exaltit in to pryde,
 Thair violence and wrang walkis full wyde
 Throw thair grit nicht in alkin lust thay leif,
 Quhat thay can think vnto thair hart thay geif.

Quhat euer is done, thay think it vanitie,
 Bot giue that thay the authoure of it be;
 God of heuin thay blasphemie with thair mouth,
 To curs all men thay think it na vncouth.

For this the peple dois flow to and fra,
 Quhen thay the wickit with welth se do swa,
 Thay dar be bald to dout giue God dois knaw,
 Or vnderstand the breking of his law.

And

And I also thocht thair prosperitie
Suld euer indure with thame eternallie;
And thocht vnto my self I did offence,
That wufche my handis, and leuit in innocence.

To thole distres, I thocht it was in vaine,
Baith day and nicht to tak on me sic paine.
Quhen I had lang argound on sic a kinde,
The sonnis of God I dampnit in my minde.

I tuke trauell on this to know the treuth,
Bot all for nocht, my laubour was bot sleuth.
Quhen I fall enter in Goddis secreit place,
Than fall I se thair end befor my face.

Full slydrie is the fait that thay on sit,
And for thair fault till hell fune fall thay flit:
For suddenlie thay fall die with mischeif,
Thair destructioun fall be without releif.

As quhen ane man awalkis of his dreame,
Sa fall the Lord destroy thair fulishe fame:
Quhen I had this imaginatioun
My dullie spreit was in greit passioun.

Imprudently this brint I in my thocht,
In thy prefence as brutall beist of nocht,
Zit leit thow not me fall on sic ane fort,
Bot held my hand, and gaue me gude comfort.

With thy counsell thow fall me weill conuoy,
And efter this reffaue me to thy joy.
O Lord, quhat euer in heuin ordand for me,
Outher in eird, compair I not to thé.

Na thing am I, my body nor my hart:
 God is my strenth, and euer salbe my part.
 Perishe fall thay, that fleis from thé far;
 Lofte fall thay be, that ocht to thé prefar.

To me, forfuith, I think it for the best,
 To cleue to God, and on him put my traift,
 And schaw the nobill warkis that He hes done,
 To quhome be gloir ringand in his throne.

FINIS.

Deus quis similis erit tibi. Psal. lxxxiiij.

GOD, for thy grace, thow keip no more silence:
 [Ceifs not, O God, nor hald thy peax no moir;]
 Postpone it not, bot haift thy vengeance
 On hypocritis, humelie I thé exhort;
 For thay rebellis with rage do resort,
 And thay quhilk at thé haue mortall feid,
 Contrair thy micht hes lifted vp thair heid.

And till oppres thy pepill do pretend,
 Under pretence and cloikit halynes:
 With subtell flycht to slay vs thay intend;
 Considerat thay ar, baith mair and les,
 Contrair thy testament, our hope & richteousnes:
 Thay say, thay fall vs rute from the ground,
 That na mentioun of vs fall mair be found.

Thay now conspyre with cruell hart and fell,
 With ane consent, togidder in ane band:
 Quhilk neuer befoir culd gre amang thame sell,
 Stryuand

Stryuand for stait and hicht, in euerie land:
Bot contrair thé togidder stife thay stand,
And fast lyke burris thay cleif baith ane and all,
To hald, O God, thy word and vs in thrall.

Ze Edomeitis, idoll, with thrinfald croune,
The crop and rute of pryde and tyrannie;
Ze Ismalitis, with scarlat hat and gowne,
Zour bludie boist na fyith can fatissie;
Ze Moabitis, with hornis twa full hie,
Outwart lyke schein, ze beir the beistis mark,
Inwart lyke tykis, ze byte, bot can not bark.

Of Agarins, quhat tung can tell the tryne,
With hurklyt hude our a weill nureist neck?
Jabell and Amon, als fat as ony fwyne,
Quhilk can not do, bot drink, sing, jouk, and bek;
The Amelekis, that lesingis weill can clek,
The Palistenis with dum doctouris of Tyre
Quhilk dar nocht dispute, bot cryis, Fyre, fyre.

Affur, in harnes, is with thame euer moir.
Companzeoun he is perpetuall
To Lotis sonis, for to mantene thair gloir;
He wate nocht ellis, for his conscience is thrall
To thame quhilk hes na hope celestially,
Bot contrair God indurit hes thair hartis,
Syne [fylie] Princes, blindly, tak thair partis.

O God of gloir, resist thair cruelnes,
As thow sum tyme ouerthrew the Madionitis
And Sicera, with his malicioufnes.
And Jabene, with his bludie hypocritis.

At Kyfon flude, as weill the storie dytis;
 Thay perifchit at Endor throw thy nicht,
 Syne mucke become, and fylth, for all thair hicht.

Thair gouvernouris and gydis, gif ficlike
 As Oreb, Seb, Seba, and Zelmanie.
 Thair finnis shawis thay ar a bludie byke;
 And zit thay wald, throw thair hypocrisie,
 Posses the Kirk of God, throw tyrannie,
 And will cum to na Counfell Generall,
 For feir thay lose thair pompe Pontificall.

As quheill vnstabill, and caffé befor the wind,
 And as the wod confumit is with fyre:
 And as the flame burning quhair it can find
 The faggat, in the feild with grit impyre:
 Siclike perfew thame with thy greuous ire.
 Lat thy tempest thair wraithfulnes reuenge,
 And lat thy storme thair pryde in purteth change.

Confound thame, Lord, that they may feik thy
 Perturbe thair minde with care continuall, [name,
 And let thame perifche, and cum till vtter fchame;
 Lat thame knaw thé for the God eternall,
 Allanerlie on thé allone to call:
 And thé obey abone all eirdlie thing,
 Maist michtiest, maist hieft in thy ring.

FINIS.

Qui habitat in Adiutorio. Pfal. lxxxxj.

QVHA on the Hieft will depend,
 And in his secreit help will traift,
 Almichtie God fall him defend,

And

Quba on the Hieft will depend. 93

And gyde him with his Haly Gaift.
Thairfoir with mynde rype and degeft,
Thow fay to God, My trew releue,
My hope, my God of nichtis maift,
Onlie in him I will beleue.
He fall delyuer thé at neid,
And faue thy lyfe from peftilence;
His wingis ar thy weirlie weid,
His pennes ar thy strang defence;
And thow fall haue experience,
That his trew promeis is thy fcheild;
His word of grit magnificence
Sall be thy buklar and thy beild.
Na wickit spreit fall thé affray,
Nor thé delude into the nicht;
The fleand dartis be the day,
To trubill thé fall haue na micht ;
Na suddand chance of vncouth slicht,
Sall cummer thé, nor mak thé red,
Nor thé perturbe in mark nor licht,
Bot from all plague thow fall be fred.
And thow fall fe at thy left hand,
Ane thoufand haue ane suddand fall;
And als thow fall fe ten thoufand
At thy richt hand, quhilk perfifche fall.
Zit nocht to thé fall cum at all:
Bot thow fall with thine eine behald,
Sinnaris put fra memoriall,
With plagues grit and monyfald.
O Lord, my hope and all my grace,
Thow faue me for thy grit mercy;

94 *Quba on the Hieft will depend.*

Thy gyrrh is fet in ficker place,
For he fall faue thé michtfullie.
And na mifchance fall cum to thé,
Nor maledie fall thé moleft;
Na miffortoun thy hous fall fe,
Bot all thingis wirk fall for the beft.
His Angellis he fall giue ane charge,
That thay on thé fall take the cure,
In all thy wayis to be ane targe,
To keip thé from mifaenture;
And with thair handis thay fall thé fure,
That thow hurt nocht aganis ane craig
Thy fute, bot fall preferue thé fure
From perrellis, panis, and from plaig.
Thow fall ftampe on the edderis strang,
And tred on the cruell cocketrice;
The lyonnis craig thow fall ouer gang,
The dreidfull dragoun thow fall chace.
Sen thow me traiftis in all cafe,
Sayis God, I fall thé faif from fchame,
And thé defend in euerie place,
For caufe thow knew my godly name.
Quhen thow fall call, I fall thé heir,
And in diftres fall be with thé.
I fall reftoir thé haill and feir,
And als I fall thé magnifie:
With lang lyfe dotit fall thow be,
And at the laft I fall thé bring
Quhair thow eternall gloir fall fe,
For euer moir with me to ring.

FINIS.

In

In exitu Israel. Pſal. cxiii.

WHEN fra Egypt departit Ifraell,
 And Jacobis hous fra pepill harbour fell,
 To Juda, Lord, thow wes his Sauieur,
 And to Ifraell ane gyde and gouernour:
 Quhilk, quhen the ſey had ſene, for feir it fled,
 The flude Jordane zeid back, it was ſa red.
 The mountainis muifit, & ran athort lyke ramis,
 The hillis danſit, and lichtly lap lyke lambis.
 Thow ſwelland ſey quhat muifit thé to fle?
 To gang abak, Jordane, quhat ailit thé?
 Quhat gart zow, montanis, lyke ramis ſtert and
 And, ze hillis, lyke lambis loup and bend? [ſtend?
 It was the Lordis feir that maid ſic reird,
 And Jacobis God perturbit all the eird:
 For God turnit the craig in freſche reueir,
 The barrane bra in fontane water cleir.

[Non nobis Domine. Pſal. cxv.]

Not vnto vs, not vnto vs, O Lord,
 Bot to thy fweit promeis, and to thy word,
 And to thy name be gloir allanerlie,
 Quhilk keipis thy promeis faithfullie.
 Thairfoir lat not our ennemeis blaſpheme
 Thy Maieſtie, for we may not fuſtene
 To heir thame ſay, Quhair is thy grit aſcencence,
 Thy godly help of thy magnificence?
 Our God forſuith ringis in heuin full hie.
 And quhat him liſtis, or lykis, workis he.
 Thir imagis of ſtock, ſtane, gilt with gold,
 Ar maid be men, and ſyne for money ſold:

Thay haue a mouth can nouthar say nor sing ;
 Thay eine ar blind, and thay can se na thing.
 Thay can nocht heir, thocht men do cry and zell.
 Thayr noisthirlis can nouthar fauer nor smell.
 Thay haue handis, can nouthar feill nor grope :
 Thayr fundyit feit can nouthar gang nor loupe :
 Thay can pronunce na voce furth of thayr throtis :
 Thay ar ouergane with moufwobs & moitis.
 Quha makis thame, or traiftis in thayr support,
 Ar lyke to thame in all maner of fort.
 Bot thow, Israel, in God put thy traift,
 Thy protectour into thy myster maift.
 Ze hous of Aaron, in God put zour beleif
 Zour defender, and na man can zow greif.
 All worfchippers of God, traift in his name,
 He is zour help and Sauour allane.
 The Lord hes mynde and mercy vpon vs,
 Will fauour vs, and bring vs to his blis.
 Als feid the hous of Israel with his fude
 And to the hous of Aaron will be gude.
 Thow fall do weill to them that dreidis thé,
 Baith zoung & auld, quhat stait that euer thai be.
 God fall augment his pepill and incres,
 And eik thayr sonnes and dochteris mair & les.
 He is the Lord that creat heuin
 And eird, with his creatures, in dayis feuin.
 The heuinis ar the Lordis habitatioun ;
 The eird he gaue to mannis propagatioun.
 The deid may not thé loue among the laue,
 Nor thay that ar discendit in thayr graue ;
 Bot we that ar on liue fall loue and sing
 To God for euer, vnto our lyues ending.

FINIS.

Nif

Nisi quia Dominus. Psal. cxxiii.

EXCEPT the Lord with vs had stand,
Say furth, Israell, vnfenzeitlie,
Had not the Lord bene our warrand,
Quhen men rais in our contrarie,
Thay had vs all on liue deuorit,
With ire sa scharpelie thay vs schorit,
Sa kendlit was thair crueltie.

For lyke the welterand wallis brym,
Thay had ouerquhelmit vs with nicht;
Lyke burnis that in spait fast rin,
Thay had ouerthrawin vs with slicht.
The bulrand stremis of thair pryde,
Had perisshit vs throw bak and syde,
And rest fra vs our lyfe full richt.

Bot louing to the Lord, allone,
That gaue vs nocht to be thair pray,
To be rent with thair teith anone,
Bot hes vs fred full well thame fray.
Lyke to ane bird taine in ane net,
The quhilk the foullar for her set,
Sa is our lyfe weill win away.

The net is broken in pecis small,
And we ar sauit fra thair schame;
Our hope was ay and euer fall
Be in the Lord, and in his Name:
The quhilk hes creat heuin sa hie,
And maid the eird sa meruellouslie,
And all the ferleis of the same.

FINIS.

G. j

De profundis. Pſal. cxxx.

FRA deip, O Lord, I call to thé,
 Lord, heir my inuocatioun,
 Thy eiris thow inclyne to me
 And heir my lamentatioun :
 For gif thow will our ſin impute
 Till vs, O Lord, that we commit
 Quha may byde thy accusatioun ?
 Bot thow art mercyfull and kynde,
 And hes promittit in thy write,
 Them that repent with hart and mynde
 Of all thair ſin to mak them quyte.
 Thocht I be full of ſinfulnes,
 Zit thow art full of faithfulnes,
 And thy promeis trew and perfyte.
 My hope is ſteidfaſt in the Lord,
 My faull euer on him traift,
 And my beleue is in thy word,
 And all thy promittis maiſt and leiſt.
 My faull on God waitis and is bent,
 As watcheman wald the nicht wer went,
 Bydand the day to tak him reſt.
 Ifraell, in God put thy beleue,
 For he is full of gentilnes,
 Fredome, gudnes, and fall releue
 All Ifraell of thair diſtres :
 He ſall delyuer Ifrael,
 And all thair ſinneris ſhall expell,
 And cleith them with his richteouſnes.

F I N I S.

At the Riuers of Babylon. 99

Super flumina Babylonis. Psal. cxxxviii.

AT the Riuers of Babylon,
Quhair we dwelt in captiuitie,
Quhen we rememberit on Sion,
We weipit all full sorrowfullie.
On the fauch treis our harpis we hang,
Quhen thay requyrit vs ane sang,
That held vs in sic thirldome;
Thay bad vs sing sum psalme or hymne,
That we sum tyme sang Sion in;
To quhome we answereit full sone:
How may we outhere play or sing
The psalmes of our Lord sa fweith,
Intill ane vncouth land or reigne?
My richt hand first fall that forleit,
Or Ierusalem forzettin be;
Fast to my chaftis my tounge fall be
Claspit, or that I it forzet.
In my maist glaidnes and my game,
I fall remember Ierusalem,
And all my hart vpon it set.
O Lord, think on the Edometis,
How thay did at Ierusalem;
Thay bad destroy with cruelteis,
Put all to sack, and it ouirquhelme:
Bot wrakkit fall thow be, Babylon;
And bliffit is that campion
Sall serue thé as thow seruit vs:
And he that fall thy barnis plaig,
And rasche thair harnis aganis a craig,
G. ij

Is happy and full glorious.

FINIS.

Exaltabo te. Pſal. cxliiii.

I WILL thé loue, my gracious Lord and King,
 Thankand thy Name, for euer will I ſing;
 All tyme I will rejoyce and ſing to thé,
 And pryſe thy name alſo perpetuallie.
 Greit is the Lord, and all laude dois excell,
 And his greit micht quha can diſcryue or tell?
 Ane generation thy warkis dois declair
 Unto ane vther, and als thy greit powair,
 Thy gloir, thy greitnes, and thy magnificence,
 Thy nobill actis digne of remembrance,
 I will furth ſchaw thy meruellis ſa greit,
 Thy magnitude I will it put in dyte.
 Memorie als of thy greit gentilnes,
 We fall ay ſing, and of thy richteousnes.
 The Lord is meik, and mercyfull is he,
 Slaw to reuenge, and to forgiue reddie;
 Courtes and kynde till all men is the Lord,
 In all his warkis [he is] miſericord;
 And all thy warkis do thank thé thairfoir,
 And all thy Sanctis to thy name gif gloir.
 The gloriousnes of thy Kingdome [they] teiche,
 And with thair tounge thy greit power preiche
 Till all natiounis, thy magnitnde and micht,
 Of thy riche renoun the heuinly luſum licht.
 Thy royall realme, is realme of realmes all
 And thy impyre indure for euer fall.
 The Lord is help to thame that flyde and ſtummer
 Them that troublit ar bringis out of cummer.

All

All mennis eine, O Lord, do thé abyde,
Thow feidis them in all tyme and tyde.
Thow oppinnis furth thy hand ful graciouſlie,
And ſatiffyis all fleſhe aboundantie.
In all his wayis the Lord is juſt and richt,
In all his warkis is ſanctifyit his micht,
Till all call on the Lord, he is full neir,
Sa that in trew beleif be thair prayer.
He grantis thair deſyre that dreidis him,
And heiris thame, and forgeuis thair ſin.
All thame that luſſis the Lord, he ſauis thame,
And he confoundis all ſort of wickit men.
The louing of the Lord my mouth ſhall ſound;
All louing men in to this warld ſa round,
Sall loue thy name perpetuall, and moir,
Gif moir may be, regnand into thy gloir.

F I N I S.

Deus venerunt gentes. Pfal. lxxvii.

THE Hethin folk, Lord, in thy heritage,
Hes cum in til exerce thair tyrannie,
And hes deſylit euer, to this aige,
The Tempill quhilk was dedicat to thé,
Quhilk haly was, and zit ſhall bliſſit be.
Jeruſalem, as appillis, lay in heip:
Bot thow, gude Lord, ryſe vp, and na mair ſleip.
Thair tyrannie aganis thy commandis,
Richt cruellie exerſit in diſpyte,
Hes put to deid thy juſt and trew ſeruandis,
The foulis of the heuin with grit delyte
Did eit thair fleſhe, and beiftis fair culd byte
G. iij

Thair bodyis, quhen thay lay in commoun streit:
Jerusalem thairfoir richt fair did weip.

Thair blude was sched, as riueirs of a well,
That compast hes Jerusalem about.
Nane was that micht thair tyrannie expell,
Aganis them it was sa strang and stout:
Thair bodyis, throw thair danger and greit dout,
Unburyit was, voide of all sepulture,
That nane to bury them wald tak the cure.

Our nichtbouris, Lord, hes mockit vs with scorne,
And leuch at vs with greit illusioun:
Bot thow, gude Lord, let vs not be forlorne;
How lang fall we remaine in confusioun?
Will thow vs hald in thair abusioun?
Vnto the end, fall thy wraith burne as fyre?
Allace! gude Lord, remufe fra vs sic ire.

Rather cast furth thy greif and cruelnes
On wickit men, quhilk neuer will thé knaw;
And realmes quhilk misknaw thy godlynes,
Not hauand E vnto thy godly law.
For Jacob and his hous thae fair ouirthrow,
And hes vs left all follit into cair,
Beleuand for to bring vs to dispair.

Auoyde, Lord, furth of thy remembrance,
Our sinfull lyfe that we haue sleipit in:
Our will falbe thy mercy to aduance,
For be the famin remittit is our sin:
And as water [that] fast rinnis ouir ane lin,
Dois not returne againe to the awin place,

Sa

Sa thow, gude Lord, put our sin from thy face.

Help vs, gude Lord, our gyde and gouernour;

Delyuer vs for thy names faik glorious:

Thow art our hope, our help, and Sauieur,

And als our finnis maist dangerous

Dois put away, for that thow promiseist vs.

Quhen we will turne to thé with a trew hart,

And fra our sinfull lyfe to thé conuert.

For, schaw thow not thy mercy in distres,

Our Enemeis fall grow in tyrannie,

And fall say, God hes left vs mercyles:

Bot thow, gude Lord, exerce thy crueltie

Upon our fais, that sayis schamefullie

Quhair is thair God, in quhome thay did beleif?

He hes them left without help and releif.

The vengeance of the blude of thy seruandis,

Mot cum into thy prefence and thy sicht,

The greting of thy pure that ar in bandis,

In prifoun pynde, of day wantand the licht:

The voyce of them that to the deid ar dicht,

Heir now, gude Lord, and help them in thair neid,

And be thair strenth at all tymes and remeid.

Reward thy fais according to thair wrang,

Seuinfald thair sin, gude Lord, mot puneist be,

For thay haue blasphemit all to lang,

Speikand contrair thy godly Majestie:

Bot we, thy pepill and schein, fall magnifie,

And als exalt thy laude, thy name and gloir,

And fall thé loue now and for euer moir.

FINIS.

G. iij

104 *Haue mercy on me, God of nicht.*

Miserere mei Deus. Psal. li.

HAVE mercy on me, God of nicht,
Of mercy Lord and King:
For thy mercy is set full richt
Aboue all eirdly thing.
Thairfoir I cry baith day and nicht,
And with my hart fall sing:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Haue mercy on me, O gude Lord,
Efter thy greit mercie:
My sinfull lyfe dois me remord,
Quhilk fair hes greuit thé:
Bot thy greit grace hes me restord,
Throw Christ to libertie:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Et secundum multitudinem.

Gude Lord, I knaw my wickitnes,
Contrair to thy command,
Rebelland ay with cruelnes,
And led me in ane band
To Sathan, quha is mercyles:
Zit, Lord, heir me cryand:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Quhat tounge can tell the multitude,
Lord, of thy greit mercie:
Sen finners hes thy celsitude
Resistit cruellie.

Zit na sinner will thow seclude
That this will cry to thé:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Amplius laua me.

Thow

Haue mercy on me, God of micht. 105

Thow wushe me, Lord, quhen I was borne,
From all my wickitnes,
Bot zit I did throw sin forlorne
Of heuin the richteousnes.
Wesche me againe, and from thy horne
Delyuer me in stres :
To thy mercy with thé will I go.
And fra my sin thow mak me clene,
As thow maid Dauid King :
With Peter, Paule, and Magdalene,
Quha now dois with thé reigne
In heuinly joy, fair and amene;
And I fall with thame sing :
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Quoniam iniquitatem.

Full weill I knaw my wickitnes,
And sin contrarious :
Blasphemit hes thy gentilnes,
With sin maist dangerous,
And hes me led in heuynes,
Zit, O God, maist gracious :
To thy mercy with thé will I go.
I grant my sinfull lyfe did vse
In sensualitie :
Zit thow, gude Lord, will nane refuse,
That will cum vnto thé :
Heirfoir I schairply me accuse,
Cryand for thy mercie :
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Tibi soli peccaui.

Only to thé I did offend,

106 *Haue mercy on me, God of micht.*

And mekill euill hes done,
 Throw quhilk appeirandly defence
 To me is nane abone:
 Thus men will judge, thy iust vengeance
 Hes put me from thy throne:
 Zit to thy mercy with thé will I go.
 Thocht thow, gude Lord, be judgeit thus,
 Full fals and wrangouslie:
 O God, sa gude and gracious,
 Let thair judgeing vincust be,
 And schaw thy mercy plenteous,
 Quhilk mot vs justifie:
 To thy mercy with thé will I go.

[Ecce enim in iniquitatibus.]

Confaut into sin I am,
 My wickitnes thocht thow behald,
 Quhilk I contractit of Adame,
 Sinnand richt monyfald.
 My mother als did eik the same,
 And I to sin was fald:
 To thy mercy with thé will I go.
 Bot zit the Lord Omnipotent,
 My cairfull cace did cure,
 At font quhen I was impotent,
 Fragill, vaine, vyle, and pure;
 Than helpit me that King potent
 In my misfaenture:
 To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Ecce enim veritatem.

Behald thow lufis treuth, gude Lord,
 Thow

Haue mercy on me, God of might. 107

Thow art the veritie:
This weill thy promiseis can record,
Quhair thow dois it schaw to me,
The hid thingis of thy godly word,
That war vnfore to me:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Thow hecht to Abraham anone,
Ifaack his eldest sone:
Thow promiseist als that Salomone
Suld bruik King Dauids throne.
To sinners als that callis thé one
Grace cummis from abone:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Asperges me.

With isope, Lord, thow sprinckill me,
And then I fall be clene;
And clenar then maid fall I be
Then euer snaw hes bene,
Zit of my clensen thy mercy
The rute is euer sene:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

This isope is humilitie,
Richt law in till affence;
The snaw sa quhyte in all degre,
Betakinnis innocence.
For, and thir twa do gouerne me,
I fall do nane offence:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Auditui meo dabis.

Then joy and mirth thow fall me geue,]

108 *Haue mercy on me, God of micht.*

Thy mercy quhen I heir;
My bandis law thow fall releue,
And be my ſcheild and ſpeir:
Thy ſword alfo richt ſoir fall greue
My enemies with feir:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.
My hope and traift hes bene to lang
In mennis fals ſupplie,
Quhairfoir I grant I haue done wrang,
Not hopeand help of thé;
Bot now with ſteidfaſt faith I gang
Unto thy Maieſtie:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Aduerte faciem tuam.

Fra my finnes aduert thy face,
My wickitnes expell;
Sen I haue hoipit in thy grace
Thow ſaue me fra the hell:
Thy mercy is ſet in ſicker place,
Na ſinner can repell:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.
The theif that hang on the richt hand,
And ſufferit with thé deid:
In the laſt hour thy mercy fand,
For ſin the haill remeid.
Siclyke, gude Lord, heir me cryand,
And help me in my neid:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Cor mundum.

Thow creat in me, O God, ane hart,
Baith clene and innocent.:

And

Have mercy on me, God of might. 109

And let me not from thé depart,
My God omnipotent:
Sen vnto thé I schaw my smart
Richt pure and indigent:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.
Renew me with thy Haly Spreit,
To help my febilnes:
My teiris fall my cheikis weit,
For my greit sinfulness:
Bot thow, gude Lord, my comfort fweit,
Expell my wickitnes:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Ne projicias me.

O gude Lord, cast me not away
From thy perfite prefence,
Sen that I grant my sinnes ay
Hes done thé greit offence;
And I fall prais baith nicht and day,
Thy greit magnificence:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.
Tak not from me thy godly Spreit
In my aduersitie:
For till my faull it is full fweit,
Quhen sin befettis me;
And thow fall mak my faull full meit
Unto thy Majestie:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Redde mihi.

Giue me the blyithnes and the blis
Of my fweit Sauour:
For throw his bitter deid I mis

110 *Haue mercy on me, God of micht.*

Of hell the dyntis dour,
And in this mortall lyfe, he is
My strang defence and tour :
To thy mercy with thé will I go.
Conforme thy Spreit maist principal,
Into me, throw thy grace :
For sin richt lang held me in thrall,
And put me from thy face :
Zit vnto thé, my Lord, I call,
Into my heuie case :
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Docebo iniquos.

Then I fall teiche the wickit men
Thy wayis just and richt :
And thay that did thé lang misken,
Sall know the God of micht.
Quhen thay fall ryfe furth of the den
Of sin, and cum to licht :
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

The sinfull then to thé reuart,
Sall into gudlie haift,
And rew thair sinnes with thair hart,
And thair auld lyfe detest :
And to them, Lord, thow sall conuart,
Quhen they thy mercy taift :
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Libera me.

Delyuer me from blude schedding,
For blude betakinnis sin :
For punishment I serue conding,
Zit efter thé I rin :

Grant

Haue mercy on me, God of micht. III

Grant me that I may with thé reigne,
And at thy port get in:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.
Than fall my tounge thy richteousnes
Extoll and magnifie,
Quhen gane is my greit sinfulness,
And greit iniquitie.
God, for thy grace and gentilnes,
Grant me thy greit mercie:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

[Domine libera mea.]

My lippis, Lord, then loufe thow fall,
Quhilk clofit lang haue bene;
From thy louing fair bound in thrall,
Brekand thy sweit biddene;
And keip me from ane suddand fall,
For greit paine I fustene:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.
And then my mouth fall do furthschaw
Thy louing glorious:
And I fall caus all sinners knaw
Thy micht, sa meruellous;
And fra thine furth fall keip thy law,
Quhilk is sa precious:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Quoniam si voluisses.

Gif thé had plefit sacrifice,
I fuld them offerit thé:
Bot thow will not sic auarice,
For thow art wonder fre;
And geuis vs thy benefites,

112 *Haue mercy on me, God of micht.*

Throw Christis blude frelie :
To thy mercy with thé will I go.
Brint sacrifice is na delyte,
Unto thy Majestie:
Thow curis nocht of it ane myte,
For sin to satisfie;
For only Christ did mak vs quyte
Of all ennormitie :
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Sacrificium Deo.

Ane sacrifice to thé plesand,
Is ane sweit humbill hart,
Unto the quhilk, I vnderstand,
Thow dois the haill conuart;
Thairfoir, gude Lord, let thy command
Na way from me depart:
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Ane contrite hart do not dispise,
God, for thy greit mercie:
Sen for thy grace sa oft it crys
For succour and supplie:
And it fall thank ane thousand fyfe
Thy godly Majestie :
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Benigne fac Domine.

To Sion, Lord, be gude againe,
Efter thy godly will;
And let thy louing thair remaine,
Thy promiseis to fulfill:
For Mont Sion, with greit disdaine,
In thrall is hiddertill:

To thy

Haue mercy on me, God of micht. 113

To thy mercy with thé will I go.
Jerufalem did get ane fall,
Hir wallis war maid full law;
For fcho mifkennit the God of all,
And daylie brak his law;
Bot thow fall put hir out of thrall.
Quhen fcho hir God dois knaw.
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Tunc acceptabis.

Then facrifice thow fall accept,
Of treuth and richteousnes,
Conforming to thy trew precept,
And to they gentilnes:
For na man then fall thow except
Into thair neid and ftres.
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

Then calfs and brint facrifice
Thy altar fall repleit,
Then greitar gloir and benefice,
Thow fall mak for vs meit;
Quhair, day and nicht, we fall not teis
Ay fingand Sanctus fweit.
To thy mercy with thé will I go.

FINIS.

Beati omnes qui timent. Pfal. cxxviii.

BLISSIT ar thay that fit in Goddis dreid,
And lue in his commandement alway:
Of thy hand labour thow fall eit, be not feird,
And fair weill thow fall euerie day.

H. j

Thy wyfe fall be as ane fruitfull wyne,
 And fall weill ay increas thy hous :
 Thy barnis all fall to vertew inclyne,
 As fair oliue treis that be plenteous.

Quhen euer thou sittis at thy tabill,
 Thy barnis fall stand round about thé;
 Sa will the Lord mak thé abill,
 And fill thy hous with honestie.

Sa fall God him euer blis,
 That dreidis him ay in his leuing;
 Alway fall he be sicker of this,
 That is neidfull to want na thing.

Fra Sion fall the Lord blis thé,
 That thou may se to thy greit weill,
 How prosperous Jerusalem fall be,
 And thou ressaute to greit heill.

Ane profitabill lyfe fall be giuen thé,
 And God alway fall be thy freind :
 Thy childeris children, thou fall se,
 And peace in Israell fall thou find.

FINIS.

FOR lufe of one I mak my mone,
 Richt secreitlie,
 To Christ Jesu, that Lord maist trew
 For his mercy;
 Beseiking that fré, grant grace to me,
 Or I be gone;
 And to redres my heuines,
 And all my mone:

Or

Or I be deid, fend me remeid,
For thy pietie,
O Lord, quhilk wrocht all thing of nocht,
Grant me thy mercy.
We thé beſeik, with wordis meik,
O mercyfull Lord,
Thy humill word, with ane accord,
Let be reſtord
To ſinneris all, quhen they do call
For thy mercy.
For quhilk on Rude thou ſched thy blude
Richt plenteouſlie:
Sanct Johne did tell, thou heryit hell,
And ſchew mercie;
Ane thouſand ſcoir thou did reſtoir
To thy glorie.
O King of peace, in quhome is grace
Haboundantie:
My miſerabill life, and ſinnis ryfe,
Thou forgeue me.
Sen be na richt, I haue na nicht,
Me to defend
Fra hellis pane, bot giue thou plane
Me ſuccour fend.
Be thy ſweir word to me, O Lord,
In my diſtres:
Ane thouſand fyfe, than fall I pryfe
Thy halines:
Lat vs now ſing, and loue the King,
For his greit mercie:
And his greit grace, ſchawin vs the ſpace,
H. ij

116 *Quho is at my windo?*

Sa plenteouslie.
 With ane accord, let vs thank the Lord
 Richt hartfullie:
 With hart and spreit, sing psalmes fweit,
 Richt plesandlie.
 As brether deir, in this lyfe heir,
 We may indure:
 Baith nicht and day, to Chrifft lat vs pray,
 To mak vs fure.

FINIS.

QVHO is at my windo? quho, quho?
 Go from my windo, go, go!
 Quho callis thair, fa lyke a strangair?
 Go from my windo, go!

Lord, I am heir, ane wretchit mortall,
 That for thy mercy dois cry and call
 Unto thé, my Lord celestiall.

Se quho is at my windo, quho.

How dar thou for mercy cry,
 Sa lang in fin as thou dois ly?
 Mercy to haue thou art not worthy.
 Go from my windo, go.

My gylt, gude Lord, I will refuse,
 And the wickit lyfe that I did vse,
 Traiftand thy mercy fall be myne excuse.

Se quho is at my windo, quho.

To be excusit, thou wald richt faine,
 In spending of thy lyfe in vaine,
 Hauing my Gospell in greit disdaine.

Go

Go from my windo, go.

O Lord, I haue offendit thé,
Excuse thair of thair can nane be :
I haue followit them that fa teichit me.
Se quho is at my windo, quho.

Nay, I call thé nocht fra my dure, I wis,
Lyke any stranger that unknowin is ;
Thow art my brother, and my will it is,
That in at my dure thow go.

With richt humbill hart, Lord, thé I pray,
Thy comfort and grace obtene I may :
Schaw me the paith and reddy way
In at thy dure for to go.

I am cheif gyde to riche and pure,
Schawand the paithway richt to my dure,
I am thair comfort in euerie hour,
That in at my dure will go.

Bot thay that walk ane other way,
As mony did teiche from day to day,
Thay wer indurit, my Gospell did say,
And far from my dure fall go.

O gracious Lord, comfort of all wicht,
For thy greit power, and cheif excellent nicht,
Sen thow art gyde, and verray licht,
In at thy dure let me go.

Man, I gaue thé nocht fre will,
H. iij

118 *Quho is at my windo?*

That thow fuld my Gospell spill;
Thow dois na gude bot euer ill;
Thairfoir from my dure that thow go.

That will, allace, hes my begylit,
That will sa fair hes me defylit,
That will thy presence hes me exilit;
Zit at thy dure lat me go.

To blame that will, thow dois not richt,
I gaue thé reffoun, quhairby thow nicht
Haue knawin the day by the dark nicht,
In at my dure for to go.

Lord, I pray thé with all my hart,
Of thy greit mercy remufe my smart,
Lat ane drop of thy grace be my part,
That in at thy dure I may go.

I haue spokin in my Scripture,
I will the deid of na creature;
Quha will ask mercy, fall be sure
And in at my dure for to go.

O Lord; quhais mercy is but end,
Quhairin ocht to thé I did offend,
Grant me space my lyfe to amend,
That in at thy dure I may go.

Remember thy fin, and als thy smart,
And als for thé quhat was my part:
Remember the speir that thirlit my hart,
And in at my dure thow fall go.

And

And it wer zit till do againe,
Rather or thow fuld ly in paine,
I wald suffer mair in certaine,
That in at my dure thow nicht go.

I ask na thing of thé thairfoir,
Bot lufe for lufe, to lay in stoir:
Gif me thy hart, I ask no moir,
And in at my dure thow fall go.

O gracious Lord celestiall,
As thow art Lord and King eternall,
Grant vs grace, that we may enter all,
And in at thy dure for to go.

Quho is at my windo? quho?
Go from my windo, go!
Cry na mair thair, lyke ane stranger,
Bot in at my dure thow go.

FINIS.

Deus misereatur. Psal. lxxvii.

O GOD, be mercyfull to vs,
And send to vs thy blissing;
Thy face schaw vs sa glorious,
And be euer to us luiffing;
That men on eird may know thy way,
Thy sawing heill and richteousnes,
That they be nocht led nicht nor day
Fra thy preceptis, and trew justice,
To feik saluatioun quhair nane is.

H. iiii

120 *O God, be mercyfull to vs.*

Thairfoir the pepill micht magnifie:
 O God, all folke, and honour thy Name;
 Let all the pepill rejoyce glaidlie,
 Becaus thow dois richt without blame:
 The pepill dois thow judge trewlie,
 And ordouris euerie Natioun:
 Thow hes declarit the Eird justlie
 Euer sen the first Creatioun,
 Throw thy godlie prouisioun.
 The pepill moſte ſpred thy name ſa hie,
 All pepill (O God) mon giue thé honour;
 The eird alſwa richt plenteouſſie,
 Mot increſ euer moir and moir;
 And God, quhilk is our God ouer all,
 Mot do vs gude and pleſour.
 God mot blis vs greit and ſmall,
 And all the warld him honour
 Alway, for his micht and power.

FINIS.

IN till ane mirthfull Maij morning
 Quhen Phebus did vp ſpring,
 Walkand I lay, in ane garding gay,
 Thinkand on Chriſt ſa fre:
 Quhilk meiklie for mankynde
 Tholit to be pynde
 On croce cruellie. La. La.
 And how he hes me wrocht,
 And formit me of nocht,
 Lyke his picture, the Lord maiſt fure,
 In eird he hes me ſupport:

Syne

In till ane mirthfull Maij morning. 121

Syne me to hald in richt,
Hes fend ane Angell bricht,
To be my comfort. La. La.

O Sathan fals, vntrew,
Quhilk cruelly dois perfew,
With violence, and greit defence,
In eird to tempt mankynde,
With cruell Sinnis Seuin,
The faull to gyde from heuin,
To hell for to be pynde. La. La.

Thairfoir (O gracious Lord)
Quhilk mercy hes restoid,
That sinfull wicht destroy his nicht,
Quhilk wirkis aganis thy gloir:
And fend thy gracious word,
Thy pepill may be restoid
We pray thé thairfoir. La. Lay.

FINIS.

ALL my hart, ay this is my fang,
With dowbill mirth and joy amang;
Sa blyith as byrd my God to fang:
Christ hes my hart ay.

Quha hes my hart bot heuinis King:
Quhilk caufis me for joy to sing,
Quhome that I lufe atouir all thing:
Christ hes my hart ay.

He is fair, fober, and bening,
Sweit, meik, and gentill in all thing,

Maist worthiest to haue louing:

Christ hes my hart ay.

For vs that bliffit barne was borne;

For vs he was baith rent and torne;

For vs he was crownit with thorne:

Christ hes my hart ay.

For vs he sched his precious blude;

For vs he was naillit on the rude;

For vs he in mony battell stude:

Christ has my hart ay.

Nixt him, to lufe his Mother fair,

With steidfast hart, for euer mair;

Scho bure the byrth, fred vs from cair:

Christ hes my hart ay.

We pray to God that fittis abuse,

Fra him let neuer our hartis remufe,

Nor for na suddand warldly lufe:

Christ hes my hart ay.

He is the lufe of luifaris all,

He cummis on him quhen we call;

For vs he drank the bitter gall:

Christ hes my hart ay.

FINIS.

MY Lufe murnis for me, for me;

My lufe that murnis for me;

I am vnkynde, hes nocht in mynde,

My Lufe that murnis for me,

Quha

Quha is my lufe, bot God abuse,
Quhilk all this warld hes wrocht?
The King of blis, my lufe he is,
Full deir he hes me bocht.

His precious blude he sched on rude,
That was to mak vs fre:
This fall I preif, be Goddis leif,
That fair my lufe murnis for me.

This my lufe come from abuse,
And borne was of ane mayd;
For till fulfill his Fatheris will,
Till fill furth that he said.

Man haue in mynde, and thow be kynde,
Thy lufe that murnis for thé,
How he on rude did sched his blude,
From Sathan to mak thé fre.

FINIS.

TELL me now, and in quhat wife,
How that I suld my lufe forgo;
Baith day and nicht ane thousand fyfe
Thir tyrannis walkins me with wo.

At midnicht mirk thay will vs tak,
And into prisone will vs sling:
Thair mon we ly, quhill we forsaik
The name of God, quhilk is our king.

Then faggottis mon we burne or beir,
Or to the deid thay will vs bring:

It dois them gude to do vs deir,
And to confusioun vs doun thring.

Allace, zour Grace hes done greit wrang,
To suffer tyrannis in sic fort,
Daylie zour leigis till ouergang
That dois bot Christis word report.

Christ, sen zour Grace wald cry ane cry,
Out throw the realme of all Scotland,
The man that wald lue faithfullie,
Ze wald him suffer in the land.

Then fuld we outhur do or die,
Or ellis our lyfe we fuld lay for it;
And euer to lue in cheritie,
Be Christ Jesus, quhilk is our Lord.

Pluk up zour hartis, and mak zow bowne,
For Christis word se ze stand for it:
Thair crueltie it fall cum downe
Be Christ Jesus, quhilk is our Lord.

Thow King of gloir, grant vs thy blis,
Send vs suppart and comforting,
Aganis our fais, that bissie is,
That schaipis till stroy baith auld and zing.

In hour of deid grant vs thy strenth,
Gladly to thoill thair crueltie,
And that we may with thé at lenth,
Reffaue thy joy eternallie.

FINIS.

Magnificat

My Saull dois magnifie the Lord. 125

Magnificat anima mea.

MY Saule dois magnifie the Lord,
My spreit rejoycis gretumlie
In God my Sauour, and in his word;
For he hes sene the law degre
Of me his hand-madin, trewlie:
Behald now, efter this day,
All generations fall speik of me,
And call me bliffit alway.
For he that is onlie of nicht,
Hes done greit thingis vnto me,
And haly is his name be richt:
As for his endles mercie,
It duris perpetuallie,
In euerie generatioun,
And thay that dreidis him vnfenzeitlie,
Without diffimulatioun.
He schawis strenth with his arme potent,
Declaris him self to be of power:
He scatteris all men of proude intent,
Euin for thair wickit behaiour,
Quhilk reignes in thair hartis euerie hour:
He puttis down the michtie
From thair hie estait and greit honour,
Extolling them of law degre.
The hountrie feidis he with gude,
And lettis the riche ga emptie:
Quhen his awin pepill wantis fude
It thinkis vpon his greit mercie,

126 *Christ, thow art the licht.*

And helpis his seruandis ane and all,
Euin Israel he hes promysit,
And to our fatheris perpetuall,
Abraham and to his seid.

FINIS.

Christe, qui luxes.

CHRIST, thow art the licht, bot & the day,
The mirknes of nicht thow puttis away:
We knaw thow art the verray licht,
That schynis to vs baith day and nicht.

O haly Lord, we thé befeik,
This nicht vs to defend and keip,
Thy rest and peace be with us all,
Lat neuer na euill thing vs befall.

Na heuy sleip, nor deidly sin,
Lat not our ennemeis vs ouercum,
Nor zit our fleshe giue na consent:
Grant vs our faultis for to repent.

Lord, lat our eine fum sleip do take,
Our hartis all tyme on thé may waik,
Thy richt hand keip us from all euill,
Thy awin seruand that luffis thé weill.

Our defender, to thé we pray,
All ire and malice thow put vs fra,
Thy seruandis gouerne in the steid,
For quhais ransoun thow did fair bleid.

Haue mynde on vs, thow Lord Jesu,

In this

Chriß is the onlie Sone of God. 127

In this fals warld that is vntrew ;
Thow art defendar of our faule,
Lord, heir vs quhen we on thé call.
Gloir be to God, Father of nicht,
And to Chriß Jêsus, his Sone fa bricht :
The Haly Gaift that is fa fair,
Keep vs this nicht, and euer mair.

FINIS.

CHRIST is the onlie Sone of God,
The Father eternall :
We haue in Jêsse found the rod,
God and man naturall.
He is the morning Star ;
His bemis send he hes out far,
Bezond vther sternis all.
He was for vs ane man borne,
In the last part of tyme ;
Zit keipit scho hir maidinheid vnforlorne
His Mother that bure him, syne
He hes hellis zettis brokin,
And heuin he hes maid oppin,
Bringand vs life againe.
Thow onlie Maker of all thing,
Thow euerlaftand licht,
From end to end all rewling,
Be thy awin godly nicht,
Turne thow our hartis vnto thé,
And lichtin thame with the veritie,
That ar far from the richt.

128 *Christ Jesus is ane A per C.*

Let vs increas in lufe of thé,
 And in knowledge also,
 That we, beleuing steidfastlie,
 May in spreit serue thé so;
 That we in hartis may fauour
 Thy mercy, and thy fauour,
 And traift efter no mo.

Awalk vs (Lord) we pray thé,
 The Haly Spreit vs geue,
 Quhilk may our auld man mortifie,
 That our new man may leue:
 Sa will we alway thank thé,
 That shawis vs sa greit mercy,
 And our finnis dois forgeue.

FINIS.

CHRIST Jesus is ane A per C,
 And peirles Prince of all mercy;
 For he fra me my fin hes tane,
 And is my Sauour allane.

To faue bot he none is, nor fall,
 I out tak nane greit nor small;
 To him is na comparisoun:
 He is my Sauour allone.

I fall him lufe with steidfast hart,
 And for na cause fra him depart:
 Bot him to serue, I me dispone,
 As to my Sauour allone.

Sa on his grace I will depend,
 Quhill Lachesis draw my life till end;

Syne

Allone I weip in greit distres. 129

Syne leue my faule, quhen I am gone,
To regne with thrinfald God in one.

FINIS.

ALLONE I weip in greit distres,
We ar exilit remediles,
And wait noch quhy,
Fra Goddis word, allace, allace,
Uncourteslie.
Quhair that we fuld glaidlie behauld,
Onr Sauour, baith zoung and auld,
Sa plesandlie;
Now ar we baneist monyfauld,
Uncourteslie.
Thay may our body fra thé bind,
Sa can thay not our hartis and mynde
Fixit on thé,
Howbeit we be with dolour pynde
Maist cruellie.
O Antichrist, we may thé call,
From Goddis word wald gar vs fall;
Thy crueltie
Wald baneis vs from plesouris all,
Uncourteslie.
Indurit ignorance hes slaine,
Thy hart and put vs to greit paine;
Quhat remedie?
Sen we are baneist from Christ allaine,
Uncourteslie.

FINIS.

THE Lord sayis, I will schaw
My will, and eik my mynde,
I. j

130 *The Lord sayis, I will schaw.*

Mark weill my Scripture, and my Law,
Quhairin that thow fall find,
That with my faith I mak ane vow
And knittis it with ane knot;
The treuth is fa, I lufe thé now;
Be war I hait thé not.

It was my Fatheris will
That I fuld tak the cure,
For to cum downe in eirth thé till,
And tak thy vyle nature.
To cleith my precious body pure,
Sa clene from sin and spot,
For lufe of thé I mak thé fure;
Be war I hait thé not.

I fand thé loift from blis,
Throw Adamis sin and pleid:
And quha sa euer wrocht the mis,
Was nane culd find remeid:
Quhill I my self did chose the deid,
To faue thé from the pot.
I lufe thé weill, ferue me in dreid;
Be war I hait thé not.

For all the greuous sorrowis foir
I sufferit, and paine,
To my rewaird I ask no moir,
Bot thy trew lufe againe.
I am ane husband-man but weir,
Quhilk labouris for my lot.
I lufe thé weill, I mak thé fure;
Be war I hait the not.

My zock

The Lord sayis, I will schaw. 131

My zock is wounder sweit,
And als my burding licht;
All that be with my grace repleit:
Sall go the way full richt.
I am the rute of all mercy,
Quhilk neuer fall faid nor rot;
Sen nane thé luffit fa weill as I,
Be war I hait thé not.
All ze that fair dois thrift,
Throuch brukilnes of the fiesche,
Cum vnto me quhen that ze list,
I fall zour faulis refresche.
Call vpon me, and I fall heir,
And saif thé from the schot:
I lufe thé weill, I coft thé deir;
Be war I hait thé not,
Attend, and tak gude keip,
To thame that cumis to thé
Into the habite of ane schein,
With fubtell fermonis flie:
For doubteles thay war inwardlie
Fals wolfis vnder cot:
Renunce thair lawis, and cum to me,
Trewlie I hait thé not.
Na' man fall cum to me,
Except my Father him draw;
Nor se my Father in heuin fa hie,
Bot be me and my law.
Quhairfoir, O man, prent in thy mynde,
Thir wordis, and this knot,
L. ij

And wirk as my word dois thé bind :
 Be war I hait thé not.

FINIS.

GREVOVS is my sorrow,
 Baith euin and morrow ;
 Unto my self allone,
 Thus Christ makis his mone :
 Saying, Vnkyndnes hes killit me,
 And put me to this paine :
 Allace, quhat remedie,
 For I wald nocht refraine.

My Father was fa mouit,
 And with mankynde fa greuit ;
 Man was fa wylde and nyse,
 And rageing in all vyce,
 That distroyit he suld be :
 Than for man I tuke paine ;
 Allace, quhat remedie,
 For I wald nocht refraine.

Than furthwith, for his faik,
 I did his nature tak,
 Within ane Virgin pure,
 As schawis my Scripture,
 Quhais vnkyndnes dois kill me,
 And puttis me to greit paine :
 Allace, quhat remedie,
 For I wald nocht refraine.

Quhen I was bot ane chylde,
 With my Mother, maist mylde,

The

The Jewis did me dispyse,
And euer mair furmyse,
With vnkyndenes to kill me,
And put me to greit paine:
Allace, quhat remedie,
For I wald nocht refraine.

Thay lykit nocht my leuing,
Praying, fasting, not repreuing,
For quhen that they did sleip,
Than did I sich and weip,
That vnkyndnes fuld keill me,
And put me to greit paine:
Allace, quhat remedie,
Zit wald I nocht refraine.

Than at the last thay tuke me,
And all my freindis forfuke me,
Bot my deir Mother allone,
And my coufing Sanct Johne,
Till vnkyndnes had killit me,
And put me to this paine:
Allace, quhat remedie,
Zit wald I nocht refraine.

First I was betin lang,
With scurgis scharp and strang,
And as ane fule mockit,
Euill totcheit and rockit
Till vnkyndnes fuld keill me,
And put me to that paine:
Allace, quhat remedie,
I thocht nocht to refraine.

Than to ane croce on hie,
 Thay nalit my bodie,
 And syne between twa theifis,
 They did me mony greuis,
 Till vnkyndnes did keill me,

And put me to greit paine:
 Allace, quhat remedie,
 I thocht nocht to refraine.

And quhen I waxit dry,
 And for drink lang did cry,
 My comfort was bot finall,
 To sup the bitter gall,
 With vnkyndnes thay feruit me,

And put me to greit paine:
 Allace, quhat remedie,
 Zit wald I nocht refraine.

Thus had I neuer rest,
 Bot with panis opprest;
 And with ane speir full scharp,
 Thay peirsit my tender hart,
 Sa that vnkindnes killit me,

And put me to greit paine:
 Allace, quhat remedie,
 For I wald nocht refraine.

For this my greit kyndnes,
 Me think, of richt doutles,
 Mannis saule fuld lufe me best,
 Sen it my deid hes drest;
 Quhais vnkyndnes hes killit me,

And put me to this paine:

Allace,

Allace, quhat remedie,
Zit wald I nocht refraine.

Gif ony ane be heir,
That will buy lufe fa deir,
Nocht with siluer nor gold,
Bot with my blude, beholde
Thy vnkyndnes, man, has slaine me,
And put me to this paine:
Behald this pieteous body
Thus moſte vnkyndlie ſlaine.

O man, quhome I creat,
Quhy art thou ſa ingrait?
Seing how I am ſpilt,
All onlie for thy gilt;
And with vnkyndnes dois kill me,
And put me to this paine:
Zit all thy vylanie
Can nocht mak me refraine.

Quhat ſorrow culd be moir,
Than to ſuffer ſo ſoir,
Of them that knew my lawis,
And wiſt I gaue na caus,
Unkyndely thus to kill me,
And put me to ſic paine:
Allace, quhat remedie,
Zit wald I nocht refraine.

Father, forgiue Cayphas,
Pylate, Anna, and Judas;
Pardone all Jurie

That cryit *Crucifige*:
 Thocht vnkyndelie thay slew me,
 And put me to this paine :
 Zit thair was na remedie,
 For I will nocht refraine.

My faull in thy handis fre,
 My last will fall be :
 O Father, I commit
 Into thy handis my spreit.
 Thocht vnkyndely I die,
 And am put to greit paine,
 Zit for mannis remedie,
 I fall ryfe vp againe.

I leue in Testament,
 My body in Sacrament,
 For mannis faull to support,
 And be his cheif comfort.
 Thocht man vnkyndely haue left me,
 And slew me with greit paine :
 Thair is na remedie,
 My hart will nocht refraine.

Go, hart, I thé bequyeth
 To hir that was my deith,
 Mannis faul is fcho trewlie,
 My hart hir hart fall be :
 Thocht fcho maist vnkyndely slew me,
 And put me to greit paine :
 Zit thair is na remedie,
 My hart will nocht refraine.

The

The laudes of the Lord trewlie
Ze may sing mirrylie,
For all our faulis health,
In euerlasting wealth :
Thocht vnkyndelie ze slew my bodie,
And did put me to paine;
Ze may perfaue daylie,
My lufe dois nocht refraine.

My tumbie is freshe and new,
In sauing I was trew ;
To put mankynde fra dout,
Thair fall be written about,
The Jewis King heir dois ly,
Quhome vnkyndenes hes slaine;
And focht na remedie,
For he wald nocht refraine.

O Father Imperiall,
I pray thé in speciall,
My deith mannis faull forgiue,
In heuin with me to liue :
Thocht vnkyndely fcho killit me,
I wald fcho had na paine;
For I had rather die
For hir saik anis againe.

Ane gentill Admonitioun of Christ.

ALL pepill leirne of me
Gentilnes and pietie :
Remember my fober bodie,
Sa woundit and bludie :
Kill na man vnkyndelie,

With sclander nor with paine:
 Amend your faultis daylie,
 And from all vice refraine.

FINIS.

JOHNE, cum kis me now,
 Johne, cum kis me now;
 Johne, cum kis me by and by
 And mak no moir adow.
 The Lord thy God I am,
 That Johne dois thé call;
 Johne representit man,
 Be grace celestiall.
 For Johne, Goddis grace it is,
 (Quha list till expone the fame):
 Och Johne, thow did amis,
 Quhen that thow loist this name.
 Heuin and eirth of nocht,
 I maid them for thy saik:
 For euer moir I thocht
 To my lykenes thé mak.
 In Paradice I plantit thé,
 And made thé Lord of all;
 My creatures not forbidding thé
 Na thing bot ane of all.
 Thus wald thow not obey,
 Nor zit follow to my will;
 Bot did cast thy self away,
 And thy posteritie spill.
 My justice condempnit thé
 To euerlasting paine,

Man

Man culd find na remedie,
To buy man fre againe.
O pure lyfe, and meir mercy,
Myne awin Sone downe I fend,
God become man for thé,
For thy sin his lyfe did spend.
Thy attonement and peace to mak,
He sched his blude maist halie,
Suffering deith for thy faik,
Quhat culd he do moir for thé?
It plesit Christ, without defart,
For his enemie to die,
Suffering a speir to peirs his hart,
The caus was thy folie.
Beleue this, repent thy sin,
His deith haue euer in mynde,
Remissioun of sin lyis only thairin,
To thy Lord be neuer vnkynde.
Quhen he ascendit [he] left him behind
His word to reid and heir,
Quhen Antichrist wald thé blind,
That thow suld giue him na eir.
Bot quhen Sathan was lowfit out of hell,
And had fet man in my place,
All that he did thow thocht it weill,
At him thow socht for grace.
Na thing regarding how of me,
All thing had thair creatioun;
Nor zit quhat Christ sufferit for thé,
To redeme thé from dampnatioun.
Bot the abhominatioun of desolatioun

Thow settis in the haly place,
Be Antichristis fals perfwasioun
My Sonnis passioun to deface.
Quhairfoir my justice mouit me
My word fra thé restraine,
And to thy lust to giue vp thé,
To traift in thingis vaine.
In mannis warkis then did thow traift,
Seiking helth thow wist not quhair,
At thy deith thow did mistrift
And sa fell in dispair.
Quhen I did draw ony to me,
My Gospell to profes,
Thow did them slay richt cruellie,
Thinkand to do me seruice.
Thy seruice fall rewardit be
With euerlasting paine,
And all that hait my word and me,
Except thay do abstene.
Thus, quhen thow was in dangerous cafe,
Reddy to sink in hell,
Of my mercy and speciall grace,
I fend thé my Gospell.
My Prophetis call, my preicheouris cry,
Johne, cum kis me now,
Johne, cum kis me by and by,
And mak no moir adow.
Ane Spreit I am incorporate,
Na mortall eye can me se,
Zit my word dois intimate,
Johne, how thow must kis me.

Repent

Lord, let me neuer be confoundit. 141

Repent thy sin vnfenzeitlie;
Beleue my promise in Christis deith;
This kis of faith will iustifie thé,
(As my Scripture plainly faith.)
Mak na delay, cum by and by,
Quhen that I do thé call,
Lest deith do stryke thé suddanelie,
And sa cum nocht at all.
Gif thou cum nocht quhill thou hes space,
Bot my Gospell dois contempne,
I will tak from thé my grace,
And my word will thé condempne.
Of all that cum I will none reject,
Na creature greit nor small:
For Christis saik I will them accept,
And giue them lyfe eternall.

FINIS.

In te Domine speraui. Psal. xxxi.

LORD, let me neuer be confoundit,
That firmly do confyde in thé:
Bot let thy justice ay be groundit
With mercy to delyuer me.
Incline thine reuthfull eiris in tyme,
To me that am in miserie:
And from all sort of sin and cryme,
Thow bliffit Lord, delyuer me.
Be my defendar, God of grace,
My gyde, my gouernour, all thre;
And in thy heuinlie dwelling place,
Of all refuge thou succour me.

142 *Go, hart, vnto the Lamp of licht.*

For sen thou art my strenth and force,
My hope, support, and haill supplie:
Be thy fweit name, and deid on Croce,
Thow fall vpbring and nourishe me.

Thow fall me gyde from gyrne and snair,
And byde in secreit quhair nane may fe;
For thou art keipar lait and air,
Protectour and defence of me.

My spreit I rander in thy handis,
Eternall God of veritie:
Quhilk hes from bailfull Biallalls bandis
Redemit and delyuerit me.

FINIS.

GO, hart, vnto the Lamp of licht,
Go, hart, do seruice and honour;
Go, hart, and serue him day and nicht,
Go, hart, vnto thy Sauour.

Go, hart, to thy only remeid,
Descending from the heuinlie tour,
Thé to delyuer from pyne and deid;
Go, hart, vnto thy Sauour.

Go, hart, but diffimulatioun,
To Christ, that tuke our vyle nature,
For thé to suffer Passioun;
Go, hart, vnto my Sauour.

Go, hart, richt humbill and [full] meik,
Go, hart, as leill and trew seruitour,

To

Our Brother let vs put in graue. 143

To him that heill is for all feik;
Go, hart, vnto my Sauour,
Go, hart, with trew and haill intent,
To Christ, thy help and haill succour;
Thé to redeme he was all rent;
Go, hart, vnto thy Sauour.
To Christ, that rais from deith to lyue,
Go, hart, vnto my latter hour,
Quhais greit mercy can nane discryue;
Go, hart, vnto thy Sauour.

FINIS.

OVR Brother let vs put in graue,
And na dout thairof let vs haue
Bot he fall ryfe on Domisday,
And haue immortall lyfe for ay.
He is of eird, and of eird maid,
And mon returne to eird throw deid;
Syne ryfe fall fra the eird and ground,
Quhen that the last trumpet fall found.
The faull regnis with God in gloir,
And he fall suffer paine no moir;
For caus his faith was constantlie
In Christis blude allanerlie.
His painefull pilgramage is past,
And till ane end cummin at the last,
Deand in Christis zock full sweit,
Bot zit is leuand in his Spreit.
The faull leuis with God, I say,

144 *Our Brother let vs put in graue.*

The body sleipis quhill Domisday;
Then Christ fall bring them baith to gloir,
To ring with him for euer moir.

In eird he hed vexatioun,
Bot now he hes saluatioun,
Ringand in gloir and blis but weir,
And schynis as the sone fa cleir.

Ye faithfull, thairfoir let him sleip,
And nocht lyke Hethin for him weip;
Bot deiply prent into zour breift,
That deid to vs approchis neift.

Quhen cummin is our hour and tyme,
Then we mon turnit be in flyme;
And thair is nane vther defence,
Bot die in hope with pacience.

Thocht pest or fword wald vs preuene,
Befoir our hour to slay vs clene,
Thay can nocht pluke ane lytill hair
Furth of our heid, nor do vs deir.

Quhen fra this warld to Christ we wend,
Our wretchit schort lyfe mon haue end,
Changeit fra paine and miserie
To lestand gloir eternallie.

End fall our dayis, schort and vaine,
And sin, quhilk we culd not refraine;
Endit salbe our pilgramage,
And brocht hame to our heritage.

Christ,

Musing greitly in my mynde. 145

Christ, for thy micht and celsitude,
That for our finnis sched thy blude,
Grant vs in faith to leue and die,
And syne ressaue our faulis to thé.

FINIS.

MVSING greitlie in my mynde,
The folie that is in mankynde,
Quhilk is fa brukill and fa blind,
And downe fall cum, downe ay, downe ay.

Leuand maist part in all vice,
Nouthur fa gracious, nor fa wyfe,
As out of wretchitnes to ryse,
Bot downe to cum, downe ay, downe ay.

And all this warld to weild thow had,
Thy body perfit and properlie maid,
Zit man, as floure, thow fall faid,
And downe thow fall cum, downe ay.

Thocht thow war euer eternall,
As man that neuer fuld haue ane fall,
Zit doutles die thow fall,
And downe fall cum, downe ay, downe ay.

Thocht thow war man neuer fa thrall
Remember zit that die thow fall;
Quha hieft clymmis gettis greitest fall,
And downe fall cum, downe ay, downe ay.

Thocht thow war neuer of fa greit degre,
In riches nor in dignitie,
K. j

Remember, man, that thow mon die,
 And downe fall cum, downe ay, downe ay.

Thair is na King, nor Empreour,
 Duke, nor Lord of greit valure,
 Bot he fall faid as lely floure,
 And downe fall cum, downe ay, downe ay.

Quhair is Adam, and Eve his wyfe,
 And Hercules, with his lang stryfe,
 And Matuffalem, with his lang lyfe?
 Thay all ar cum downe ay, downe ay.

FINIS.

PRAY God for grace, my lufe maist deir,
 Quhilk bocht vs with his precious blude,
 That we him lufe with hairt intair,
 In welth and want, be land and flude.

Ask, and haue, sayis the Lord;
 Als geue, and geuin fall be to zow.
 Quhat sweiter thing may we record,
 Nor thy word, Christ, firmelie to trow?

Traist we alswa, baith air and lait,
 With faithfull hope and esperance,
 We fall ressaue, efter our estait,
 All iust desyre but discripance.

Thairfoir, I think we suld rejoyis,
 And now greit myrthis mak from the splene,
 Sen we ar chosin to repois
 In faith of Christ, and lyfe ferene.

Christ

Downe be zone Riuer I ran. 147

Christ our onlie succour in distres;
In till his grace quha dois confyde,
His grace till him will ay increse,
Quhen warldlie traift will fail at neid.

FINIS.

DOWNE be zone Riuer I ran,
Downe be zone riuer I ran,
Thinkand on Christ fa fre
That brocht me to libertie;
And I ane sinfull man.

Quha fuld be my lufe bot he,
That hes onlie sauit me,
And be his deith me wan:
On the croce fa cruellie,
He sched his blude abundantlie,
And all for the lufe of man.

How fuld we thank that Lord,
That was fa misericord,
Be quhome all grace began!
With cruell paine and smart,
He was peirsit throw the hart,
And all for the lufe of man.

That gaue him in the Jewis handis,
To brek bailfull Baliaillis bandis,
First quhen he began:
Thair gaue him self to die,
To mak vs catiues fre,
Remember sinfull man.

K. ij

148 *Downe be zone Riuer I ran.*

Thay spittit in his face,
All for our lufe, allace!

That Lord he sufferit than
The cruell panis of deid,
Quhilk was our hail remeid,
Remember sinfull man.

Loue we that Lord allone,
Quhilk deit on the throne,
Our sinnis to refraine:
Prayse him with all our micht,
Sing till him day and nicht,
The gloir of God and man.

Do all that thow art abill,
Zit thow art vnprofitabill:
Do all that thow can,
Except thow weschin be,
With Christis blude allanerlie,
Thow art condampnit man.

And sa I mak ane end,
Christ, grant vs all to kend,
And steidfast to remaine,
Into Christis passioune,
Our onlie saluatioun,
And in nane vther man.

FINIS.

WITH heuie hart full of distres,
Lamenting my greit sinfulness,
To thé, O Lord, quha may me cure,
Haue reuth on me thy creature.

The

With beuie hart full of distres. 149

The feiknes that is in my flesche,
Thow may it, Lord, allone depesche,
And purge it clene, and mak it pure,
And faue me thy creature.

For in this feiknes I was borne,
And my foirbearis me beforne.
Our feiknes on thy back thow bure,
To faue me, Lord, thy creature.

This feiknes, Lord, it is the fin,
That I was borne and gottin in,
Proceeding of my vyle nature,
Zit faue me sinfull creature.

Thow may me faue, thow may me spill,
Baith lyfe and deid lyis in thy will;
Thow art the chirurgiane sure,
That haillis all eirdlie creature.

Lord, thair is na saluatioun,
Bot in thy bliffit Passioun,
As witnes beiris the trew Scripture,
Thow faifis all eirdlie creature.

And for the fame to mak remeid,
Thow fusseit nocht to suffer deid,
And mekill mair thow did indure,
To faue thy sinfull creature.

To thé, O Lord, thairfoir I call,
For thy remeid, and euer fall,
Quhill I be laid in sepulture,

To faue thy sinfull creature.

For all the trubill and the paine,
I neuer wrocht sa gude againe,
But was vnthankfull seruiture:
Haue reuth on me thy creature.

Swa onlie thow, gude Lord of peace,
I me submit into thy grace,
For of my seiknes, thow may me cure,
And faue thy sinfull creature.

FINIS.

WELCVM, Lord Christ, welcum againe
My joy, my comfort, and my blis,
That culd me faue from hellis paine:
Bot onlie thow, nane was, nor is.

Thairfoir, I may richt baldly say,
Geue Christ, the quhilk hes me redrest,
Be on my fyde, quhilk hes done pay
My ranfoun, quha can me molest?

Sen Christ now hes maid me at one
With God the Father, and did die
To mak me iust, to gloir is gone;
Than quhat ar thay can condampne me?

Was neuer nane to me mair kynde
Nor Christ, thairfoir I will him pryse,
Onlie with faule, body, and mynde:
My hope and traist haill in him lyeis.

Bot

O Christ, quhilk art the lycht. 151

Bot that quhilk Scripture hes exprest,
Ane sacrifice Christ anis thairfoir
Offerit to God, quhilk smellit best,
For my trespas, I feik no moir.

My part is than from sin to ceis,
And cleif to Christ, quhilk hes supprest
Sin, deith, and hell, and maid my peace,
Throw faith in him that I might rest.

FINIS.

O CHRIST, quhilk art the licht of day,
The clude of nicht thow driuis away;
The beame of gloir beleuit richt,
Schawand till vs thy perfyte licht.

This is na nycht, as naturall,
Nor zit na cloud materiall,
That thow expellis, as I heir fay,
O Christ, quhilk art the licht of day.

This nicht I call Idolatrie,
The cloude ouirspred, Hypocrisie,
Send from the Prince of all vnricht,
O Christ, for till obscure thy licht.

Quhilk twa hes had dominioun,
Lang leidand to distructioun,
The maist part of this world astray
Fra Christ, quhilk is the licht of day.

Turnand till Goddis infinite,
Puttand thair hope and thair delyte

K. iij

152 *O Christ, quhilk art the lycht.*

In warkis inuentit with the slicht
Of Sathan, contrair to thy licht.

Sum makis Goddis of stok and staine,
Sum makis Goddis of Sanctis baine,
Quhilk war thay leuand heir, wald fay,
Idolateris, do way, do way.

To vs gif nouthar laud nor gloir,
O fulis, gif ze speir quhairfoir?
We had na thing throw our awin nicht,
Bot all we had throw Christ our licht.

To that exempill fall be Paull
At Litra, quha rufusit all
Maner of gloir, and this did fay,
Geue gloir to Christ, the licht of day.

Geue nane to vs, we ar bot men,
Mortall as ze zour selfis may ken;
O fulis, quhairfoir tak ze flycht,
Rinnand fra Christ, the perfite licht?

Sum makis goddis of freiris caip,
Thay monstouris mot in gallous gaip;
For thay haue led vs lang astray
Fra Christ, quhilk is the licht of day.

Sum mumlit Aueis, sum crakit Creidis,
Sum makis goddis of thair beidis,
Quhilk wait nocht quhat thay sing nor fay:
Allace! this is ane wrangous way.

FINIS.

WITH

WITH huntis vp, with huntis vp,
It is now perfite day,
Jefus, our King, is gane in hunting,
Quha lykis to speid thay may.

Ane curfit fox lay hid in rox
This lang and mony ane day,
Deuouring fcheip, quhill he nicht creip,
Nane nicht him fchaip away.

It did him gude to laip the blude
Of zoung and tender lammis;
Nane culd he mis, for all was his,
The zoung anis with thair dammis.

The hunter is Christ, that huntis in haift,
The hundis ar Peter and Paull,
The Paip is the foxe, Rome is the rox,
That rubbis vs on the gall.

That cruell beift, he neuer ceift,
Be his vfurpit power,
Under dispens to get our penneis,
Our faulis to deuoir.

Quha culd deuyse sic merchandise
As he had thair to fell,
Onles it war proud Lucifer,
The greit maister of Hell.

He had to fell the Tantonie bell,
And pardonis thairin was;
Remiffioun of finnis in auld fcheip skinnis,

Our faulis to bring from grace.

With bullis of leid, quhyte wax and reid,
And vther quhytis with grene,
Clofit in ane box, this vfit the fox,
Sic peltrie was neuer fene.

With dispenfatiounis and obligatiounis,
According to his law,
He wald dispens, for money from hence,
With thame he neuer saw.

To curs and ban the sempill pure man,
That had nocht to flé the paine;
Bot quhen he had payit all to ane myte,
He mon be obfoluit than.

To fum, God wot, he gaue tot quot,
And vther fum pluralitie;
Bot first with penneis he mon dispens,
Or ellis it will nocht be.

Kingis to marie, and fum to tarie,
Sic is his power and micht,
Quha that hes gold, with him will he hold,
Thocht it be contrair all richt.

O bliffit Peter, the foxe is ane lier,
Thow knawis weill it is nocht fa,
Quhill at the last, he salbe downe caft
His peltrie, pardonis, and all.

FINIS.

BANEIST

BANEIST is faith now euerie quhair,
And fair forthinkis me:
Baneist is faith now euerie quhair,
Be the schauin sort, I zow declair.
Allace! thairfoir my hart is fair,
And blyith I can nocht be.

Quhair we war wount to go richt glaid,
Furth of captiuitie;
Quhair we war wount to go richt glaid,
Now haue thay vs with chargis ouerlaid,
Quhilk bene sa dampnabill, and sa sad,
That blyith we can nocht be.

Thay keip the key from vs, allace,
Quhairby enter fuld we:
Thay keip the key from vs, allace,
And puttis vs downe all mercyles;
We ar ouerthrawin in euerie place,
That blyith we can nocht be.

Ryfe vp, I pray thé now, fweit Lord,
And from thair crueltie:
Ryfe vp, I pray thé now, fweit Lord,
Defend vs according to thy word,
Or we fall perishe be fyre and sword,
That shawis the veritie.

FINIS.

MVSING greitlie in my mynde,
The cruell kirkmen in thair kynde,
Quhilk bene indurit and sa blind,
And trowis neuer to cum downe.

156 *Musing greitlie in my mynde.*

Thocht thou be Paip or Cardinall,
Sa heich in thy Pontificall:
Resist thou God that creat all,
Than downe thou fall cum, downe.

Thocht thou be Archebischop, or Deane,
Chantour, Chanlar, or Chaplane,
Resist thou God, thy gloir is gaine,
And downe thou fall cum, downe.

Thocht thou flow in Philosophie,
Or graduate in Theologie,
Zit and thou fyle the veritie,
Than downe thou fall cum, downe.

Thocht thou be of Religioun,
The straiteft in all regioun,
Zit and thou glaik or gagioun
The treuth, thou fall cum downe.

Quhair is Chore, and Abirone,
Jamnes, Jambres, and Dathane, becum?
To resist God, quhilk maid thame bowne,
Ar thay nocht all cumit downe?

And quhair is Balaamis fals counsell?
Quhair is the prophetis of Jefabell?
And Bellis preiftis? be Daniell
Downe thay war all brocht, downe.

And mony ma I culd zow schaw,
Quhilk of thair God wald stand na aw,
Bot him resistit and his law,

And

Musing greitlie in my mynde. 157

And downe thay ar cum, downe.

Thair is na king nor empriour,
Erle nor duke, of greit valure,
From tyme ze know thair fals errour,
Bot he fall pluck thame downe.

Ophni and Phenis gat na grace,
Hely brak his nek, allace!
And his offspring put fra thair place:
King Salomone put thame downe.

And king Achab and Helyas
The fals prophetis distroyit hes;
And als the nobill Josias,
Put all fals prophetis downe.

Is thair na ma? quhy said I all?
Zit mony thousand fall haue ane fall,
Quhilk haldis Christen men in thrall,
Princes fall put thame downe.

Wald thay na mair impunge the treuth,
Syne in thair office be nocht sleuth;
Than Christ on thame fuld haue sic reuth,
That thay fall nocht cum downe.

I pray to God that thay and we
Obey his word in vnitie,
Throw faith warkand be cheritie,
And lat vs neuer cum downe.

FINIS.

THE Bischop of Hely brak his neck,
 Disherist of his benefice,
 Cause he the Preistis wald not correct,
 Corruptand Goddis Sacrifice.
 Sen our Hely in his office,
 Is lyke in preuaricatioun :
 He fall reffaue sic lyke justice,
 Mak he nocht reformatioun.
 The Leuitis, at thair awin hand,
 Thay reft thair teind, and mekill mair,
 Expres aganis Goddis command;
 Thair huredome haitit he richt fair.
 Thairfoir, God send thame sic cruell weir,
 Thay tint the feild, the Ark was tane :
 Hely fell downe, throw suddand feir,
 And brak his neck and coller bane.
 Ophni and Phenis, zour conscience remord,
 Amend zour lyfe, or in the feild
 Ze falbe slaine; and ze my Lord,
 Quhilk hes the wyte that thay ar keild,
 Helis jugement falbe your beild;
 And als zour mortall ennemeis
 Sall bruke, withouttin speir or scheild,
 Zour office, euin before zour eyis.
 For zour abuse may be ane brother,
 To Pharis als lyke in similitude,
 As euer ane eg was lyke ane vther,
 Of Goddis word baith destitude;
 And greit God of sanctitude,
 Quhais power hes nocht tane ane end,

Sall

I am wo for thir wolfis fa wylde. 159

Sall fend with that same fortitude,
Siclyke to zow, except ze mend.

All the exempillis of the Law
Ar writtin with greit diligence,
For our faikis, that me stand aw
Of Goddis hie magnificence:
Of this we haue experience,
Of diuers natiounis round about;
For Inglis Prelatis, Duche, and Dence,
For thair abuse ar rutit out.

Reforme in tyme, leue zour tyrannie;
First mend zour lyfe, syne leirne to preiche,
Thocht wage our Freiris faine wald lie;
The treuth will furth, and will nocht leiche;
For euerie man dois vther teiche,
And countis nocht zour crueltie;
Except ze mend, I will nocht fleiche,
Ze fall end all mischeuouflic.

FINIS.

I AM wo for thir wolfis fa wylde,
Quhilk neuer will conuert
Thair fals indurit hart;
Sa lang the warld thay haue begylde,
And baneist vs from Iesus Christ.
Greit cause thay haue for till repent,
Zit will thay nocht do so,
Nowther for weill nor wo:
Thair blindit mynde can nocht consent,
That we are onlie faut be Christ.

160 *I am wo for thir wolfis sa wylde.*

Thair subtill slychtis now ar spyit
Be Christ the veritie:
Thair fals hypocrefie
Throw all the world is now out cryit,
Quhairwith thay baneist vs fra Christ.

Thay brint, and heryit Christen men,
And flemit thame full far;
And said, Thay did bot erre
That spak of the Commandementis ten,
Or red the word of Jesus Christ.

Heretykis thay did vs call,
Curfand vs nicht and day,
The treuth durst na man say.
Trew preichouris war forbiddin all
To schaw the word of Jesus Christ.

Thay baneist thame in vncouth land,
Full mony hunder myle;
Quhair thay in thair exile,
Leirnit better till vnderstand
The trew word of Jesus Christ.

Nobill Lordis of greit renowne,
That fauouris the treuth,
On zour faulis haue reuth,
And put thir Antichristis downe,
Quhilk wald suppres the word of Christ.

Under cullour of commounweill,
Thair cloikit subteltie,
And with greit crueltie,

Efter

I am wo for thir wolfis fa wylde. 161

Efter thay think to slay and keill
All that confes the word of Christ.

For fa thay think to bleir zour eye,
And syne at zow to hount,
And do as thay war wount,
And will exerce thair tyrannie
On zow, and all that luifis Christ.

Scotland was neuer in harder case,
Sen Fergus first it wan:
The preiftis we may fair ban,
Quhilk hes the wyte that brak the peace,
For to put downe the word of Christ.

Ane hundreth thousand thay wald fe
Zockit in till ane feild,
Under their speir and sheild;
Bot with the wyfis thay wald be
At hame, to smoir the word of Christ.

Defend na mair thir wolfis fa wylde,
Sa full of cruelnes,
Thair cloikit halynes,
Baith men and wyfis fa lang hes fylde,
And ar the verray Antichristis.

FINIS.

A LLACE, vnkyndlie, Christ we haue exilit,
And of thair fude his flock we haue begilit;
With vanities we haue thame lang deludit,
And in fals beleif hes thame includit:
And euer this was the blating of our queir,

L. j

162 *Allace vnkynndlie Cbrist.*

Fatheris of haly kirk this xv. hunder zeir.

The water of lyfe we gaue them neuer to drink,
 Bot stinkand pulis of euerie rottin fynk;
 For haly Scripture allutterlie we haue mockit,
 And with traditionis of men we haue them zockit;
 And euer this was the blating of our queir,
 Fatheris of haly kirk this xv. hunder zeir.

Man befoir God fa lang we haue preferrit,
 Quhill we se now almaist that all is marrit;
 And God him self is greuit and displeit,
 And we thairby ar bot lytill easit;
 Althocht it be the blating of our queir,
 Fatheris of haly kirk this xv. hunder zeir.

Our blind defyris sen we may nocht fulfill,
 Welcum, gude Lord, full fair aganis our will;
 Zit nocht the les we fall do as we may,
 And efter this luke for ane better day;
 And zit salbe the blating of our queir,
 Fatheris of haly kirk this xv. hunder zeir.

We knaw, as did King Saull, our fatell fall;
 Zit, quhill we die, Dauid perfew we fall:
 Suppose we fuld wrack our self, and tyne
 The feild, and all our kin be hangit syne,
 Zit fall it be the blating of our queir,
 Fatheris of haly kirk this xv. hunder zeir.

Lat Mofes preiche to Pharaο as he lykis,
 Zit fall the pepill be tormentit lyke tykis,
 And neuer depart from Egypt: (giue we may)

We

Of the fals fyre of Purgatorie. 163

We falbe cruellest on the hinneft day.

Quhen we ar drownit, we fall blait on our beir,
Fatheris of haly kirk this xv. hunder zeir.

O cankerit cariounis, and O ze rottin ftakis,
O ftangand edderis, and O ze poyfound fnakis,
Sen ze will not change zour indurit will,
Knewand zour fault, zit will continew still;

Sing on guk, guk, the blating of zour queir,
Fals fatheris of haly kirk, this xv. hunder zeir.

FINIS.

O F the fals fyre of Purgatorie
Is nocht left in ane fponk:
Thairfoir fays Gedde, Way is me,
Gone is preift, freir, and monk.

The reik, fa wounder deir, thay folde
For money, gold, and landis;
Quhill halfe the riches on the molde,
Is feafit in thair handis.

Thay knew na thing bot couetice,
And lufe of paramouris:
And lat the faulis burn and bis
Of all thair Foundatouris.

At corps prefence thay wald fing,
For ryches to flokkin the fyre;
Bot all pure folk that had na thing
Was skaldit baine and lyre.

Zit fat thay heich in Parliament,
L. ij

THE wind blawis cauld, furious and bauld,
 This lang and mony day:
 But Christis mercy we man all die,
 Or keip the cauld wind away.

This wind fa keine, that I of meine,
 It is the vyce of auld;
 Our faith is inclufit, and plainelie abusit,
 This wind hes blawin to cauld.

This wind hes blawin lang the pepill amang,
 And blindit hes thair wit;
 The ignorant pepill fa lawit bene and febill,
 That thay wat nocht quhome to wyte.

Goddis word and lawis, the pepill misknawis,
 Na credence hes the Scripture;
 Quha the fuith dois infer, preiftis fay thay erre,
 Sic bene thair busie cure.

Quha dois present the New Testament,
 Quhilk is our faith furelie;
 Preiftis callis him lyke ane heretyke,
 And fayis, brunt fall he be.

This cryis on hie the Spiritualitie,
 As nane thame fuld defy:
 Bot thair illufioun and fals abufioun
 The pepill dois now espy.

Quhome fuld we wyte of this difpyte,
 That hid fra vs Goddis Law,
 Bot Preiftis and Clerkis, and thair euill warkis,
 Quhilk

Quhilk dois thair God misknaw.

Their greit extortioun, and plaine oppreffioun,
Afcendis in the air :

Without God puneis thair cruell vyce
This warld fall all forfair.

The theif Judas did greit trespas,
That Christ for siluer fauld :
Bot preistis will tak, and his pryce mak,
For les be mony fauld.

With wrang absolutiouns, & defaitfull pardonis,
For lucre to thame geuin ;
Thay blind vs now, and garris vs trow,
Sic will bring vs till heuin.

Giue eirdlie pardonis nicht be our saluatiounis,
Than Christ deit in vaine :
Giue geir nicht by Goddis greit mercy,
Than fals is the Scripture plaine.

Syne for our fchoir he deit thairfoir,
And tholit pane for our mis ;
Is nane bot he that may surelie
Bring vs to heuinnis blis.

Than be na way, fe that ze pray
To Peter, James, nor Johne,
Nor zit to Paule, to saue zour faule ;
For power haue thay none.

Saue Christ onlie, that deit on tre,
L. iiii

168 *Hay now, the day dallis.*

He may baith loufe and bind.
In vtheris mo, geue ze traift fo,
On zow blawis could the wind.
Now se ze pray, baith nicht and day,
To Christ that bocht vs deir:
For on the rude he sched his blude
To saue our faulis but weir.

FINIS.

HAY now, the day dallis,
Now Christ on vs callis,
Now welth on our wallis,
Apperis anone:
Now the word of God regnis,
Quhilk is King of all kingis,
Now Christis flock singis,
The nicht is neir gone.
Wo be vnto zow hypocritis,
That on the Lord sa loudlie leis,
And all for to fill zour foule belleis:
Ze ar nocht of Christis blude nor bone;
For ze preiche zour awin dremis,
And sa the word of God blasphemis;
God wat sa weill it femis,
The nicht is neir gone.
Wo be to zow Pharefians,
That regnis zit lyke hie capitannis,
And haldis Christis men in mony panis,
Richt cairfull is thair mone:
I traift till God ze fall deir by it,

Becauss

Hay now, the day dallis. 169

Becaus zour falsset is now spyit,
And all Christin men fall cry it:
The nicht is neir gone.

Wo be to zow, Paip and Cardinall,
I traift to God ze fall get ane fall,
With Monkis, Preiftis, and Freiris all,
That traistis nocht in God allone:
For all zour greit pomp and pryde,
The word of God ze fall nocht hyde,
Nor zit till vs na mair be gyde:
The nicht is neir gone.

Ze gart vs throw in stok and ston, e,
That thay wald help mony one,
And nocht till traift in God allone;
I say ze leit euerie one:
I wat Sanct Peter, nor Sanct Paule,
Nor zit na Sanct can saif zour faule,
Thocht mony lesingis mak mony braull:
The nicht is neir gone.

Ze serue to strickin be with roddis,
Becaus of idolis ze mak goddis;
For all zour joukis and zour noddis,
Zour hartis is hard as ony ston.
Ze will nocht leif zour hypocrisie,
Bot zour defyris is ay for to lie,
And the Feind away with zow wald fle:
The nicht is neir gone.

Ze begylit vs with zour hudis,
Schawand zour relykis and zour ruddis.

To pluk fra vs pure men our gudis,
 Ze schaw vs the heid of Sanct Johne
 With the arme of Sanct Geill;
 To rottin banis ze gart vs kneill,
 And fauit vs from neck to heill.
 The nicht is neir gone.

Requiem Eternam fast thay patter
 Befoir the deid, with haly watter;
 The lawit folkis trowis the heuin will clatter,
 Thay sing with sic deuotioun.
 Ze fay that Saule ze fall gar sanct,
 Bot and the money war neuer sa scant,
 Ane penny of zour wage ze will nocht want:
 The nicht is neir gone.

Syne to zow we mon offer
 Pundis and penneis furth of our coffer,
 And lay it downe vpon the alter
 For the deid of that one.

Anime Omnium, ze will fay,
 Syne cast the corps into the clay,
 Than haue ze done all that ze may:
 Now the nicht is neir gone.

FINIS.

PREISTIS, Christ beleue,
 And onlie traift into his blude,
 And not into zour warkis gude,
 As plainely Paull can preue.
 Preiftis, leirne to preiche,
 And put away zour ignorance;
 Prais onlie God, his word auance,

And

And Chriftis pepill teiche.

Preiftis, cut zour gowne,
Zour nukit bonet put away,
And cut zour tippet into tway:
Go preiche from towne to towne.

Preiftis, tak zour flaffe,
And preiche the Euangell on zour feit,
And fet on fandellis full meit,
Bot caft zour pantounis of.

Preiftis, keip na gold,
Siluer, nor cunze in zour purs,
Nor zit twa coitis with zow turs,
Bot fchone to keip zow from cold.

Preiftis, thoill to preiche,
Sen ze zour felfis can preiche na thing;
Or we zour brawling downe fall bring,
And na mair with zow fleiche.

Preiftis, tak na teind,
Except the word of God ze fchaw;
Thocht ze alledge zour vfe and law,
It is nocht as ze weind.

Preiftis, tak na kyis,
The vmeft claith ze fall quyteclaime
Fra sex pure barnis with thair dame,
A uengeance on zow cryis.

Preiftis, burne no mo,
Of wrang delatioun ze may hyre,
And fals witnes na mair inquire,
And let abjuring go.

Preiftis, all and fum
Suld call ane Counfell Generall,
And dres all thingis Spirituall;

Bot thair thay will not cum.

Preiftis, read and wryte,
And zour fals Cannoun law lat be,
Quhair Papis contrair Scripturis lie,
And contrair Doctouris dyte.

Preiftis, pryde zow nocht
Quhat zour Counsellis hes conclude
Contrair the writ and Chriftis blude,
The quhilk fa deir vs bocht.

Preiftis, curfe no moir,
And now zour hartis na mair indure;
Bot on zour flockis tak cure,
Or God fall curfe zow foir.

Preiftis, leif zour pryde,
Zour skarlat and zour veluote soft,
Zour hors and mulis coiftlie coft,
And jakmen be zour fyde.

Preiftis, sober be,
And fecht not, nouthur boift nor fchoir;
Misreule the realme and court no moir,
And to zour kirkis fle.

Preiftis, mend zour lyfe,
And leif zour foule fenfualitie,
And vylde stinkand chaiftitie,
Ane ilk ane wed ane wyfe.

Preiftis, pray nae mair
To Sanct Anthone to faue thy fow,
Nor to Sanct Bryde to keip thy cow;
That greuis God richt fair.

Preiftis, worship God,
And put away zour imagerie,
Zour pardonis and fraternitie,

To

To hell, the way and rod.
Preiftis, fell na mes,
Bot miniſter that ſacrament,
As Chriſt, in the New Teſtament,
Commandit zow expres.

Preiftis, put away
Zour paintit fyre of purgatorie,
The ground of zour idolatrie;
It is neir Domifday.

Preiftis, change zour tone,
And ſing into zour mother tung
Ingliſ Pſalmes, and ze impunge,
Ze will dyne efter none.

Preiftis, preif zow men,
And now defend zour libertie;
For France, and for zour dignitie,
Ze brak the peace ze ken.

Preiftis, now confes,
How ze ſa lang did vs begyle,
With mony haly bellie wyle,
To leue in idilnes.

Preiftis, I zow exhort,
Zour office to do perfyte;
For I ſay nathing in diſpyte,
Sa God mot me ſupport.

FINIS.

*Till our Gude-man, till our Gude-man,
Keip faith and luſe till our Gude-man.*

FOR our Gude-man in heuin dois ring
In gloir and blis without ending,

Quhair angellis singis euer Ofan
In laude and praife of our Gude-man.

Our Gude-man defyris three thingis :
Ane hart quhair fra contritioun springis,
Syne lufe him best our faullis that wan,
Quhen we war loist fra our Gude-man.

And our Gude-man that euer was kynde,
Requyris of vs ane faithfull mynde,
Syne cheritabill be with euerie clan,
For lufe only of our Gude-man.

Zit our Gude-man requyris moir,
To giue na creature his gloir;
And gif we do, do quhat we can,
We fall be loist fra our Gude-man.

And our Gude-man he promiseit fure,
To euerie faithfull creature
His greit mercy, that now or than
Will call for grace at our Gude-man.

Adam, that our foirfather was,
He loist vs all for his trespas;
Quhais brukkill banis we may fair ban,
That gart vs lois our awin Gude-man.

Zit our Gude-man, gracious and gude,
For our saluatioun sched his blude
Upon the croce, quhair thair began
The mercyfulnes of our Gude-man.

This is the blude did vs refresche;
This is the blude that mon vs wesche:
The blude that from his hart furth ran,

Maid

Maid vs fré airis till our Gude-man.
Now let vs pray, baith day and hour,
Till Chrif our onlie Mediatour,
Till faue vs on the day that quhen
We fall be judgeit be our Gude-man.

FINIS.

REMEMBER, Man, remember, man,
That I thy faull from Sathan wan,
And hes done for thé that I can :
Thow art full deir to me.
Is, was, nor fall be none,
That may thé faue, bot I alone :
Onlie thairfoir beleue me on,
And thow fall neuer die.

Wolfis, quhome of my Euangeliftis wryte,
And Paull and Peter did of dyte,
Allace, haue zow diffaut quyte
With fals hypocrisie!
My New Testament, plaine and gude,
For quhilk I fched my precious blude,
Zour only hope and faullis fude
Thay hald for herisie.

And hes fet up the fals doctrine,
For couetife, in steid of mine,
With fyre and sword defendis it syne,
Contrair my word and me.
The Antichrift is cummin but dout,
And hes zow trappit round about;
Furth of his gyrne thairfoir cum out,

Gif ze wald sauit be.

His pilgramage and purgatorie,
His worfchipping of imagerie,
His pardounis and fraternitie,
With zeill and gude intent,
The quhisperit sinnis callit eir confessioun,
With his Preiftis mummillit absolutioun,
And mony vther fals abusioun,
The Paip hes done inuent.

With Messis fauld be Preift and Freir]
For land and money wounder deir,
Quhilk is the ground-stane of thair Queir,
And rute of all thair pryde;
His Pater-nosteris bocht and fauld,
His numerat Aueis, and Pfalmes tauld,
Quhilk my New Testament, nor my Auld,
On na wayis can abyde.

Thair half hag matines fast thay patter,
Thay geue zow breid, and fellis zow watter;
His cursingis on zow als thay clatter,
Thocht thay can hurt zow nocht.
Giue ze will geue thame caip or bell,
The clink thair of thay will zow fell,
Suppose the saule fuld ga to hell,
Ze get na thing vnbocht.

Thay fell zow als the Sacramentis feuin,
Thay nicht haue maid afweill aleuin,
Few or mony, od or euin,
Zour purfis for to pyke,

Wald

Wald thay let bot twa vfit be,
Of Baptisme, and of my Bodie,
As thay war institute be me,
Men wald thame better lyke.

Mariage is ane blissit band,
Quhilk I gaue man in my command
To keip, bot thay my word withstand,
Ane Sacrament it maid:
Unto thair vther Sacramentis fyue,
Our Saluatioun thay ascryue,
Fra my trew faith zow for to dryue,
In vaine to mak my deid.

Thair tryflis all ar maid be men,
Quhilk my Gospell did neuer ken;
My Law and my Commandementis Ten
Thay hid from mennis eine.
My New Testament thay wald keip downe,
Quhilk suld be preichit fra towne to towne,
Cause it wald cut thair lang tailit gowne,
And schaw thair lyues vnclene.

And now thay ar with dolour pynde,
And lyke to raige out of thair mynde,
Because fra thame ze ar declynde,
And will na lefingis heir.
Thairfoir, thay mak sa greit vproir,
Contrair thy flock of Christis stoir,
Determit, or thay will geue it ouer,
To fecht all into feir.

Bot hald zow at my Testament fast,
M. j

And be na quhit of them agast,
 For I fall bring down at the last
 Thair pryde and crueltie.
 Than cleirly fall my word be schawin,
 And all thair falsset fall be knawin,
 That thay into all landis haue fawin,
 Be thair Idolatrie.

And ze fall leue in rest and peace,
 Instructit with my word of grace;
 For I the Antichrist deface
 Sall, and trew Preichouris send.
 Repent zour sin with all zour hart,
 And with trew faith to me conuert;
 And heuinly gloir fall be zour part,
 With me to bruik but end.

We pray thé, Jesus Christ, our Lord,
 Conforme our lyues to thy word,
 That we may liue with ane accord
 In perfite charitie.
 And forgiue vs our sinfulness,
 And cleith vs with thy richteousnes;
 Of thy fauour and gentilnes,
 We pray thé that so be.

FINIS.

THE Paip, that pagane full of pryde,
 He hes vs blindit lang;
 For quhair the blind the blind dois gyde,
 Na wonder thay ga wrang;
 Lyke prince and king he led the ring
 Of all iniquitie:

Hay

Hay trix, tryme go trix,
Vnder the grene [wod-tree.]

Bot his abominatioun
The Lord hes brocht to licht;
His Popische pryde, and thrinfalde crowne,
Almaist hes loist thair nicht;
His plak pardounis, ar bot lardounis
Of new found vanitie:

Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

His Cardinallis hes caus to murne,
His Bischoppis borne aback:
His Abbottis gat ane vncouth turne,
Quhen schauelingis went to sack:
With burges wyfis thay led thair lyfis,
And fure better nor we:

Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

His Carmelites, and Jacobinis,
His Dominiks had greit ado;
His Cordeleiris, and Augustinis,
Sanct Frances ordour to;
Thay fillie Freiris, mony zeiris,
With babling blerit our ee:

Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

The Sisteris gray, befor this day,
Did crune within thair cloister;
Thay feit ane freir thair keyis to beir,
The Feind ressaue the foster;
Syne in the mirk, sa weill culd wirk,
And kittill thame wantounlie:

Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

M. ij

180 *Hay trix, tryme go trix.*

The blind Bifchop he culd nocht preiche,
 For playing with the laffis;
 The fyllie Freir behuffit to fleiche,
 For almous that he affis;
 The Curat his creid he culd nocht reid,
 Schame fall the cumpanie:
 Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

The Bifchop wald nocht wed ane wyfe,
 The Abbote not perfew ane,
 Thinkand it was ane lustie lyfe,
 Ilk day to haue ane new ane,
 In euerie place, ane vncouth face,
 His lust to fatisfie:
 Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

The Perfoun wald nocht haue ane hure,
 Bot twa, and thay war bony;
 The Vicar (thocht he was pure),
 Behuiffit to haue als mony;
 The pareis Preift, that brutall beift,
 He polit thame priuelie:
 Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

Of Scotland Well, the Freiris of Faill,
 The lymmerie lang hes lestit;
 The Monkis of Melros maid gude kaill
 On Frydayis quhen thay fastit;
 The fyllie Nunnis caift up thair bunnis,
 And heift thair hippis on hie:
 Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

Of lait I faw thir lymmaris stand,

Lyke

Lyke mad men at mischeif,
Thinking to get the vpper hand,
Thay luke efter releif:
Bot all in vaine, go tell thame plaine,
That day will neuer be:
Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.
O Jesus! gif thay thocht greit glie,
To se Goddis word downe smorit,
The Congregatioun maid to flie,
Hypocresie restorit;
With Messis fung, and bellis rung,
To thair Idolatrie;
Marie, God thank zow, we fall gar brank zow
Befoir that tyme trewlie.

FINIS.

SAY weill is throuchlie a worthy thing;
Of Say weill, greit vertew furth dois spring;
Say weill, from Do weill, differis in letter;
Say weill is gude, but Do weill is better.
Say weill is repute be man sum deale;
Bot do weill onlie to God dois appeale:
Say weill sayis godlie, and dois mony please;
Bot do weill leuis godlie, and dois this warld ease.
Say weill, mony vnto Goddis word cleuis;
Bot for laik of do weill, it quicklie leuis:
Bot gif say weill & do weill war joynit in a frame,
All war done, all war won, gottin war the game.
Say weill in danger of deith is cauld,

M. iij

182 *Say weill, and Do weill.*

Do weill is harnest, and wondrous bauld:
Than say weill for feir fall trimbill and quaik;
Do weill fall be jocund, and joly cheir mak.

Say weill is slipper, and makis mony wylis;
Do weill is semely, without ony gylis;
Quhen say weill at sum tymes salbe brocht bafe,
Do weill fall tryumphe in euerie place.

Say weill to filence sum tyme is bound;
Do weill is fre in euerie stound;
Say weill hes freindis baith heir and thair;
Bot do weill is welcum euerie quhair.

Say weill mony things in hand dois tak;
Do weill ane end of them dois mak:
Quhen say weill with mony is quyte downe cast;
Do weill is trustie and will stand fast.

Say weill him self will sum tyme auance;
Bot do weill dois nouthet jet nor paunce:
Bot do weill dois profite this warld moir,
Then say weill and his ane hundreth scoir.

Say weill in wordis is wondrous trick;
Bot do weill in deidis is nymbill and quick:
Lord, quick and trick togidder knit,
And fa fall thay pype ane mirrie fit.

Say weill, mony will thay be sa kynde;
Bot Do weill, few will vnto thair freind:
May Say weill, than do weill, I tell zow in deid,
Bot Do weill is mair honest in tyme of neid.

FINIS.

KNAW

KNAW ze not God Omnipotent;
He creat man, and maid him fre,
Quhill he brak his commandement,
And eit of the forbidden tre:
Had not that bliffit Barne bene borne,
Sin to redres,
Lowreis, zour lyues had bene forlorne
For all zour Mes.

Sen we war all to sin made fure,
Throw Adamis inobedience:
(Saif Christ), thair was na creature
Maid sacrifice for our offence;
Thair is na Sanct may saue zour faull
Fra ze transgres,
Suppois Sanct Peter and Sanct Paull
Had baith said Mes.

Knawing thair is na Christ bot ane
Quhilk rent was on the rude with roddis:
Quhy giue ye gloir to stock and stane,
In worshipping of vther goddis?
Thir idoles that on alteris standis,
Ar fenzeitnes.
Ze gat not God amang zour handis,
Mumling zour Mes.

And sen na Sanct zour faull may saue,
Perchance, ze will speir at me than,
How may the Paip thair pardounis haue
With power baith of beist and man?
Throw nathing bot ane fenzeit faith
For halynes;
M. iij

184 *Knaw ze not God Omnipotent.*

Inuentit wayis to get thame graith,
Lyke as the Mes.

Of mariage ze maid zow quyte,
Thinking it thraldome to refraine:
Wanting of wyiffis is appetyte,
That curage nicht increas againe:
Thay hony lippis ze did persew,
Grew gall, I ges,
Thinking it was contritioun trew
To dance ane Mes.

Giue God was maid of bittis of breid,
Eit ze nocht ouklike sax or feuin,
As it had bene ane mortall feid,
Quhill ze had almaist heryit heuin:
Als mony Deuillis ze man deuoir,
Quhill Hell grow les.
Or doutles we dar nocht restoir
Zow to zour Mes.

Giue God be transubstantiall
In breid with *Hoc est corpus meum*,
Quhy war ze sa vnnaturall
As tak him in zour teith, and sla him?
Tripairtit and deuydit him
At zour dum dres;
Bot God knawis how ze gydit him,
Mumling zour Mes.

Ze partit with dame Pouertie,
Tuke Propertie to be zour wyfe;
Fra Charitie and Chastitie

With

Know ze not God Omnipotent. 185

With licharie ze led zour lyfe:
That raist the mother of mischeif,
 Zour gredynes,
Beleuing ay to get releif
 For saying Mes.

O wickit, vaine Veneriens,
 Ze ar not Sanctis (thocht ze seme haly);
Proude poysonit Epecuriens,
 Quhilk had na God bot zour awin bellie;
Beleue ze, lownis, the Lord allowis
 Zour idilnes?
Lang or the fweit cum ouir zour browis
 For saying Mes.

Had not zour self begun the weiris,
 Zour stepillis had bene standand zit;
It was the flattering of zour Freiris
 That euer gart Sanct Frances flit;
Ze grew sa superstitious,
 In wickitnes,
It gart vs grow malicious
 Contrair zour Mes.

Our Bifchoppis ar degenerate
 Thocht thay be mountit vpon mulis,
With huredome clene effeminate;
 And Freiris oft tymes preuis fulis:
For Dustift and Bob at euin,
 Do sa increas,
Hes dreuin sum of them to teine,
 For all thair Mes.

186 *Ane diffwatioun from vaine lust.*

Christ keip all faithfull Christianis
 From peruerst pryde and Papistrie:
 God grant thame trew intelligens
 Of his law, word, and veritie:
 God grant thay may thair lyfe amend,
 Syne blis posses;
 Throw faith on Christ all that depend,
 And nocht on Mes.
 Sen Mes is na thing ellis to fay,
 Bot ane wickit inuentioun,
 Without authoritie or stay
 Of Scripture or fundatioun:
 Giue Kingis wald Mes to Rome hence dryue,
 With haistines,
 Suld be the meane to haue belyue
 Ane end of Mes.

FINIS.

WAS not Salomon, the king,
 To miserie be wemen brocht?
 Quhilk wifdome out of frame did bring,
 Till he maist wickitly had wrocht:
 A thousand wemen he did keip,
 Allace, allace!
 Quhilk drownit him in sin sa deip,
 As come to pas.
 Was not Paris maist wickitlie
 Be Venus led to Helenis lust?
 For quhilk fin and adulterie,
 The plagues of Troy war efter just:
 The sturdie stormis he did indure,

Allace,

Ane diffwatioun from vaine lust. 187

Allace, allace!
His lusting lyfe was nathing fure,
As come to pas.

Thocht Troylus Creffed did enjoy,
As Paris Helene did lykewife;
Zit leuit he not lang in Troy,
Bot that fortoun did him dispise:
Quha wald then wirk accordinglie,
Allace, allace!
Sic plesure bringis miserie,
As come to pas.

Thocht Ouid fayne that Leander
Aduenterit mekill his lufe to gaine:
Zit dois the poet Menander
Aduertise vs for to refraine;
For lusting lyfe is nathing stayed,
Allace, allace!
Ilk man thairfoir may be afrayed,
Quhilk is bot gras.

Quhat fall we say to Pyramus,
Sic wretchit wo did him assail?
His end in deid was dolorus,
Quhen fulische frensie did preuail.
Quhat wife man wald his fact commend,
Allace, allace!
Quhilk brocht his lyfe vnto ane end,
As come to pas.

Thocht Hercules for Exionie
A michtie monster did subdew;

188 *Ane diffwatioun from vaine lust.*

Zit endit he in miserie,
Gif poetis faining may be trew;
His minfing mate Abderitus,
Allace, allace!

Ane deith fustenit meruellous,
As come to pas.

Anaxaretus fum do fay,
Entifed Iphis outwardlie,
And than withdrew hir lufe away,
And he him self slew wilfullie:
Traist the vntraistie quha that will,
Allace, allace!

For sic my self I will not kill
As his lufe was.

Thocht Jupiter tranfformit him
Alcumena for to defile;
The fenzeit goddis thay scornit him
For lyke offence within a quhyle;
For quhen he lay in Venus lap,
Allace, allace!

Vulcanus tuke him in ane trap,
As come to pas.

Thus, bewtie breidis bitternes,
And bringis baill to mony men;
Quha is led be wilfulnes,
Sall feill the force of bewtie then:
For fum being taken in the traine,
Allace, allace!

Ar led to penurie and paine,
As come to pas.

Thocht

Ane diffwatioun from vaine lust. 189

Thocht Cato, prince of prudent price,
In welthie state did lang remaine;
Zit be the chance of Fortounis dice,
Mekill miserie he did sustaine.
His weddit wyfe did wirk him wo,
Allace, allace!
Mekill mair thir beiftis quhilk cum and go,
Pas and repas.

Tiberius the empriour,
Be his wyffis greit adulterie,
Lofte his pompe and puissant power,
Ending his lyfe in miserie.
Cheis weill thairfoir, leift ze do say:
Allace, allace!
Lat thir and vther[is] at this day,
Be as thy glas.

Althocht Marcus Antonius
Was sene in Cosmographia;
Zit was his end maist dolorus,
Be that fals harlot Faustina:
Tak heid, thairfoir, of this be war,
Allace, allace!
Be thow not snaird in Venus snair,
In ony case.

Althocht Sextus Tarquinius
Defylit chaist Lucrefia,
He, and his father Superbus
From Rome war banischit away;
A just reward for sic offence:
Allace, allace!

190 *Ane diffwatioun from vaine lust.*

Lyke punischment for lyke offence,
Oft cummis to pas.

Thocht subtyll Sardanapalus,
A Prince was picht to rewle and reigne;
Zit, war his factis sa licharus,
That euerie man micht se them plaine:
At Babylon he did defyre,
Allace, allace!
To set the haill Castell on fyre,
Quhair brunt he was.

Ptholomeus Philopater,
The mighty king of Egypt land,
Being a mighty conquerer,
His lust vnto a wenche did stand;
His weddit wyfe he put to deith,
Allace, allace!
Thus Princes oft do spend thair braith,
As come to pas.

Phisco, lykewife, the lychorus,
Quhilk children be his sisteris had,
That gat Heliogabalus,
Quhais lyfe in lust was spent to bad:
Defylyng mayd and wyfe also,
Allace, allace!
Harlottis with him micht ryde and go,
Quhair he did pas.

Althocht Caius Caligula
All his awin sisteris did defyle;
And thocht him self in quyet stay,
Possessing

Exampillis takin out of the Bybill. 191

Possessing plesure for ane quhyle:
Zit his men did his deith conspyre,
Allace, allace!
This wretchit man he had his hyre,
As come to pas.

Exampillis takin out of the Bybill.

WITH Bybill materis to begin,
Historyis mony we may find,
How lusting lufe, that laithfum fin,
The oppin eyis of sum do blind.
Thocht Sichem Dina had defylde,
Allace, allace!
Baith he and Heymor war begylde,
As come to pas.
Did not daintie Dalilay
The michtie Sampson bring to nocht?
Quhen he his secreit heid did wray,
In Venus snair scho had him caught.
Did not Apame, in lyke case,
Allace, allace!
Straik that greit king vpon the face,
As come to pas.
Thocht Ammon did his mynde fulfill
Upon his sifter Thamar deir,
Zit Absolon his blude did spill
Schortly efter, as dois appeir.
Thocht Dauid was the Lordis elect,
Allace, allace!
With Bethsabe he was infect,
As come to pas.

192 *Exampillis takin out of the Bybill.*

Thocht Holofernes lustit lang,
To haue to do on Judethis bed;
His lusting lyfe did happin wrang,
And scho did fone stryke of his heid.
Quhat wyne and women do zow fe,
Allace, allace!
Walk and wander with modeftie,
In ony cafe.

Thocht Judas did with Thamar ly,
Quhilk was his dochter be the Law;
The Genesis dois testifie,
Just Josefhis gude and godlie aw,
Quhen his lordis wyfe wald him constraine,
Allace, allace!
He maid her purpois haillely vaine,
As come to pas.

Of him let vs exampill tak,
And never think on Cupides dart:
Venus can nouthar mar nor mak,
Gif vnto God we joyne our hart;
And leif this airt of langing lust,
Allace, allace!
And in the Lord haue hope and trust,
Quhilk is and was.

FINIS.

ALL my Lufe, leif me not,
Leif me not, leif me not;
All my Lufe, leif me not,
Thus myne alone:
With ane burding on my bak,

I may

All my Lufe, leif me not. 193

I may not beir it I am fa waik;
Lufe, this burden from me tak,
Or ellis I am gone.

With finnis I am ladin foir,
Leif me not, leif me not;
With finnis I am ladin foir,
Leif me not alone.

I pray thé, Lord, thairfoir
Keip not my finnis in ftoir,
Lowfe me or I be forloir,
And heir my mone.

With thy handis thow hes me wrocht,
Leif me not, leif me not;
With thy handis thow hes me wrocht,
Leif me not alone.

I was fauld, and thow me bocht,
With thy blude thow hes me coft,
Now am I hidder focht
To thé, Lord, alone.

I cry, and I call to thé,
To leif me not, to leif me not;
I cry, and I call to thé,
To leif me not alone.

All thay that ladin be,
Thow biddis thame cum to thé;
Than fall thay fauit be,
Throw thy mercy alone.

Thow faues all the penitent,
And leifis them not, and leifis them not;
N. j

Thow faifis all the penitent,
 And leifis thame not allone:
 All that will thair finnis repent
 Nane of thame falbe fchent;
 Suppose thy bow be reddie bent,
 Of thame thow killis none.

Faith, Hope, and Cheritie,
 Leif me not, leif me not;
 Faith, Hope, and Cheritie,
 Leif me not allone:
 I pray thé, Lord, grant me,
 Thir godly giftis thre;
 Than fall I faut be,
 Dout haue I none.

To the Father be all gloir,
 That leifis vs not, that leifis vs not;
 To the Father be all gloir,
 That leuis vs not allone.
 Sone and Haly Gaift, euer moir,
 As it was of befoir;
 Throw Chrift our Sauieur,
 We are faif euerie one.

FINIS.

Of the Day of Judgment.

ALL Chriftin and faithfull in hart, be joyfull;
 Rejoyce, and mak gude cheir;
 Be merie and glaid, and be no moir fad,
 The day of the Lord drawis neir.
 Under protestatioun, with line and correctioun,
 That

Of the Day of Judgment. 195

That nane be offendit heir,
I will speik planelie, to rais zour hartis quiklie;
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

All Paipis and Prelatis, and Spirituall estaitis,
That thinkis ze haue na peir,
Cast away zour wairis, zour princelie effairis;
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

O hirdis of Ifrael, heir ze the Lordis bell
Knelland fast in zour eir,
Quhilk biddis in plaine, leue zour truffillis vane;
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

Personis that hes cure to preiche vnto the pure,
Ze haue zour waigis to deir;
The layit ze will not teiche, nor zit Goddis word
The day of the Lord drawis neir. [will preiche;

I will zow exhort, in termis richt schort,
Baith Preift, Channoun, Monk, and Freir,
To slaik of zour fleuth, & schaw furth the treuth;
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

And ze Brethren all, Ecclesiasticall
Serue zour Lord God in feir,
Leue zour ceremonyis of zour awin fund gysis;
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

Zour coistlie reparationis, zour offeringis and ob-
Zour curious notis in the queir, [latiounis,
On the day of dreid, fall stand in litill steid,
Quhen the Lordis sentence drawis neir.

N. ij

196 *All Cbristin and Faithfull.*

Princes and kingis that fa ryall ringis,
 That fuld haue all rewle and steir,
 Do justice equall, baith to greit and small;
 The day of the Lord drawis neir.

On the pure Commounis suffer na oppressiounis,
 Bot humblie thair plaintis heir,
 With extreme justice trespassouris punishe;
 The day of the Lord is neir.

Syne with zour fword, let furth Goddis word,
 Our heuinly mirroure cleir,
 And anker zow fure on Haly Scripture;
 For the day of the Lord drawis neir.

Erlis, Lordis, and Barrounis, hurt not zour com-
 In body, gudis, nor geir: [mounis,
 Do ze the contrair, zour housis will misfair;
 The day of the Lord drawis neir.

Be trew to the Crowne, defend zour Regioun,
 That zour foirbearis coft fa deir,
 And euer haue eye vnto zour libertie;
 The day of the Lord drawis neir.

I cry, in generall, on Spirituall & Temporall,
 This lection that ze leir:
 Remember alwayis, that schorr be zour dayis;
 The day of the Lord drawis neir.

That day fall horribill be, and eik terribill,
 Quhen that just Judge fall appeir,
 In his birnand ire, to judge the warld with fyre;
 The

The day of the Lord drawis neir.

At ane trumpet blaſt, we fall be all agaſt,
Heuin, Hell, Eird, fall it heir;
Syne ſtand befoir the Juge without ony refuge;
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

We fall giue rekning, of our ſinfull leuing,
We haue ſpendit in all maner;
As we haue deſeruit, ſa fall we be ſeruit;
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

That day the faithfull ſalbe richt joyfull,
Befoir Chriſt quhen thay compeir;
Bot the vnfaithfull ſalbe richt wofull,
Quhen the Lordis ſentence drawis neir.

To vnbeleuaris all, this ſentence giue he fall,
With ire and awfull cheir,
Pas ze to the Hell, with Deuillis to dwell,
The Heuin ze fall neuer cum neir.

The juſt fall all ſtand, euin at his richt hand,
Defendit from all dangeir;
To quhome he fall ſay, richt ſweetly that day,
The ſentence quhilk drawis neir.

Cum heir my elect, and my awin ſweit ſect,
Zour hyre fall not be in weir;
Baith faull and body, in heuin eternallie,
Thay fall dwell with me richt neir.

Quhairfoir, I do call on all men mortall,
N. iij

To ryis and be neuer sweir,
 Bot euer be war of the wofull snair;
 The day of the Lord drawis neir.

Awalk ay, and pray, baith in nicht and day,
 To Christ, that coft vs all deir,
 To be our Mediatour in that feirfull hour,
 Quhen the day of the Lord drawis neir.

FINIS.

BLENK in this Mirrour, man, and mend,
 For heir thow may thy exempill se;
 To all mankynde it is weill kend,
 That euer come hidder, that he mon die:
 And fra this dome he may not fle,
 Suppois he haue land and gold to spend;
 Array zow all, and reddy be:
 Blenk in this Mirrour, man, and mend.

Heir is the resfoun, quha lykis to reid,
 This day thow was ane King with croun,
 The morne cummis Deith withouttin dreid,
 Commandis thé to his presoun:
 Richt suddanely he drawis thé down,
 Thow wait that thow mon with him wend:
 Thairfoir, leif weill, be reddy bowne:
 Blenk in this Mirrour, man, and mend.

Thair is nane in stait fa hie,
 Prince, King, nor Empreour,
 Fra this dome ane fute may fle,
 For all his gold and his valour:
 Thairfoir, thow blenk in this Mirrour,
 That

That is graciouſſie to thé ſend;
Think on the ſweit, and als the four:
Blenk in this Mirrour, man, and mend.
Behald now to thir men of nicht,
That mekill hes, and wald haue mair,
And to thair ſembling tak gude ſicht,
How that thay pas away ſa bair;
And ſet not by how that we fair,
That winnis all that thay ſpend,
Richt buſilie baith late and air:
Blenk in this Mirrour, man, and mend.
Sen thou wait that thou mon pas,
And thou wait nouthér quhen nor quhair,
And thy body fall turne in aſſe,
That thou now feidis vp ſa fair;
Confes thy finnis les and mair
Unto thy God, or thou hyne wend,
And till him leyne for euer mair:
Blenk in this Mirrour, man, and mend.

FINIS.

O MAN, ryſe vp, and be not fweir,
Prepair aganis this gude New Zeir.
My New Zeir gift thou hes in ſtoir,
Sen I am he that coſt thé deir:
Gif me thy hart, I aſk no moir.
Gif me thy hart, for I fuld haue it,
It is my richt, thairfoir I craif it:
To win the ſamin, I ſufferit ſoir,
And now am reddey to reſſaue it:
N. iiii

200 *O Man, ryse vp, and be. not sweir.*

Gif me thy hart, I ask no moir.

I am the Lord maid thé of nocht,
Lyke my awin image hes thé wrocht;
Thé to all frelage I did restoir:
Sen my hart blude thy hart hes bocht,
Gif me thy hart, I ask no moir.

I come in eirth, and thair did dwell,
I send na message bot my fell,
Thé to relief of deidly foir:
Sen I haue fred thé from the hell,
Gif me thy hart, I ask no moir.

I haue thé fred from all thirlage,
And hes preparit thyne heritage,
Quhair deith fall neuer thé deuoir:
And now am cummin to craif my wage;
Gif me thy hart, I ask no moir.

Be war, I am ane jelous God,
I am na image, stock nor wod;
Thairfoir giue nane of thay my gloir,
Sen I to heuin mon be the rod:
Gif me thy hart, I ask no moir.

Let be thy sculptill honouris vaine,
Quhilkis ar confoundit and prophaine,
And swa ar all dois them adoir,
As testifyis Daid in Scripture plaine:
Gif me thy hart, I ask no moir.

Sen this last zeir thow hes offendit,
Contrair

O Man, behald this warldis vaniteis. 201

Contrair my law thy lyfe hes spendit,
My mercy is reddy zit as of befoir :
In this New Zeir all may be amendit :
Gif me thy hart, I ask no moir.

FINIS.

O MAN, behald this warldis vaniteis,
The joy of it I wait is fantasie ;
Thairfoir be war, my counfell now it is :
Be glaid in God, for doutles thow mon die.

Think thow art cum, and wait not quhen to pas ;
Think thow mon change, & wait not quhair to be :
Think quhy thow come, & quhat thy erand was :
Be weill auyfit, for doutles thow mon die.

Auife thé weill, quhill thow hes tyme & space,
Exempill tak daylie, as thow may se ;
Quhen deith cummis thair is na vther grace,
Bot zeild thé than, for doutles thow mon die.

Zeild thé to God, with humbill hart contrite,
In cheritie, lufe as thow wald lufit be ;
Gif thow wald leif without this warldis despise,
Remember on this, for doutles thow mon die

Remember vpon thy God Omnipotent,
That is, and was, and euer moir falbe ;
And for thy sin he saikleslie was schent ;
Be kynde againe, for doutles thow mon die.

Be kynde againe for heuin celestially,
Quhair gloir and joy without end fall be ;

202 *Sen throw Vertew increffis dignitie.*

Be kynde, and dreid the cruell paine of hell;
Cheis thee the ane, for doubtles thow mon die.

FINIS.

SEN throw Vertew increffis dignitie,
And vertew is flour and rute of Nobles ay,
Of ony wit, or quhat estait thow be,
His steppis follow, and dreid for none effray:
Eject vice, and follow treuth alway;
Lufe maiſt thy God that firſt thy lufe began,
And for ilk inche he will thé quyte ane ſpan.

Be not our proude in thy proſperitie,
For as it cummis, ſa will it pas away;
The tyme to compt is ſchort, thow may weil ſe,
For of grene greſs ſone cummis wallowit hay.
Labour in treuth, quhilk ſuith is of thy fay;
Traiſt maiſt in God, for he beſt gyde thé can,
And for ilk inche he will thé quyte ane ſpan.

Sen word is thrall, and thocht is only fre,
Thow dant thy toung, that power hes and may,
Thow ſteik thy ene fra warldis vanitie:
Refraine thy luſt, and harkin quhat I fay:
Grap or thow flyde, and keip furth the hie way,
Thow hald thé faſt upon thy God and man,
And for ilk inche he will thé quyte ane ſpan.

FINIS.

Quod King James the Firſt.



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I



R

NOTES AND GLOSSARY.





NOTES.



It is stated in the Preface that we have no information when this collection of "Godlie Ballates" originally appeared. That any edition was printed in Scotland prior to 1560 is extremely unlikely; but wherever it was first printed, it was probably enlarged by Henry Charteris, in 1569 or 1570, with an "augmentation," as the title of 1578 expresses it, "of sindrie Gude and Godlie Ballatis, not contenit in the first editioun." But this is mere conjecture. The earliest intimation of the book in a printed form occurs in the passage quoted, *supra*, p. xlvii., from James Melville's Diary, under the year 1570. He was then a scholar at Montrose, and speaks of his great delight when a travelling chapman or carrier (whom he calls a post), among other novelties from Edinburgh, brought him a copy of "Wedderburn's Songs." But no copy of that edition has reached our times. As for the words, "augmentation," &c. repeated on the titles, it was not unusual for the old Scottish printers to retain such an intimation, although the edition was a mere reprint of one of a previous date.

Of the edition now reprinted, the identical copy appears in the Sale Catalogue of Sir James Mackenzie's Library, sold by auction at Edinburgh in 1746, when it may have been bought by John Maule, one of the Barons of Exchequer, as it has his book-plate and autograph. His books were disposed of by auction at Edinburgh in 1782; but the volume was lost sight of, until it was accidentally acquired by Mr Thomas Jolley, an English collector, probably for a small sum, in one of his annual commercial visits to Scotland and Ireland. The title-page is mutilated at the front margin, and it wants two leaves of the Calendar and the last leaf of the Table. At the sale of his extensive collection, it was purchased at an extravagant price for the late William Henry Miller, Esq. of Craigentenny, and is now in the library at Britwell, Buckinghamshire.

The Almanack, for nine years from 1578 (which fixes the date), and Calendar, are not contained in the later editions. The two leaves, with the months of January and February—July and August, being deficient in the original, have been supplied chiefly from the Calendars prefixed to the old Psalm Books of that date.

The next edition known to be extant is that of 1600, of which a fac-simile title is given on the opposite page. This volume is a small 8vo, in black letter, signatures A to O in eights. I have not had any recent opportunity of collating it, but it corresponds very closely with that of 1621. In both editions, the orthography of 1578 is somewhat modernised.

A N E
compendius
Buik of Godly and Spi-
rituall Sangis.

Colle[c]tit out of sundrye partes of the
Scripture, with sundrye vther Bal-
latis changeit out of prophaine san-
gis in godly sangis, for auoy-
ding of sin and harlatry, with
augmentation of syndry
gude & godly ballatis
not contentit in the
first Edition.

Exactly correctit and newlye
Printed at Edinbrugh be Ro-
bert Smyth dwelling at
the nether bow. 1600.

Herbert, in his enlarged edition of Ames, mentions the book as having been first printed at Edinburgh in 1597, in small 8vo. He gives no reference for his authority, and the date may have been mistaken for 1567. No such edition at least is known; and notwithstanding diligent research of more than half a century, when such books have been so eagerly sought after, and fetching high prices, only one copy of Smyth's edition of 1600, and two of Hart's of 1621, have yet been discovered. Many years ago, I obtained a fragment of an edition, smaller, I think, in size, than either of these, but, unluckily, I cannot ascertain what became of the leaves.

The copy of the 1600 edition, at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale in 1812, fetched £21; and it was resold with the library of George Chalmers in 1842, when it was bought for £15 for the Rev. Thomas Corser, Rector of Stand, Manchester.

Mr Corser, in his valuable collection of early poetical literature, also possesses the copy of Hart's edition 1621, with the date cut off. This copy formerly belonged to an old Edinburgh collector, George Paton, at whose sale, in March 1809, it sold for £6, 18s. In Bright's sale, one, described as imperfect, fetched £11, 10s.; while another copy of Hart's 1621 edition, at the sale of the Rev. John Brand's Library in May 1807, only produced £4, 4s. If I mistake not, Mr George Chalmers received in exchange from Mr Constable the 1600 edition, already mentioned, for that of 1621, which was transferred to the Advocates Library. It is in blue morocco, with the Roxburghe arms impressed on the side, which renders it probable that the Duke, on acquiring the earlier edition, had given away or exchanged this as a duplicate.

ANE
COMPENDIOVS
BOOKE, OF GODLY
AND SPIRITVALL SONGS

Collected out of fundrie partes of the Scripture,
with fundrie of other Ballates changed out of
prophaine fanges, for avoyding of sinne and
harlotrie, with augmentation of fundrie gude
and godly Ballates, not contained in the first
Edition.

*Newlie corrected and amended by
the first originall Copie.*



EDINBURGH,
Printed by *Andro Hart*. 1621.

The two collections of German Psalms and Hymns, from which I have given a few selections in the following Notes, are entitled :

1. Kirchengesannng Teutsch vnd Lateinisch, dauon in Newburgischer vnd Zweybruckischer gleichförmiger Kirchenordnung meldung geschicht. M.D.LXX.—Gedruckt zu Nürnberg, durch Dieterich Gerlatz. (Subjoined to Hertzog Wolffgangs (von Baiern's) Kirchenordnung) folio.

2. Das Deutsche Kirchenlied von Martin Luther bis auf Nicolaus Herman und Ambrosius Blaurer, von Dr. K. E. P. Wackernagel. Stuttgart, 1841, royal 8vo.

NOTES.

"The Lamentation of a Sinner," *O Lord, in Thee is all my trust*. These verses are omitted in the later editions of the Godlie Ballates. It was one of the Hymns subjoined to the metrical version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins, when completed in 1562. It is not unlikely, as suggested by Warton, that William Whittingham may have been the author.¹ Whittingham was Knox's colleague, both at Frankfort and Geneva.² In 1563 he obtained the Deanery of Durham, and died in 1579.

In the editions of the Psalms printed in England, only the first, second, and sixth verses are given, with the music, and the following rubric:—"Through perfect repentance, the sinner hath a sure trust in God that his sinnes shall be washed away in Christe's blood." On the other hand, in nearly all the editions of the Psalms in metre, "according to the form used in the Kirk of Scotland," from the one printed at Edinburgh by Thomas Bassandyne, 1575, to that by Robert Bryson, 1644, the six verses occur with the same music, and the above rubric.

In the rare edition of the English Psalms, harmonized in four parts, and printed at London by John Daye, the tune is given with the name of M. Tallis.

Page 3. In Hart's edition, 1621, the word "Followes" is prefixed to the two titles on this page.

¹ History of English Poetry.

² Knox's Works, vol. iv. p. 5, &c.

Page 9, line 11. "Of our Beleif." The title in edit. 1621 is, "Followes of our Creid." The word "Followes" is joined in that edition with most of the titles in the earlier part of the collection. In the present version of the Creed, the third stanza, p. 10, has only nine lines, instead of eleven. The lines wanting apparently are 6 and 9.

Page 10, line 11. "The Lordis Prayer," is given as a title in edit. 1621.

Page 12. "Of our Baptisme." *Christ baptist was be Jobne in Jordan flude.* This is a version of Luther's hymn, "Ein geistlich lied, Von vnser heiligen Tauffe." It begins:

Christ vnser Herr zum Jordan kam,
nach seines Vaters willen,
Von S. Johans die Tauffe nam,
sein werck vnd ampt zur füllen.
Da wolt er stifften vns ein bad
zu waschen vns von sünden,
Erseuffen auch den bitterm tod,
durch sein selbs blut vnd wunden,
Es galt ein newes leben.

Wackernagel, No. 218, gives it entire in seven stanzas from the Wittenberg Gesangbuche, 1543; and so it appears in the Appendix to Professor's Mitchell's Lecture, which shows that the third, ninth, and tenth of Wedderburn's stanzas had been taken from a different copy.

Page 15. "The Supper of the Lord." *Our Saviour Christ, King of grace.* This is taken from Luther's German translation of the Latin hymn by John Huss. It extends to ten verses, and begins:

Jesus Christus, vnser Heiland,
der von vns den Gottes zorn wand,

Durch das bitter leiden sein,
half er vns aus der Hellen pein.

Wackernagel gives it as No. 194 from the Erfurdt Euchiridion, 1524; and Professor Mitchell prints it (p. 57) alongside of Wedderburn's translation.

I prefer to give, for its beautiful cadence, and as superior to the translations, the original Latin hymn by John Huss. He is said to have also composed the tune, which was so much admired by Luther:

CARMEN QUODDAM JOANNIS HUS,
DE CÆNA DOMINI.

1.

Jesus Christus nostra salus,
Quod reclamat omnis malus,
Nobis in sui memoriam,
Dedit hanc panis hostiam.

2.

O quam sanctus panis iste,
Tu solus es Jesu Christe,
Caro, cibus, Sacramentum,
Quo non majus est inventum.

3.

Hoc donum suavitatis,
Charitasque Deitatis,
Virtutis Eucharistia,
Communione gratia.

4.

Ave Deitatis forma,
Dei unionis Norma,
In te quisque delectatur,
Qui te fide speculatur.

5.

Non est panis, sed est Deus,
Homo liberator meus,
Qui in Cruce pependisti,
Et in carne defecisti.

6.

Non augetur consecratus,
Nec consumptus fit mutatus,
Nec divisus in fractura,
Plenus Deus in statura.

7.

Esca digna Angelorum,
Pietatis Lux sanctorum,
Lex moderna approbavit,
Quod antiqua figuravit.

8.

Salutare medicamen,
Peccatorum relevamen,
Pasce nos, a malis leva,
Duc nos, ubi est lux tua.

9.

Caro, panis, sanguis, vinum,
Est mysterium divinum,
Huic laus et gloria,
In seculorum secula. AMEN.¹

Page 15, line 23. *Repentand sair*: in edition 1621, *Repentand fore*.

¹ *Historiæ et Monumentorum Joannis Hus atque Hieronymi Pragensis. Novmbergensem 1715, folio, vol. ii. p. 520.*

Page 17, line 21. *For Kingdom, &c.* After this line the edition 1621 has this Conclusion :

“For ay. Amen. Lat it be sa ever, we Thee pray.”

And line 28 is followed by the words, *Say the Lordis Prayer, above awritten, befoir Supper.*

Page 18, line 12. [Deo Gratias]. *We thank thee God, of Thy gudnes.* This grace is from the German of Nicolas Boie, beginning:

O Godt, wy dancken dyner gude
dorch Christum vnsen Heren.

Wackernagel, No. 453, gives it from the Magdeburg Hymn Book, 1543: and also in Professor Mitchell's Lecture, p. 59.

Page 18, after line 7. The edition 1621 has the words, *Say the Lordis Prayer, or ane part of the Catechisme, efter Supper.*

Page 19. “Ane Confession of Sin.” *Sore I Complaine of Sin.* In the edition 1621 the title reads “Followes Spirituall Sangis, and ane Confessioun of Sin, with ane Prayer. Line 12, *vyle*, is *vyld*.”

The first three verses of this Confession, along with some other “Godlie Ballates,” not included in the present collection, formed the fly-leaves of an old volume of the Kirk-session Records of Inverness. The volume contains the register from 1604 to 1616. For a transcript of the religious verses, or “ballatis,” in their present mutilated state, I was indebted some years ago to the Rev. Hew Scott, D.D., author of the “Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ.”

Page 21. “Ane Sang of our Corrupt Nature,” &c. *We wretchit sinners pure.* These verses would read better, by having the third and sixth lines of each stanza divided into

short lines, for the sake of the metre. This is from the German hymn by Hermann Bonn, which begins:

Och wy armen sünders!
vnse missedadt,
Dar wy ynne entfangen
vnd gebaren sint.
Hefft gebracht vns alle
yn stölcke grote nodt,
Dat wy vnderworpen sint
dem ewigen dod.

Kyrieleyson, Christeleyson, Kyrieleyson!
printed by Wackernagel, No. 451, from the Magdeburg
Geystliche Leider vnd Psalmen, 1543; and by Professor
Mitchell, p. 59.

Page 22. "Ane Sang of the Flesche and the Spreit." *All
Christin men tak tent and leir.* The author of this poetical
dispute or controversy was Hans Witzstat von Wer-
theim. It occurs as No. 276 in Wackernagel, with the
title, "Der geystlich Buchsbaum, Von dem streyte des
Fleysches wider den Geyst," and at p. 61 of Professor
Mitchell's Lecture. Of a still earlier date, the Wedder-
burns might have found poems of a similar cast in the
"Ressoning betwixt Aige and Yowth," or the "Ressoning
betwixt Deth and Man," by Henryson, or in "The Merle
and the Nyctingail," by Dunbar.

This poem, "Ane Sang of the Flesche and the Spreit,"
and those in the preceding pages of the Godlie Ballates,
are given as the "METRICAL CATECHISM," by the Rev.
Dr H. Bonar, in the Appendix to his valuable collection
of "Catechisms of the Scottish Reformation," Lond.
1866, post 8vo, pages 301-323. Whether under this title

we should recognise an early printed edition mentioned by Ames in his *Typographical Antiquities*, 1749, p. 585, but of which no copy has been discovered, I will not pretend to say. Calvin's Catechism, in prose, was often reprinted. The title, as given by Ames, may be quoted.

"The Catechisme in two partes; the first in Scotch poetry, having a kalender before it. The second part in Latin and Scottis prose, entituled, *Catechismus ecclesiae Geneuensis, hoc est, formula erudiendi pueros in doctrina Christi. Authore Johanne Calvino. Ubi colloquuntur praeceptor, et discipulus, vel minister, et puer.* ¶ The Catechisme, or maner to teiche children the Christiane religioun. Wherein the minister demandeth the questioun, and the chylde maketh answer; made by the excellent doctour and pastour in Christis kirk, Johne Calvin. The first question is, Quhat is the principal and cheif end of mannis Lyfe? The chyld: To know God. Edinburgh. Imprinted by John Ross, for Henrie Charteris, 1574." 12mo.

Page 25. "Ane Sang of the Croce." *Cum heir, sayis Goddis sone to me.* Another composition by the same author, Hans Witzstat von Wertheim. Wackernagel, No. 275, gives two different sets,

Kompt her zu mir, spricht Gottes Son,
with considerable variations; the second of these is contained in Professor Mitchell's Appendix, p. 64.

Page 26, line 24. "Gais out his end" (edit. 1621.)

Page 27, line 1. "Than sa unthankfullie deceist" (edit. 1621.)

Page 27, line 5. *Tbocht ane*, &c. In the old copies, the two lines that follow are evidently transposed, as both

the sense and the metrical arrangement require that they should read thus—

Thocht ane had all this warld sa wyde,
With golde, and precious stanis of pryde,
Yit he sall die, with dule and pyne.

Page 28, line 4. "And quhen this schort pyne do you greif" (edit. 1621.)

Page 29, line 8. *Said* is a mistake for *sad*; and *persevir* in the next line should have been corrected *perseveir*.

Page 35, line 28. "And syne efter" (edit. 1621.)

Page 36, line 14. "Wrytes Esay" (edit. 1621.)

Page 37. "The principal pointis of the Passion," &c.
Help, God, the former of all things. From the German
"Hilff, Gott, das mir gelinge."

It has thirteen stanzas. The last two lines, which mention the author's name, are not translated.

13. Recht last vns alle bitten
Christum für öberkeit,
Ob wir schön von in lidten
gewalt, auch für all feind,
Das in Gott wöll genedig sein:
Hat HEINRICH MÜLLER gesungen
in dem gefengnis sein.

See Wackernagel, No. 294. In place of these lines, it will be seen that Wedderburn has simply

In prison, for the Veritie,
Ane faithfull BROTHER maid this Sang.

Professor Mitchell, who gives the entire hymn, adds this note: "As stated in this last verse, Henry Muller was the author of this hymn, and composed it while in prison. His name is left out in the Scottish version, and

Sir J. Dalryell seems to have supposed the reference in it was to the imprisonment of the Scottish poet. The German appears first in the Magdeburg Hymn Book of 1540," (p. 70.)—It was quite natural, however, from the above words, to draw such an inference.

Page 39, line 4. "Him" is here repeated by mistake.

Page 40. "Ane Sang of the Euangell," &c. *Be blyith all Gbristin men, and sing.* The original hymn by Luther begins

Ny freud euch, lieben Christen g'mein,
vnd lasst vns frölich springen;
Das wir getrost vnd all in ein
mit lust vnd liebe singen;
Was Gott an vns gewendet hat,
Vnd seine süssé wunderthat,
Gar thewr hat er's erworben.

It consists of ten seven-line stanzas—(See it in Wackernagel, No. 184, and in Professor Mitchell's Lecture, p. 70). It has more than once been translated into English; and is reckoned to have been the first hymn which Luther published in 1524.

Page 42, line 20. "Saif thou man bee" (edit. 1621.)

Page 43. "Ane Sang of the Birth of Christ, to be sung with the tune of Balulalow." In the edition 1621, "with the tune of Baw lulalaw." *I come from Heuin to tell.* This may be called a literal translation of Luther's celebrated Christmas Carol or Hymn for Christmas Eve. Each of them contains 15 four-line stanzas. It forms No. 214 in Wackernagel, and is also printed in full by Professor Mitchell, p. 25. The first three may be quoted as a specimen of the versification.

*Ein Kinderlied, auff die Weibenachten,
vom Kindlein Jhesu.*

Von Himel hoch da kom ich her,
Ich bring euch gute neue mehr,
Der guten mehr bring ich so viel,
Dauon ich singen vnd sagen will.

Euch ist ein Kindlein heut geborn,
Von einer Jungfraw auserkorn,
Ein Kindelein so zart vnd fein,
Das soll ewr freud vnd wonne sein.

Es ist der Herr Christ vnser Gott,
Der will euch fñrn auss aller not,
Er will ewr Heiland selber sein,
Von allen sunden machen rein. (Fol. xlvi.)

The same verses from Miss Winckworth's translation may also be quoted. She says this carol or hymn was written (in 1535) by Luther, for "his little boy Hans, when the latter was five years old, and it is still sung from the dome of the Kreuzkirche in Dresden before day-break on the morning of Christmas day. It refers to the custom then and long afterwards prevalent in Germany, of making at Christmas-time representations of the manger with the infant Jesus."—(*Lyra Germanica*, p. x.)

From heaven above to earth I come
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing:

To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;

This little child, of lowly birth,
 Shall be the joy of all your earth.
 'Tis Christ our God, who far on high,
 Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
 Himself will your Salvation be,
 Himself from sin will make you free.

Page 45, line 10. "Sall I bow" (edit. 1621.)

Page 45. [A Christmas Sang.] *To us is born a Barne of bliss.* Wackernagel, No. 666, includes this among the productions of unknown authors, "Unbekannte Dichter," from the Strassburg Psalter, 1539. Professor Mitchell also prints it in his Lecture, p. 25. It begins:

Ein Gesang auff Weibennachten.
 Ein kindelin so lobenlich
 ist vns geboren heute,
 Von einer Jungfraw seiberlich
 zu trost vns armen leute.
 Wer vns das kindlin nicht geborn
 So weren wir all z'mal verlorn,
 das heil ist vnser allen!
 Oy du süsßer Jesu Christ,
 Das du mensch geboren bist,
 Behüt vns vor der hellen.

Page 47. "In dulci jubilo." In all the editions of the Godly Ballads this is inaccurately printed *in dulce*; and the next line has *in principio*, an evident typographical mistake for, *in præsepio* (in the manger or stable). The lines also run on, giving it a very unintelligible appearance. I have followed the form of the original.

This strange mixture of two languages is an exact

translation, in the same style, of the old German hymn which belongs to the fifteenth century. Wackernagel has given it in two different forms, in Nos. 125 and 791. The latter, he says, is from the "Geistlichen Liedern, gedruckt zu Wittemberg, 1535," and is similar to the following copy, taken from the Nuremberg collection, printed in 1570:—

Ein ander Weibenachten Lied (or, another old Song
or Carol for Christmas Eve).

In dulci júbilo,
Nun singet vnd seid fro,
Vnsers hertzen wunne,
Leit in præsepio,
Vnd leuchtet als die Sonne,
Matris in gremio,
Alpha es & O; Alpha es & O.

O Jesu paruule,
Nach dir ist mir so weh,
Tröst mir mein gemüte,
O Puer optime,
Durch alle deine gütte
O Princeps gloriæ,
Trahe me post te; Trahe me post te.

O Patris charitas,
O Nati lenitas,
Wir weren all verloren,
Per nostra crimina.
So hat er vns erworben,
Cælorum gaudia,
Eia wer wir da; Eia wer wir da.

Vbi sunt gaudia,
 Nirgend mehr denn da,
 Da die Engel singen,
 Noua Cantica,
 Vnd die Schellen klingen
 In Regis curia,
 Eia wer wir da; Eia wer wir da. (Fol. xlix.)

Another and similar Song on the Nativity in Latin and German occurs in the Nuremberg volume, 1570, fol. 50. It begins:

Puer natus in Bethlehem, in Bethlehem
 Ein kind geborn zu Bethlehem, zu Bethlehem.
 Unde gaudet Jerusalem, Halle Halleluia!
 des frewet sich Jerusalem, Halle Halleluia!
 Hic jacet in præsepio, præsepio,
 Hic light er in dem Krippelein, Krippelein,
 Qui regnat sine termino, Halle Halleluia!
 On ende ist die Herschafft sein, Halle Halleluia!

Line 7. "Alpha es et O," or Omega, the first and last letters of the Greek Alphabet. In the words of Scripture: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending." (Revel. ch. i. v. 8.)—"I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last"—(*Ib.* v. 13). See also ch. xxi. v. 6.

Page 47. [Gloria in excelsis Deo.] *Onlie to God on beich, be gloir.* The author of the German original was Nicolaus Decius, and it appeared in the "Geystliche Leider vnd Psalmen," at Magdeburg, 1540. It is here copied from Wackernagel, No. 420.

Allein Gott inn der höhe sey ehr,
 Vnd danck fur seine gnade,

Darumb das nu vnd nimermehr
 Vns ruren kan eine schade!
 Ein wolgefallen Gott an vns hat,
 Nu ist gros fried on vnterlas,
 All fehde hat nu ein ende.

Wir loben, preisen, anbeten dich
 Fur deine ehre, wir dancken,
 Das du, Gott Vater, ewiglich
 Regierest on alles wancken.
 Gantz vngemessen ist deine macht,
 Fort g'schicht, was dein will hat erdacht,
 Wol vns des feinen Herren!

O Jhesu Christ, Son eingeborn
 Deines himlischen Vaters,
 Versöner der, die warn verlorn,
 Du stiller vnsers haders.
 Lam Gottes, heiliger Herr vnd Gott
 Nim an die bitt von vnser noth
 Erbarm dich vnser, Amen!

O heiliger Geist, du gröstes gut,
 Du aller heilsampst Tröster;
 Furs Teuffells g'walt fort an behut
 Die Jhesus Christ erlöset
 Durch grosse marter vnd bitterm tod!
 Abwend all vnsern jamer vnd noth,
 Dazu wir vns verlassen.

The translation by Coverdale may also be quoted for comparison. He certainly exhibits less skill than Wedderburn in versification.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.

To God the hyghest be glory alwaye,
For his great kyndnesse and mercy ;
That doth provide both nyght and daye
Both for oure soule and oure body.
To mankynde hath God great pleasure
Now is great peace everywhere ;
God hath put out all emmyte.

Ad Patrem.

We love and prayse and honoure thé,
For thy great glory ; we thanke thy grace,
That thou, God, Father eternally,
Art oure defender in every place.
Thou art to us a mercyfull Father,
And we thy chyldren altogether ;
Therefore we geve the thanks alwayes.

Ad Filium.

O Jesu Christ, thou onely Sonne,
Of God Almyghty thy heavenly Father,
Our full and whole redempcyon.
Thou that hast stilled God's displeasure ;
O God's Lambe, thou takest synne awaye,
When we have nede, helpe us alwaye ;
Graunt us thy mercy altogether.

Ad Spiritum Sanctum.

O Holy Ghost, our confortoure
In all oure trouble and hevynesse ;
Defende us all from Sathan's power,
Whome Christ hath bought from wofulnesse ;

Kepe oure hertes in the verite,
 In oure tentacyon stonde us by,
 And strength alwaye oure weake bodies.¹

Page 48. "Of the greit louing and blyithnes of Godd word." *Lord God, thy face and word of grace.* This hym should be printed in short lines, thus—

Lord God, thy face
 and word of grace
 Hes lang been hid be craft of men;
 Quhill at the last
 the night is past,
 And we full weill thair falset ken.

It is evidently founded upon a German hymn, contained in the *Gesangbuch*, printed at Wittenberg, 1535. A Coverdale has given a more literal translation in seven stanzas, the first three may be quoted for comparison arranged in short lines for the rhyme:

O Heavenly Lorde,
 thy godly worde
 Hath longe bene kepte alwaye from us;
 But thorow thy grace,
 now in oure dayes,
 Thou hast shewed thé so plenteous,
 That very well
 we can now tell
 What thy Apostles have written al;
 And now we se
 thy worde openly
 Hath geuen Anthyechrist a great fall.

¹ Works of Bishop Coverdale, p. 564. Camb. 1846. Parker Society.

It is so cleare,
as we may heare,
No man by ryght can it deny,
That many a yeare
thy people deare
Have bene begyled perlously
With men Spirituall,
as we them call,
But not of thy Spirite truly:
For more carnall
are none at all,
Than many of these spirites be.

They have been ever
sworne altogether,
Theyr owne lawes for to kepe alwaye:
But, mercyfull Lorde,
of thy swete worde
There durst no man begynne to saye.
They durst them call
great heretikes all,
That dyd confesse it stedfastly;
For they charged,
it shulde be hyd,
And not be spoken of openly.

The original German, "Vom Evangelischen Glauben," of eight stanzas of eight lines, has been ascribed to Paulus Speratus; but Wackernagel, No. 637, classes it with others by unknown writers ("Lieder von Unbekannten Dichtern.") It begins—

O Herre Gott, dein Göttlich wort
ist lang verdunkelt blieben.

Professor Mitchell, at p. 73, gives the first, third, and fourth verses of Wedderburn's, with the same in German; and at p. 39, the second and third verses, with the similar version by Coverdale, remarking that "it is a translation which breathes quite as kindly and compassionate a spirit towards the deluded Papists as the original, and displays a tone and temper considerably different from that which even Coverdale has managed to throw into his version of the same hymn."

Page 52. "Ane Sang of the Resurrection." *Christ gaue him self to deid*. This appears to have been translated from the Latin, which is here copied from Professor Mitchell's Lecture, p. 27:—

DE MORTE ET RESURRECTIONE CHRISTI.

Christus pro nobis passus est
et immolatus, agnus est,
Effuso suo sanguine
in ipsa Crucis arbore;
Et mortuus imperium
devicit Diabolicum.

Nam resurgens ex mortuis
Victor redit ex inferis,
Delevit et chirographum
nobis quod est contrarium,
Exspoliato Satana,
reclusa Cœli janua.
Habemus ergo liberum
jam nos ad Patris aditum,

Per Christum Dei filium
pro nobis morti traditum.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Benedicamus Domino!

Page 53, line 1. "That drierie difference" (edit. 1621).

Page 54, line 8. "From thyne to Ynde." The edit. 1621 corrects this to "from Thyle to Inde." *Thyle* is a name occurring in Solinus, as the *Ultima Thule*. (See Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, vol. i. p. 16.) Lines 14 and 15 are omitted in edit. 1621.

Page 55, line 16. "I have faultit sore" (edit. 1621).

Page 57. *I call on thee, Lord Jesus Christ*. The original German hymn, with title, "Ein Geistlich lied, zu bit-ten vmb glauben, lieb vnd hoffnung," is printed by Wackernagel, No. 226, and ascribed to Paulus Speratus.

Ich ruff zu dir, Herr Jhesu Christ,
ich bit, erhö'r mein klagen;

in five stanzas of nine lines. It is given by Professor Mitchell at p. 73.

This is one of the four poems or psalms, common both to Coverdale and Wedderburn. The following various readings may be noticed:

Line 4. Tyll thy swete worde have conforted me.

13. Excepte thou with thy grace oppresse.

15. Cause me therefore
to hope evermore

On thy mercy and swete promises.

23. unthankfully departe.

38. Followe upon me where I go.

Therefore wolde I

Now fayne delyvered be.

In Coverdale's volume, the seventh line of each stanza is divided into two short lines, as above, line 15, &c.

Page 60, line 19. *Gloir*, for the sake of the rhyme, should be read *glorie*. The edition 1621 has *glorie*.

Page 62, line 11. "Of Christ forsuith no thing wee knaw" (edit. 1621).

Page 63, line 22. "Our heill," edit. 1621; but *beill* and *helth* are synonymous.

Page 64. *Of thingis tawa, I pray thee, Lord*. These verses are a paraphrase of the words of Agur, recorded in the Book of Proverbs, ch. xxx. v. 7, &c.

Page 64, line 21. "Puirteith" (edit. 1621).

Page 65, line 14. "Wald diuert;" and line 20, "As into deid" (edit. 1621).

Page 73, line 3. "Lat us rejoyce" (edit. 1621).

Page 74. Psalm ii. Coverdale's version of this Psalm consists of six verses. The first is as follows:

Wherefore do the heithen now rage thus,
 Conspyryng together so wyckedly?
 Wherefore are the people so malicious,
 Vayne thynges to ymagyn so folysly?
 The kynges of the earth stonde up together,
 And worldly rulers do conspyre [ever]
 Agaynst the Lorde and his Christ truly.

Page 74. Psalm vi.—*Qubat is the caus, O God omnipotent*—is from the German,

Hilff Gott, wie geht das imer zu,
 dass alles volck so grimmet?

attributed to Andrew Knöpkén, and said to have appeared in one of the *Enchiridions* of 1528. Wackernagel, No.

272, gives it in two texts of eight seven-line stanzas. Professor Mitchell, at p. 75, says, "It is found in the Magdeburg and in the Strasburg Hymn-books."

Page 75, line 4. "Yow hes send," read "Thow hes send;" and in line 13, "Thow makis," or "thou makes," in the old copies, is an evident misprint for "Thow mockis."

Page 76. Psalm xi. Coverdale's version of this Psalm is in six verses, with the following title. The first verse may serve as a specimen :

AGAYNST FALSE DOCTRYNE AND YPOCRITES.

Helpe now, O Lorde, and loke on us,
How we are brought in lowe degre.
Thy sayntes are dryven from every house,
Where are fewe faythfull left truely:
Men wyll not suffre thy trueth to be known,
Thy fayth is almost overthrowen
Amonge men's chyl dren piteously.

Page 76. Psalm xii. *Saif us, gude Lord, and succour send.* Or Psalm xi., as here, according to the numbering of the Vulgate. Luther's German version,

Ah! Gott von himel, sich darein
und las dich des erbarmen,

as given by Wackernagel, No. 185, was used by Wedderburn.

Page 78. Psalm xiii.—xxii. is a typographical mistake in the old copies for xii. according to the Vulgate, and line 5 is evidently wanting.

Ach Got, wie lang vergissest mein
gar nocht bis an das ende !

Professor Mitchell, p. 77, gives three verses of the German, and thus supplies the defective line,

[Mine enemie exalted be, how lang ?]

Wackernagel (No. 279) prints this version of "Der Zwelfft Psalm," under the name of the author, Mattheus Greiter.

Page 78. Psalm xv. is also wrong numbered xxiiij. *O Lord, quba sall in beuin dwell with Thee.* This Psalm was derived from the German of Wolfgang Dachstein,

O Herr, wer wirt wonunge hon
in deinen zelten klüge.

See Wackernagel, No. 263.

Page 79, line 6. "Be knaw," a mistake for "he knaw."
Line 19. "From fyre," in edit. 1621, "from sinne."

Page 79. Psalm xxiii. *The Lord God is my Pastor gude*, is line for line with the German version of Wolfgang Meüszlin, or Wolfgang Musculus,

Der Herre ist mein trewer hirt,
Helt mich in seiner hute.

See Wackernagel, No. 268, and the Appendix of Professor Mitchell's Lecture, pp. 79-80.

Page 80, line 11. "And thoct I wauer, or ga will," in edit. 1621, "And though I wander, or goe will." *Go will* means to go astray.

Page 81, last line. "And worship him all haunts" (edit. 1621).

Page 86, line 7. "The wickit man;"—line 15, "Fyne (or end) is miserie" (edit. 1621).

Page 88, line 8. "Bot stakerand:" in edit. 1621,
"But stagger, and almaist."

Page 90, line 18. For *flycht*, read *slicht*; and in the
same line, Hart's edit. 1621 repeats the word *pretend* from
16, in place of *intend*.

Page 90. Psalm 83. *God, for thy grace.* An earlier
version of this Psalm, without the translator's name, occurs
in Bannatyne's MS., 1568. It consists of seven stanzas.
The first line, and some others, are the same as Wedder-
burn's, the second line of which, being defective in the
printed copies, is supplied from that MS., although the
rhyme does not suit. In the MS. it begins

God, for thy grace, thow keip no moir silence,
Ceiss not, O God, nor hald thy peax no moir,
For lo thy fois with crewall violence,
Confiderat ar, and with ane hiddeous roir,
In this thair rage, thaye ribbalis, brag, and schoir,
And thay that hait thé most maliciously
Aganis thy nicht, thair heidis hes raisd on hie.

For to oppress thy pepill thay pretend
With subtill slicht, and moue conspiracie
For sic as on thy secreit help depend,
Go to, say thay, and latt us utterlie.
This natioun rute out from memorie,
And of the name of Israelitis, lat nevir
Forther be maid mentioun for euir.

Conspyrit ar, with crewall hairtis and fell,
Thus aganis Thé togidder in ane band.

.

Page 91, line 25. In Hart's edit. 1621, "Syne sylic Princes," supplying the word omitted in edit. 1578.

Page 94, line 15. Read, as in edit. 1621, "edderis stang."

Page 95. Psalm cxliii.—*Quben fra Egypt departis Israel*; and Psalm cxv.—*Not unto us*. In the old copies, these two Psalms (cxiv. and cxv.) are printed as one, without any division, as in the Vulgate, but numbered lxxxj. Line 2, *barbour* is a mistake for *barbour* (barbarous).

Page 97, line 8. "For like the watter and wales (waves) bryme" (edit. 1621).

Page 97. Psalm cxxiv. *Except the Lord with us had stand*. Professor Mitchell extracts this along with Coverdale's version of the same Psalm, to shew that Wedderburn "was not a mere versifier like Myles Coverdale, but a true poet, whose words were fitted to go deep into the hearts of his countrymen, to rouse them to deeds of noble daring, and sustain them even under severest suffering."—(P. 43.)

Coverdale's version of this Psalm may be here given in full:

THE CXXIII. (CXXIV.) PSALME OF DAVID.

Nisi quia Dominus.

Except the Lorde had bene with us,
 Now maye Israel say boldly;
 Excepte the Lorde had ben with us,
 When men rose up agaynst us fearsly;
 They had deuoured us quych doutlesse,
 And had overwonne us confortlesse,
 They were so wroth at us truly.

The waves of waters had wrapped us in;
 Oure soule had gone under the floode.
 The depe waters of these proude men
 Had ronne oure soules over where they stode.
 The Lorde be prayسد every houre,
 That wolde not suffre them us to deuoure,
 Nor in theyr tethe to sucke oure bloude!

Our soule is delyvered from theyr power,
 They can not have that they have sought.
 As the byrde from the snare of the fouler,
 So are we from theyr daungers brought.
 The snare is broken, and we are fre;
 Oure helpe is in the Lorde's name truly
 Which hath made heaven and earth of nought.

Page 98. Psalm cxxx. *Fra deip, O Lord, I call to thee.*
 This Psalm was also translated by Coverdale, and is given
 by Professor Mitchell, p. 34, as "one of the most favour-
 able specimens of Coverdale's powers as a translator."
 It begins:

Out of the depe crye I to Thé,
 O Lorde! Lorde! hear my callynge;
 O let thyne eares enclyned be
 To the voyce of my complaynyng.
 Yf thou, Lorde, wylt deale with stratenesse,
 To marke all that is done amyss,
 Lorde, who may abyde that rekenyng?

Page 99. Psalm cxxxvii. in the old copies is numbered
 cxxxviii. by mistake. This Psalm occurs in Coverdale's
 collection in five stanzas, of which the first may be given:

At the Ryvers of Babilon,
 There sat we downe ryght hevely;
 Even whan we thought upon Sion,
 We wepte together sorofully;
 For we were in soch hevynes,
 That we forgot all our merynes,
 And lefte of all oure sport and playe.
 On the willye trees that were thereby
 We hanged up our harpes truly,
 And morned sore both nyght and daye.

Page 101, line 14. *All loving*, a mistake in the old copies for *All leving*.

Page 102, line 22. "All foldit" (edit. 1621).

Page 104. Psalm li. *Have mercy on me, God of micht*. See Preface, p. xl., respecting the supposition of this metrical version having been sung by George Wishart the night before his apprehension in 1546, Knox quoting the lines

Have mercy on me now, good Lord,
 After thy great mercy.

There were, however, other translations, particularly two by Coverdale, which undoubtedly existed at that time in a printed form. A specimen of each may be subjoined from his "Ghostly Psalmes and Spirituall Songs:"—

THE L. (LI.) PSALME OF DAVID.

Miserere mei Deus.

O Lorde God, have mercy on me,
 After thy marvelous great pitie:
 As thou art full of mercy,
 Do away all my iniquite;

And washe me from all fylthynesse
 Of my great synnes and wantonesse;
 For they are many within me,
 And ever I fele them hevye:
 My synne is alwaye before myne eye;
 I have alone offended thé;
 Before thé have I lyved synfully:
 In thy worde stondest thou stedfastly,
 Thoughe thou be judged wrongfully.

THE SAME PSALME.

Miserere mei Deus.

O God, be mercyfull to me,
 Accordynge to thy great pitie;
 Washe of, make clene my iniquite:
 I knowlege my synne, and it greveth me;
 Agaynst thé, agaynst thé only
 Have I synned, which is before myne eye;
 Though thou be judged in man's sight,
 Yet are thy wordes founde true and ryght.

Page 107, line 18. "Zit of my cleneness" (edit. 1621).

Page 108, lines 14 and 15. *Aduerte*, and *aduert*, so in the old copies, in place of *Auerte*, and *auert* (turn away.)

Page 110, line 5. "Conforme" should be, as in edit. 1621, "Confirme thy Spreit."

Page 113, line 21. "Ay singand Sanctus sweet." In the edit. 1578, "Sanctis;" in that of 1621, "Ay singand with saintes sweet." But the word evidently is *Sanctus*, from the *Ter Sanctus* (Thrice Holy) in the words of the Seraphim, in the magnificent description by Isaiah of his heavenly vision (ch. vi. 3), in the ascription of praise to

the Almighty—**SANCTUS, SANCTUS, SANCTUS, DOMINUS SABAOTH, PLENA EST OMNIS TERRA GLORIA EJUS**; and of St John (Revel. iv. 8)—**SANCTUS, SANCTUS, SANCTUS, DOMINUS DEUS OMNIPOTENS, QUI ERAT, ET QUI EST, ET QUI VENTURUS EST.**

Sir David Lyndsay, in his *Dreme*, says the glorious Spirits of the Angelic Host were divided into Nine Orders,

————— the quhilkis excellentlye
Makis loving (praise) with sound melodious
Syngand **SANCTUS** rycht wounder ferventlye.

So also Dante, before reaching the ninth heaven, says—

Si com'io tacqui, un dolcissimo canto,
Risonò per lo Cielo; e la mia donna¹
Dicea, con gli altri, **SANTO, SANTO, SANTO.**

Page 113. Coverdale has two versions of this *Psalm*, cxxviii., the one being an alteration of the other; but neither of them need be quoted.

Page 114, line 25. "Beseikand that hee grant mee grace" (edit. 1621).

Page 116. "Quho is at my window, quho? quho?" In Chappell's *Popular English Song and Ballad Music*, vol. i. p. 140, the tune of this song, as it occurs in various early collections, is given to the words

Go from my window, love, go;
Go from my window, my dear.
The wind and the rain
Will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here.

Page 117, line 7. "Like a stranger" (edit. 1621).

¹ *Mia Donna*, my Lady Beatrice.—(PARADISO, canto xxvi.)

Page 118, line 5. "Sa farre has;"—line 7, "In at thy doore" (edit. 1621).

Page 119. Psalm lxvii. "Deus misereatur." *O God be mercifull to us.* This version is common both to Coverdale and to Wedderburn. The chief variations are the following lines:

- Line 1. God be mercyfull unto us,
 And sende over us his blessynge;
 Shewe us his presence glorious,
 And be ever to us lovyng.
 7. That they be not led by nyght nor day
 Throwe the pretexte of trewe justice.
 16. Thou haste directe the earth justly.
 19. O God, let the people prayse thé;
 All people, God, mought geve thé honoure.
 27. Fearynge alwaye his myght and power.

Page 122, line 25. "I am not kinde" (edit. 1621).

Page 124, lines 3 and 7. "Your Grace" evidently applies to James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, created Duke of Chatelherault, who was appointed Governor of Scotland, and filled the office from 1542 to 1554.

Page 125, line 13. "It indureth" (edit. 1621).

Page 125. "Magnificat anima mea." *My Saul dois magnifie the Lord.* This, the Song of the Virgin Mary, is Coverdale's translation, as given in his "Ghostly Psalmes and Hymns." The original German "Das Lobgesang Marie," by Symphorianus Pollio, in 1524, begins—

Meyn seil erhebt den Herren meyn,
 Meyn geyst thut sich erspringen.
 In dem, der sol meyn heyland sein!
 Maria al thut singen:

Printed in 1570 volume, fol. lxii.: and in Wackernagel, No. 521. The chief variations in Coverdale are—

- Line 17. He sheweth strength with his great arme,
 Declaryng hymselfe to be of power;
 He scatereth the proude to theyr own harme,
 Even with the wicked behavioure.
24. Exaltynge them of lowe degre.
29. And helpeth his servaunt truely
 Even Israel, as he promysed
 Unto oure fathers perpetually,
 Abraham and to his sede.

An anonymous "Song of the Virgin Mary," in ten stanzas, is preserved in George Bannatyne's MS. 1568.

Page 126. "Christe, qui lux es." *Christ, thou art the light, &c.* The original was one of the beautiful old Latin hymns of the early Christian Church. It may be quoted in full, although Wedderburn was probably indebted to the old German translation, which Wackernagel, No. 138, gives from the "Salus Animæ," Nurnberg, 1503, 16mo. He also, as No. 21, gives the Latin verses, in the "Interpretatio Theotisca," ed. Jac. Grimm. It wants the concluding doxology.

HYMNUS. AD COMPLETORIUM.

I.

Christe, qui Lux es et dies,
 Noctis tenebras detegis,
 Lucisque lumen crederis,
 Lumen beatum prædicans.

2.

Precamur, sancte Domine,
Defende nos in hac nocte;
Sit nobis in Te requies,
Quietam noctem tribue.

3.

Ne grauis somnus irruat,
Nec hostis nos surripiat;
Nec caro illi consentiens,
Nos Tibi reos statuatur.

4.

Oculi somnum capiant,
Cor ad Te semper vigilet;
Dextera Tua protegat
Famulos, qui Te diligunt.

5.

Defensor noster, aspice,
Insidiantes reprime;
Guberna Tuos famulos,
Quos sanguine mercatus es.

6.

Memento nostri, Domine,
In graui isto corpore;
Qui es defensor animæ,
Adesto nobis, Domine.

7.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Et nunc, et in perpetuum. Amen

The above hymn is given from the old Salisbury Missal. See the *Hymnarium Sarisburiense*, p. 64, Lond. 1851, 8vo, where it is printed with the music, and collated with the best MSS. It is also in the "*Kirchengesang Teutsch vnd Lateinisch*," &c., fol. lxxiiiij., printed at Nuremberg, 1570, folio, which also has at fol. li. the old German translation, beginning

Christe der du bist tag vnd liecht,
Für dir est Herr verborgen nichts
Du Vaterliches liechtes glantz,
Lehr vns den weg der warheit gantz.

An English version, by Coverdale, in a different kind of metre, is contained in his *Ghostly Psalms and Spiritual Songs*. It begins

O CHRIST, that art the lyght and daye,
Thou discoverst the darkness of nyght;
The lyght of lyghtes thou art alwaye,
Preaching ever the blessed lyght.
Thou holy Lorde, to thee we praye
Defende us all in this darke nyght,
Let us have rest in thee alwaye,
And graunt us all a quyet nyght.

In Bannatyne's MS., 1568, fol. 21, is an older metrical version, in seven stanzas of eight verses, the first and last of each having the corresponding lines of the Latin original. The first verse may serve as a specimen:

Christe, qui lux es et dies:
O Jesu Chryst the verry licht
And daye that undois all dirknes
Uncovering mirknes of the nicht

The licht of licht, belevit richt,
 Thow grant us all, but disperance,
 Of thy visage to haif a sicht,
 Lumen beatum predicans.

Page 126, line 6. "The night;"—line 17, "To take;"
 —line 20, "Loues full weill" (edit. 1621).

Page 127. *Christ is the onlie Sone of God.* This is the fourth poem in the present collection which belongs to Coverdale. The only variations worth noticing are

- Line 12. He hath Hell gates broken.
 21. That they erre not from the ryght.
 28. And to thyrst after no mo.

It is nearly a literal version of the "Geistlich Lied von Christo." The first and second of five verses of the original may be quoted, from the 1570 collection, fol. xl. Wackernagel, No. 236, inserts it from the earlier "Geystliche Gesangbüchlin," Wittenberg, 1525, 12mo (No. xxxv. in his *Descriptions*, p. 727), and ascribes its composition to Elisabeth Creutziger:

Herr Christ der einig Gotts Son,
 Vatters in ewigkeit,
 Auss seim hertzen entsprossen,
 Gleich wie geschriben steht:
 Er ist der Morgensterne,
 Sein glantz streckt er sehr ferne,
 Für andern Sternen klar.

Für vns ein mensch geboren,
 Im letzten theil der zeit.
 Der Mutter vnuerloren,
 Ir junckfrewlich keuscheit.

Den tod für vns zubrochen,
Den Himel auffgeschlossen,
Das leben, widerbracht.

Page 128, line 8. "Awake, O Lord" (edit. 1621).

Page 128. *Christ Jesus is ane A per C*: that is, *A per se*. The letter *A*, by itself, as the first in the alphabet, is applied by the old Scottish poets—by Dunbar, Douglas, and others—to denote a person or thing incomparable (Alex. Scott's Poems, 1568, p. 91.)

Page 132. *Grevous is my Sorroaw*. The original of this may have been an English song of the latter part of the Fifteenth Century, preserved in a MS. of Sloane's—British Museum, No. 1584, fol. 85. It has fourteen stanzas of eight lines, and is printed, with the title, "The Dying Maiden's Complaint," in Ritson's Ancient English Songs, 1790, p. 93, and as "A Song of Love-Longing," in Wright and Halliwell's Reliquiæ Antiquæ, 1841, vol. i. p. 70. The first verse may be quoted—

Grevus ys my sorowe,
Both evyne and moro!
Unto my selfe alone
Thus do I make my mowne:
That unkyndnes hath kyled me,
And put me to this peyne;
Alas! what remedy?
That I can not refreyne.

Page 136, line 14. "My Testament" (edit. 1621).

Page 137, line 23. "For I had lever die;"—line 24, "For hir saull" (edit. 1621).

Page 138, line 10. "Represents man;"—line 15, "Oh Johne" (edit. 1621).

Page 138. "Johne, cum kis me now." The old and popular English tune, with this name, is found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and in various printed collections. Mr Chappell, in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time," vol. i. p. 147, has collected numerous allusions to it by the old dramatists and other writers. One of these is from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. I do not find the words in the edit. Lond. 1632; but they occur in the fifth and augmented edition, p. 532, 1638, folio—"Yea, many times this love will make old men and women, that have more toes than teeth, dance,—*John, come kiss me now.*"

In Greaves's Songs, London, 1604, folio, No. v., as quoted by Mr George Chalmers (MS. collections, in my possession), we find

I pray thee, sweet John,
Gentle John, come quickly kisse me;
Come quickly kisse me;
Quick, quick, quick, quick, and let me be.

Mr C. adds, "Query if this be not a ridicule of 'John, come kiss me now,' in the Godlie Ballates?"

Page 139, line 3. "O pure lyfe" probably should be "Of pure luif (love);"—line 19, "He left behinde" (edit. 1621).

Page 141, line 12. "Thus contende" (edit. 1621).

Page 142, line 6. "And bid;"—line 8, "Defender;"—line 25, "And full meike" (edit. 1621). *Byde*, in line 6, is a mistake for *hyde*.

Page 143, line 1. "That health is for all flesh;"—line 2, "Thy Saviour;"—line 16, "Returne to earth againe" (edit. 1621).

Page 143. *Our Brother let us put in graue.* This fune-

Erd ist er, vnd von der erden,
Wird auch zu erd wider werden,
Vnd von der erd wider aufferstehen,
Wenn Gottes posaun wird anhehn.

Sein Seele lebt ewig in Gott,
Der sie allhie auss lauter gnad,
Von aller stünd vnd missethat,
Durch seinen Son erlöset hat.

Sein jammer, trübsal vnd ellend,
Ist kommen zu eim seligen end,
Er hat getragen Christus joch,
Ist gestorben vnd lebt doch noch.

Die Seele lebt on alle klag,
Der Leib schlefft biss an Jüngsten tag,
An welchem Gott er verkleren,
Und ewiger freud wird gewehren.

Hie ist er in angst gewesen,
Dort aber wird in genesen,
In ewiger freud vnd wonne,
Leuchten wie die helle Sonne.

Nun lassen wir in hie schlaffen,
Vnd gehn allheim vnser strassen,
Schicken vns auch mit allem fleiss,
Denn der Todt kombt vns gleicher weiss.

Das helff vns Christus vnser trost,
Der vns durch sein blut hat erlost,
Vons Teufels gwalt vnd ewiger pein,
Im sey lob, preiss vnd ehr allein.

In Wackernagel, No. 373, we find a somewhat different text. He omits the last four lines. It only remains to observe, that four of Wedderburn's stanzas (the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th)—

Quhen commin is our hour and tyme,

are probably original, as they have no counterpart in the German texts.

Page 148. *With bevie Hart full of Distres.* This poem occurs in the Inverness Manuscript (see p. 221). The following variations may be noted:

Line 8. And salve (save) me sinfull creature.

14. That I was gottin and borne in.

20. healls all earthlie.

23. The haill Scriptoure.

The concluding lines after 28 are lost.

Page 151. *O Christ, quibilk art the licht of day.* The similarity in the first verse renders it not unlikely that it may have been suggested by the older hymn, *Christ, thou art the licht*, printed at page 126.

Page 152, line 6. "Idolatrie;"—line 13, "Sum raknit Creids" (edit. 1621).

Page 152. "With huntis up, with huntis up." The popular English song, which was a favourite of Henry the Eighth, is said to have been written by William Gray, who wrote a ballad on the downfall of Thomas Earl of Cromwell. It begins

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well-nigh day;
And Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay.

But a similar Song was known in Scotland at a much earlier date. See note in Henryson's Poems and Fables, p. 295. Also Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, &c., vol. i. p. 60; and Dr Rimbault's Little Book of Songs and Ballads, p. 67, Lond. 1851, post 8vo. Alexander Scott, in his poem "Of May" (before 1568), has

With hunts up, every morning plaid.

Page 153, line 19. "Our pence;"—line 25, "Tantonie Bell," evidently the Bell of St Anthony, although Dr Jamieson explained it as "a small bell," from the Fr. *tinton-er*, to resound; but in the Supplement to his Dictionary he admitted that it might refer to St Anthony.

Page 154, line 13. "Absolued" (edit. 1621).

Page 159, line 10. "Are ruttet out;"—line 13, "Thocht vagant Freiris" (edit. 1621).

Page 160, line 8. "They said, Thay did botterre" (edit. 1621).

Page 161, line 21. "Sa lang hes sylde" (edit. 1621).

Page 162, line 1. "Fatheris of haly kirk, this xv. hunder zeir." In the edit. 1621, this and the last line of the other stanzas are changed to "the xvi. hunder zeir."

Page 163, line 12. "Therefore, sayes Gedoe, woes mee" (edit. 1621).

Page 164, line 4. "They snuffe at it;"—line 8, "Way is the hirdis" (edit. 1621).

Page 166. "The wind blawis cauld." This is the burden of an English song in praise of Christmas, entitled "A pleasant countrey new ditty; merrily shewing how to drive the Cold Winter away." See Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. i. p. 198.

It will be observed that in this set of verses there is a double rhyme in lines 1 and 3 of each stanza.—Line 6. "This is the vyce" (edit. 1621).

Page 168, line 2. "Traist to;"—lines 12 and 25, "Rings" (reigns) (edit. 1621).

Page 168. *Hay now, the day dallis.* *Dallis* is the same as *dawis*, or dawns. Dunbar and Gawyn Douglas, in the reign of James the Fourth, mention the tune, *Now the day dawis*, and *The joly day now dawis*, as one that was well known to the common minstrels. Alexander Montgomery, who flourished in the reign of James the Sixth (1580 to 1598), has, in the MS. collection of his minor poems, an imitation of the old ballad. See it printed in his Poems in 1821. I may take this opportunity to add, that the note at p. 315 contains an evident mistake in supposing Montgomery's song to have been anterior in date to that in the present collection. The first verse of Montgomery's, correcting the orthography, may be here quoted, as suggesting that both imitations had one common source:—

Hay! now the day dawis,
The jolie cok crawis,
Now shroud is the shawis

Throw Nature anone:
The thrissell-cok cryis
On luvaris quha lyis:
Now skaillis the skyis,

The nicht is neir gone.

The only resemblance in the remaining verses is the burden—

The nicht is neir gone.

Page 170, line 3. "The Arme of Sanct Geill." The arm-bone of St Giles was regarded as a relique of inestimable value, when brought to this country by William Prestoun of Gourtown, who bequeathed it "to our mother kirk of Sant Gele of Edynburgh," 11th of January 1454-5. See facsimile of the Charter, and an account of the fate of this far-famed relique, in the Historical Notices (p. xvi.) prefixed to the volume of Charters of the Collegiate Church of St Giles, printed for the Bannatyne Club, 1859, 4to.

Page 170, line 5. "And sauit" (so also in edit. 1621, but should be "sanit").

Page 172, line 3. "Common lawes;"—line 27, "Saue" (edit. 1621); but *saue* should be *sane* (bless).

Page 175, line 14. "Woluis;"—line 22, "Their false doctrine" (edit. 1621).

Page 175. "Remember, man," &c. Dr Rimbault, in his Little Book of Songs and Ballads, p. 79, gives this Christmas Carol from the collection entitled "Melismata: Musically Phansies fitting the Court, Citie, and Countrey Humours," Lond. 1611, 4to, but says it is much earlier than the date of the book. It is also to be found in the Aberdeen Cantus, 1662, 1666, and 1681, No. ix., as a religious song, in nine verses, of which the first runs thus—

Remember, O thou man, Remember, O thou man,

Remember, O thou man, thy time is spent;

Remember, O thou man, how thou was dead and gone,

And I did what I can; therefore repent.

Page 176, line 18. "The haly hag matines" (edit. 1621).

Page 178. "Hey trix," &c. In this satirical effusion,

the expressions used evidently refer to events when the Protestants, under the name of The Congregation, had taken matters into their own hands, or, to the year 1559.

Page 180, line 15. "The parson" (edit. 1621).

Same page, line 19. "The parish priest;"—line 20, "He polit thame wantonly" (edit. 1621).

Same page, line 22. "Scotland Well" the name of an hospital or religious house in the shire of Kinross, founded in the year 1238, and afterwards bestowed upon the Red Friars. "Faill" is in Kyle, one of the subdivisions of Ayrshire: it was a cell or priory depending upon the Abbey of Paisley.

Page 181. "Say weill, and Do weill." This anonymous poem occurs in Bannatyne's MS. 1568, fol. 83. There are a few verbal discrepancies, but not worth pointing out, excepting that the MS. has 82 lines: the last two, not in the printed text, are as follows:—

Say weill and Do weill ar thingis twane,

Thryse happy is he quhome in thay do remane.

Page 182, line 17. "Nouther sect nor prance" (edit. 1621).

Page 185, line 22. "Your bishops;"—line 26, "For Dustifit," &c. (edit. 1621). *Dustyfoot*, a name given to a pedlar; but here, as Dr Jamieson suggests, it has an evident application to revelry.

Page 186. "Ane Disswation from vaine Lust." *Was not Salomon the King*. A similar poem in ten stanzas, the examples adduced corresponding with the first portion of the present one, occurs among "The Ballatis of Luve," in the fourth part of George Bannatyne's MS. 1568, fol. 215. It is signed, "Finis, quod ane Inglisman." The first two

verses of the MS. may serve for comparison. There is this difference, however, that the one is a prolix Dissuasion from Love, while the other is the entreaty of a Lover to his Lady.

Was nocht gud King Salamon
 reuisit in sindry wyiss
 With very lufe of paragon
 glistering befor his eis?
 Gif this be trew, trew as it was,
 Lady! Lady!
 Suld nocht I serwe yow, alace!
 My fair Lady!

Quhen Paris wes inamorit
 of Helena dame bewteis speir,
 Than Venus first him promisit
 to venter on, and nocht for to feir:
 Quhat sturdy stormes indurit he,
 Lady! Lady!
 To win her lufe, or it wald be,
 My deir Lady!

The tenth or concluding stanza in the MS. may be added, as it has no counterpart in the present volume.

Now gif all thir Wechtis of wurdines
 indiurorit sic panis to tak,
 With wailzeant deidis and sturdines,
 in ventering for thair ladeis saik,
 Quhy suld nocht I, puir sempill man,
 Lady! Lady!
 Lawbour and serwe yow the best that I can,
 My deir Lady!

It may be noticed that *King Salomon* was a popular tune in England. In 1561-2, John Teadale, among other ballads, obtained a license for printing "a new ballatt after the tune of *Kynge Salomon*." In the remarkable collection of Black-letter Ballads and Broad-sides in the collection of Henry Huth, Esq., recently published, there is one entitled, "A proper new Balad of the Bryber Gehesie—to the tune of *King Salomon*," licensed to Thomas Colwell in 1566-7. In the same collection is, "A godly ballad declaring by the Scriptures the plagues that have insued whordome," printed by John Alde, 1566. It is of a similar import with the *Dissuasion* in the Gude and Godlie Ballates, but in a different measure.

Page 187, line 20. "To Paramours" (edit. 1621).

Page 188, line 7. "Anaretus" (edit. 1621). This refers to Anaxarete, who despised the addresses of Iphis.—See Ovid, *Metamorph.* lib. xiv.

Page 202. "Sen throw Vertew increassis dignitie." This is the only authority for attributing these verses to KING JAMES THE FIRST of Scotland (1406-1437). In Bannatyne's MS. 1568, fol. 58, they occur anonymously, with numerous verbal differences. In neither copy do we find the language of the early part of the fifteenth century.



GLOSSARY.

Abak, page 95, *back*.
 Abbominabill, 71, *abominable*.
 Abbottis, 179, *abbots*.
 Abill, 114, *able*.
 Abirone, 156, *Abiram*.
 Abone, 76, *above*.
 Aboue, 30, *above*.
 Aboundantlie, 147, *abundantly*.
 Abrogate, 81, *abrogated*.
 Abstene, 140, *abstain*.
 Abufe, 63, *above*.
 Abusioun, 176, *abuse*.
 Abusit, 166, *abused*.
 Abyde, abydis, 64, 83, *abide, abides, waits for*.
 Achab, 157, *Abab*.
 Acknowledged, *acknowledged*.
 Actis, 100, *acts*.
 Adamis, 183, *Adam's*.
 Adoir, 200, *adore*.
 Adorne, 63, *adore, worship*.
 Adow, 138, *ado*.
 Adrest, 84, *provided*.
 Aduance, 65, *advance*.

Aduance, 102, *promote*.
 Aduenterit, 187, *adventured*.
 Aduersitie, 109, *adversity*.
 Aduert, 30, 108, *advert, turn away*.
 Aduerteis, 36, *inform*.
 Aduertise, 187, *advise*.
 Aduocate, 61, *advocate*.
 Affray, 93, *frighten*.
 Afrayed, 187, *afraid*.
 Againe, 30, *again*.
 Againe, 75, *against*.
 Aganis, 94, *against*.
 Agast, 84, *agbass*.
 Aige, 82, *age*.
 Ailit, 95, *ailed*.
 Aind, 26, *breath, spirit*.
 Air, 24, *early*.
 Air and lait, 67, *early and late*.
 Air, 75, *beir*.
 Airis, 175, *beirs*.
 Airt, 192, *away*.
 Alanerlie, 56, *only*.
 Aleuin, 176, *eleven*.
 Aliue, 24, *alive*.
 Alkin, 88, *each*.

Allace, 102, *alas*.
 Allaine, 124, *alone*.
 Allalua, 52, *ballehiab*.
 Allane, 47, *alone*.
 Allanerlie, 92, *only*.
 All hail, 86, *wobolly*.
 Allone, 59, *alone*.
 Allowis, 185, *allows*.
 Alluterlie, 162, *utterly*.
 Almaist, 179, *almost*.
 Almichtie, 92, *almighty*.
 Almous, 180, *alms*.
 Alquhair, 83, *everywhere*.
 Als, 24, *as*; 35, *also*.
 Alswa, 42, *also*.
 Alteris, 183, *altars*.
 Alwaysis, 61, *always*.
 Amang, 44, *among*.
 Amendit, 201, *amended*.
 Amene, 105, *pleasant*.
 Amis, 72, *amiss*, *wrong*.
 Ane, 40, *a*.
 Ane, 57, *one*.
 Aneuch, 23, *enough*.
 Angell, 73, *angel*.
 Angellis, 47, *angels*.
 Anis, 57, *once*.
 Anis, 153, *one's*.
 Anker, 196, *anchor*.
 Anone, 33, *anon*.
 Answerit, 36, *answered*.
 A per C, 128, *A per se*.
 Appeir, 29, *appear*.
 Appeirand, 55, *apparent*.
 Appeirand, 82, *appearing*.
 Appeirandly, 106, *apparently*.
 Appeiris, 63, *appears*.
 Appeirit, 39, *appeared*.

Apperis, 168, *appears*.
 Appetyte, 83, *desire*.
 Appetyte, 65, *appetite*.
 Appillis, 101, *apples*.
 Approchis, 144, *approaches*.
 Apostillis, 38, *apostles*.
 Ar, 21, *are*.
 Archebischop, 156, *archbishop*.
 Areird, 50, *disordered*.
 Argound, 89, *argued*.
 Arme, 170, *arm*.
 Armes, 32, *arms*.
 Articklis, 2, *articles*.
 As, 24, *ashes*.
 Ascence, 95, *ascent*.
 Ascendis, 167, *ascends*.
 Ascendit, 56, *ascended*.
 Ascryue, 177, *ascribe*.
 Asking, 63, *petition*.
 Asse, 18, *ashes*.
 Asse, 66, *ass*.
 Assence, 107, *ascent*.
 Assentioun, 39, *ascension*.
 Assis, 180, *asks*.
 Assis, 44, *asses*.
 Asweill, 176, *as well*.
 At the horne, 67, *outlawed*.
 Athort, 95, *hither and thither*.
 Atouir, 121, *above*.
 Attour, 53, *above, over*.
 Auance, 170, *advance*.
 Auarice, 70, *avarice*.
 Aucht, 40, *ought*.
 Aueis, 152, *Aves*.
 Augustinis, 179, *Augustines, or friars of the order of St Augustine*.

Auise, 201, *advise*.
 Auld, 81, *old*.
 Auoyde, 102, *put away*.
 Austeir, 84, *austere*.
 Authoure, 88, *author*.
 Auysit, 201, *advised*.
 Aw, 59, *awe*.
 Awalk, 128, 195, *awake*.
 Awalkis, 89, *awakes*.
 Awin, 84, *own*.
 Ay, 28, *aye*.
 Ay, 169, *always*.

B.

Babbling, 179, *babbling*.
 Bad, 10, *bade*.
 Bailfull, 147, *cruel*.
 Bailfull, 142, *pitiless*.
 Baill, 88, *sorrow*.
 Baill, 84, *burning, batred*.
 Baine, 152, 169, *bone*.
 Bair, 199, *bare*.
 Bairne, 43, *child*.
 Baith, 28, *both*.
 Bak, 97, *back*.
 Bak and syde, 97, *altogether*.
 Balaamis, 156, *Balaam's*.
 Bald, 88, *bold*.
 Baldly, 150, *boldly*.
 Baliaalis, 142, *Belial's*.
 Ballat, 25, 81, *ballad*.
 Ballatis, 74, *ballads*.
 Balulalow, 43, *lullaby*.
 Ban, 161, *curse*.
 Band, 68, *bond*.
 Bandis, 69, *bonds*.
 Bane, 158, *bone*.

Baneis, 129, *banish*.
 Baneist, 159, *banished*.
 Banis, 170, *bones*.
 Banischit, 189, *banished*.
 Bapteist, 13, *baptised*.
 Baptisit, 5, *baptised*.
 Baptisme, 2, *baptism*.
 Bardit, 82, *equipped*.
 Barne, 183, *child*.
 Barnis, 49, *children*.
 Barrane, 95, *barren*.
 Barrounis, 196, *barons*.
 Batell, 22, *battle*.
 Battell, 122, *battle*.
 Baudrie, 1, *lasciviousness*.
 Bauld, 182, *bold*.
 Be, 36, *by*.
 Be war, 43, *beware*.
 Beame, 151, *beam*.
 Becaus, 6, *because*.
 Becum, 156, *become*.
 Becummin, 44, *become*; 53,
 becoming.
 Befoir, 32, *before*.
 Beforne, 23, *before*.
 Beggand, 85, *begging*.
 Begger, 35, *beggar*.
 Beggars, 165, *beggars*.
 Begilit, 161, *beguiled*.
 Beginniss, 74, *begins*.
 Begouth, 31, *began*.
 Begylde, 159, *beguiled*.
 Begylit, 169, *beguiled*.
 Behald, *behold*.
 Behauiour, 125, *behaviour*.
 Behauld, 129, *behold*.
 Behuffit, 180, *behorved*.
 Behuiffit, 180, *behorved*.
 Beidis, 152, *beads*.

- Beild, 93, *shelter, refuge*.
 Beir, 193, *bear, carry*.
 Beir, 163, *bier*.
 Beiris, 26, *bears*.
 Beist, 89, *beast*.
 Beistis, 101, *beasts*.
 Bek, 91, *bow*.
 Belangis, 59, *belongs*.
 Belangit, 86, *belonged*.
 Beleif, 36, *believe*.
 Beleif, 161, *belief*.
 Beleuand, 102, *believing*.
 Beleue, 3, *believe*.
 Beleuc, 98, *belief*.
 Beleuing, 185, *believing*.
 Beleuis, 5, *believes*.
 Beleuit, 151, *believed*.
 Bellie, 185, *belly*.
 Bellis, 156, *Bel's, the great national idol of Babylon*.
 Bellis, 47, *bells*.
 Belleis, 168, *bellies*.
 Bellyis, 164, *bellies*.
 Belouit, 41, *beloved*.
 Belyue, 186, *quickly, ere long*.
 Bemis, 127, *beams*.
 Bend, 95, *bound, leap*.
 Bene, 48, *been*.
 Benefites, 111, *benefits*.
 Beneth, 2, *beneath*.
 Benignitie, 81, *benignity*.
 Bening, 43, *benign*.
 Bequyeth, 136, *bequeath*.
 Beseik, 115, *beseech*.
 Beseiking, 114, *beseeking*.
 Besettis, 109, *besets*.
 Besyde, 80, *beside*.
 Betakinnis, 107, *betokens, denotes*.
 Betin, 133, *beaten*.
 Betuix, 31, *betwixt*.
 Bewtie, 188, *beauty*.
 Bezond, 127, *beyond*.
 Biddene, 33, *bidding, command*.
 Biddis, 195, *bids*.
 Big, 49, *build*.
 Bill, 54, *record, writ*.
 Birmand, 196, *burning*.
 Birnist, 84, *burnished*.
 Bis, 163, *biss*.
 Bischop, 158, *bishop*.
 Bischoppis, 185, *bishops*.
 Bissie, 124, *busy*.
 Bitternes, 188, *bitterness*.
 Bittis, 184, *bits, pieces*.
 Blaid, 83, *blade*.
 Blait, 163, *bleat*.
 Blasphernis, 168, *blasphemes*.
 Blasphemit, 103, *blasphemed*.
 Blating, 161, *bleating*.
 Blaw, 81, *blow*.
 Blawis, 166, *blows*.
 Blaw, 78, *blow, stroke*.
 Blawin, 166, *blown*.
 Bleid, 126, *bleed*.
 Bleir, *dim*.
 Blenk, 198, *look*.
 Blerit, 179, *dulled, dimmed*.
 Blinde, 59, *blind*.
 Blindit, 159, *blinded*.
 Blindlingis, 50, *blindfold*.
 Blis, 186, *bliss*.
 Blis, 65, *bless*.
 Blissing, 65, *blessing*.
 Blissit, 177, *blessed*.

- Blys, *bliss*.
 Blyssing, 38, *blessing*.
 Blyssit, 61, *blessed*.
 Blyth, 60, *blithe, merry, joyous*.
 Blythnes, 109, *gladness*.
 Blude, 34, *blood*.
 Bludie, 50, *bloody*.
 Bocht, 20, *bought*.
 Bodie, 82, *body*.
 Bodyis, 102, *bodies*.
 Boist, 78, *threatening*.
 Boist, 91, *fraternity*.
 Boist, 172, *vaunt*.
 Boist, 53, *boasting*.
 Bonet, 171, *bonnet*.
 Bony, 180, *beautiful*.
 Borne, 71, *born*.
 Bosome, 36, *bosom*.
 Bot, 14, *but*.
 Bot, 84, *without*.
 Bourd, 70, *jest*.
 Bowne, 55, *destined*.
 Bowne, 124, *ready*.
 Bowne, 198, *prepared*.
 Bra, 95, *steep hillside*.
 Braid, 9, *broad*.
 Braith, 190, *breath*.
 Brak, 5, *break*.
 Brak, 158, *broke*.
 Brank, 181, *restrain, halter*.
 Braull, 168, *brawl*.
 Brawling, 171, *dancing*.
 Braid, 75, *bread*.
 Breidis, 188, *breeds*.
 Breist, 144, *breast*.
 Brek, 147, *break*.
 Brekand, 111, *breaking*.
 Breking, 88, *breaking*.
 Brekis, 3, *breaks*.
 Brether, 36, *brethren*.
 Bricht, 74, *bright*.
 Bringand, 127, *bringing*.
 Bringis, 188, *brings*.
 Brint, 113, 160, *burned*.
 Brocht, 144, *brought*.
 Brokin, 127, *broken*.
 Browis, 185, *brows*.
 Bruik, 10, 178, *enjoy*.
 Bruke, 83, *possess*.
 Bruckill, 174, *brittle, frail*.
 Brukilnes, 131, *brittleness, frailty*.
 Brunt, 190, *burned*.
 Brym, 97, *raging*.
 Buik, *book*.
 Buird, 35, *board*.
 Buke, 37, *book*.
 Buklar, 93, *buckler*.
 Bulrand, 97, *rusbing, gurgling*.
 Bullis, 154, *bulls*.
 Bunnis, 180, (for the rhyme), *bums*.
 Burbone, *Bourbon*.
 Burding, 25, *burden*.
 Bure, 122, *bore*.
 Burges, 179, *burgess*.
 Burgh and land, 62, *town and country*.
 Burne, 30, *burn*.
 Burnis, 97, *small streams*.
 Burris, 91, *burrs*.
 Buryit, 3, *buried*.
 Busie, 166, *busy*.
 But, 168, *without*.
 But peir, 26, *unequaled*.
 But weir, 130, *without doubt*.

- Confyde, 141, *confide*.
 Consait, 24, *conceit*.
 Consaue, 1, *conceive*.
 Consauit, 3, *conceived*.
 Consecratit, *consecrated*.
 Considerat, 90, *considered*.
 Conspyre, 90, *conspire*.
 Constantlie, 20, *constantly*.
 Consumit, 92, *consumed*.
 Contempne, 141, *contemn*.
 Contemptioun, 77, *contempt*.
 Contenand, 40, *containing*.
 Contening, 2, *containing*.
 Contenit, *contained*.
 Continew, 163, *continue*.
 Continewis, 3, *continues*.
 Continewit, *continued*.
 Contract, 14, *contracted*.
 Contractit, 106, *contracted*.
 Contrair, 32, *against*.
 Contrair, 52, *contrary*.
 Contrarious, 105, *perverse*.
 Conuart, 110, *turn*.
 Conuenientlie, 60, *conveniently*.
 Conuersation, 78, *conversation*.
 Conuert, 30, *turn*.
 Conuertit, 50, *converted*.
 Conuoy, 20, *convoy*.
 Conuoyis, 80, *convoys*.
 Conuersioun, *conversion*.
 Correctit, 37, *corrected*.
 Corruptand, 158, *corrupting*.
 Corps, 163, *corpse*.
 Cot, 131, *coat*.
 Couet, 8, *covet*.
 Couetice, 163, *covetousness*.
 Couetise, 175, *covetousness*.
 Counsellis, 82, *counsels*.
 Countis, 79, *accounts*.
 Countis, 159, *reckons*.
 Countrie, 63, *country*.
 Coupe, 81, *cup*.
 Courtes, 100, *courteous*.
 Couising, 74, *cousin*.
 Cowper, *Cupar*.
 Crakit, 152, *talked, chattered*.
 Craif, 199, *desire, ask*.
 Craif, 66, *importance*.
 Craig, 94, *neck*.
 Craig, 94, *rock*.
 Creat, 18, *created*.
 Crib, 66, *manger*.
 Cribbe, 43, *crib*.
 Creddill, 45, *cradle*.
 Creidis, 152, *creeds*.
 Creid, 180, *creed*.
 Creip, 153, *creep*.
 Cressed, 187, *Cressida*.
 Croce, 39, *cross*.
 Croce, 29, *suffering*.
 Croune, 91, *crown*.
 Crop, 53, *produce, store*.
 Crop, 91, *product*.
 Crop and rute, 91, *growth and root*.
 Croun, 198, *crown*.
 Crownes, *crowns*.
 Crownit, 39, *crowned*.
 Crucifyit, 3, *crucified*.
 Cruell, 147, *cruel*.
 Cruellie, 39, *cruelly*.
 Cruelnes, 86, *cruelty*.
 Cruelteis, 99, *cruelties*.
 Crummis, 35, *crumbs*.

Crune, 179, *sing.*
 Cryand, 104, *crying.*
 Cryis, 171, *cries.*
 Cryit, 160, *cried.*
 Cryme, *crime.*
 Cuill, 36, *cool.*
 Culd, 31, *could.*
 Cullour, 160, *colour.*
 Cum, *cvm*, 25, *come.*
 Cumis, 131, *comes.*
 Cummand, 33, *coming.*
 Cummin, 144, *coming.*
 Cumming, 64, *coming.*
 Cummis, 189, *comes.*
 Cummer, 93, *cumber.*
 Cumpanie, 180, *company.*
 Cunnand, 14, *covenant.*
 Cunning, 14, *skilful.*
 Cuntrie, 165, *country.*
 Cunze, 171, *coin.*
 Curage, 184, *courage.*
 Curat, 180, *curate.*
 Cure, 85, *care.*
 Curious, 70, *anxious.*
 Curis, 112, *carest.*
 Curs, 88, *curse.*
 Cursand, 160, *cursing.*
 Cursingis, 176, *curses.*
 Cursit, 153, *cursed.*

D.

Daill, 22, *deal.*
 Daintie, 164, *daintily.*
 Daintie, 191, *dainty.*
 Dallis, 168, *dawns.*
 Dammis, 153, *dams.*
 Dampnabill, 155, *damnable.*

Dampnatioun, 43, *damnation.*
 Dampnatioun, 139, *condemnation.*
 Dampnit, 89, *condemned.*
 Dangeir, 197, *danger.*
 Dansing, 33, *dancing.*
 Dansit, 95, *danced.*
 Dant, 202, *subdue.*
 Dantis, 53, *subdues.*
 Dar, 91, *dare.*
 Dar, 116, *darest.*
 Dartis, 87, *darts.*
 Dathane, 156, *Dathan*
 Dauid, 19, *David*
 Dayis, 83, *days.*
 Daylie, 41, *daily.*
 Deale, *deal.*
 Deand, 143, *dying.*
 Deceis, 35, *die.*
 Deceissit, 35, *died.*
 Deceist, 26, *died.*
 Declair, 13, *declare.*
 Declaris, 15, *declares.*
 Declynde, 177, *declined.*
 Decoir, 52, *adornment.*
 Decreit, 71, *sentence.*
 Decretis, 82, *decrees.*
 Dedicat, 101, *dedicated.*
 Defectioun, *defection.*
 Defendar, 141, *defender.*
 Defendis, 86, *defends.*
 Defendit, 197, *defended.*
 Defyle, 190, *defile.*
 Defylde, 191, *defiled.*
 Defyling, 190, *defiling.*
 Defylit, 101, *defiled.*
 Degest, 93, *staid, sedate.*
 Degre, 32, *degree.*

- Deid, 54, *dead*.
 Deid, 38, *death*.
 Deid, 7, *deed*.
 Deidis, 81, *deeds*.
 Deidlie, 73, *deadly*.
 Deidly, 126, *deadly*.
 Deif, 63, *deaf*.
 Deip, 186, *deep*.
 Deip, 98, *depth*.
 Deipest, 41, *deepest*.
 Deir, 168, *dear*.
 Deir, 144, *hurt, harm*.
 Deirly, *dearly*.
 Deit, 59, *died*.
 Deith, 69, *death*.
 Delatioun, 171, *accusation*.
 Delf, 70, *dig*.
 Delite, 63, *delight*.
 Deliuier, 12, *deliver*.
 Deliuierit, 5, *delivered*.
 Deludit, 161, *deluded*.
 Delyte, 81, *delight*.
 Delyuer, 58, *deliver*.
 Delyuerit, 58, *delivered*.
 Delyuerance, 30, *deliverance*.
 Delyverit, *delivered*.
 Dence, 159, *Danish*.
 Departit, 95, *departed*.
 Dependis, 86, *depends*.
 Depesche, 149, *send away*.
 Derth, 82, *famine*.
 Desaitful, 167, *deceitful*.
 Desart, 139, *deserving*.
 Deseruit, 197, *deserved*.
 Destitude, 158, *destitute*.
 Destroyit, 83, *destroyed*.
 Desyre, 65, *desire*.
 Desyris, 162, *desires*.
 Determit, 177, *determined*.
 Detestit, 63, *detested*.
 Detfull, 55, *dutiful*.
 Dettis, 17, *debts*.
 Dettoris, 17, *debtors*.
 Deuice, 87, *device*.
 Deuil, 21, *devil*.
 Deuill, 11, *devil*.
 Deuillis, 12, *devil's*.
 Deuillis, 24, *devils*.
 Deuise, 53, *devise*.
 Deuoir, 153, *devour*.
 Deuouring, 153, *devouring*.
 Deuotiuon, 170, *devotion*.
 Deuyde, 31, *divide*.
 Deuydit, 184, *divided*.
 Deuyne, 17, *divine*.
 Deuyse, 153, *devise*.
 Deuyse, 82, *device*.
 Deuysit, 87, *devised*.
 Devorit, 97, *devoured*.
 Dew, 70, *due*.
 Dicht, 103, *adjudged, prepared*.
 Differis, 181, *differs*.
 Digne, 100, *worthy*.
 Discend, 36, *descend*.
 Discendit, 69, *descended*.
 Disesit, 88, *diseased*.
 Discipulis, 38, *disciples*.
 Disches, 81, *disbes*.
 Discripance, 146, *contradiction*.
 Discriue, 68, *describe*.
 Discryue, 100, *describe*.
 Disherisit, 158, *disinherited*.
 Dispise, 187, *despise*.
 Dispair, 11, *despair*.
 Dispens, 154, *dispense*.

- Displesit, 162, *displeased*.
 Dispone, 128, *give, dispose of*.
 Dispyse, 133, *despise*.
 Dispyte, 80, *despite*.
 Dissaif, 82, *deceive*.
 Dissait, 77, *deceit*.
 Dissaue, 19, *deceive*.
 Dissauit, 49, *deceived*.
 Disseuerance, 53, *separation*.
 Disswation, 186, *dissuasion*.
 Distres, 36, *distress*.
 Dstroyit, 157, *destroyed*.
 Diuers, 159, *diverse*.
 Dochter, 192, *daughter*.
 Dochteris, 96, *daughters*.
 Doctouris, 91, *doctors*.
 Doggis, 35, *dogs*.
 Dois, 70, *does*.
 Doing, 42, *action*.
 Dolour, 177, *sadness*.
 Dome, 198, *doom*.
 Domeit, 26, *doomed*.
 Dominiks, 179, *friars of the order of St Dominick*.
 Domisday, 143, *doomsday*.
 Dotit, 12, *endowed*.
 Dotit, 94, *dowered*.
 Doun, *down*.
 Doun thring, 124, *thrust down*.
 Doutles, 184, *doubtless*.
 Dour, 110, *severe*.
 Dout, 50, *doubt*.
 Doutles, 145, *doubtless*.
 Dow, 13, *dove*.
 Do way, 152, *desist*.
 Dowbill, 121, *double*.
 Do weill, 181, *do well*.
 Downe, 2, *down*.
 Draif, 41, *drove*.
 Draucht, 25, *last drawn breath*.
 Drawis, 195, *draws*.
 Dreid, 55, *dread, fear*.
 Dreidis, 79, *fear*.
 Dreidis, 101, *dread*.
 Dreidis, 96, *dreads, fears*.
 Dredour, 87, *dread, terror*.
 Dremis, 168, *dreams*.
 Drierie, 36, *dreary*.
 Dres, 31, *address*.
 Dres, 171, *redress*.
 Dres, 184, *show*.
 Dressit, 81, *dressed*.
 Drest, 134, *procured*.
 Dreuin, 185, *driven*.
 Driue, 24, *drive*.
 Driuis, 151, *drives*.
 Drinke, 5, *drink*.
 Drinkis, 6, *drinks*.
 Drowne, 12, *drown*.
 Drownit, *drowned*.
 Drunkinnes, 17, *drunkenness*.
 Dryue, 177, *drive*.
 Dryuis, 80, *drives*.
 Duche, 159, *Dutch*.
 Dule, 27, *grief*.
 Dulefull, 41, *doleful*.
 Dulefully, 26, *awofully*.
 Dullie, 89, *sorrowful*.
 Dum, 63, *dumb*.
 Dunbartane, *Dumbarton*.
 Dundie, *Dundee*.
 Dunfermling, *Dunfermline*.
 Dure, 117, *door*.
 Duris, 125, *endures*.

Dyne, 35, *dine*.
 Dyntis, 110, *strokes*.
 Dyte, 14, *indite*.
 Dyte, 100, *writing*.
 Dyter, 25, *inditer*.
 Dytis, 92, *indites, states*.
 Dwellaris, 82, *dwellers*.

E.

E, 86, *eye*.
 Eare, *ear*.
 Easit, 162, *eased*.
 Edderis, 94, *adders*.
 Edgeit, 87, *edged*.
 Editioun, *edition*.
 Edometis, 99, *Edomites*.
 Edomeitis, 91, *Edomites*.
 Ee, 179, *eye*.
 Effairis, 195, *affairs*.
 Effray, 202, *terror*.
 Efter, 25, *after*.
 Efter, 47, *according to*.
 Efterwart, 29, *afterward*.
 Eg, 158, *egg*.
 Eik, 96, *also*.
 Eik, 106, *add to*.
 Eikit, 41, *added*.
 Eild, 23, *old age*.
 Eine, 69, *eyes*.
 Eir, 195, *ear*.
 Eir, 176, *auricular*.
 Eird, 3, 6, 70, *earth*.
 Eirdlie, 167, *earthly*.
 Eirdly, 29, *earthly*.
 Eiris, 98, *ears*.
 Eirth, 2, *earth*.
 Eis, 44, *ease*.

Eist, 62, *east*.
 Eit, 101, *eat*.
 Eitin, 38, *eatn*.
 Eitis, 38, *eats*.
 Ellis, 91, *else*.
 Empreour, 148, *emperor*.
 Enchiridion, 74, *handbook*.
 Endis, 74, *ends*.
 Endit, 188, *ended*.
 Endles, 19, *endless*.
 Ene, 35, *eyes*.
 Enemie, 66, *enemy*.
 Enemeis, 78, *enemies*.
 Ennemeis, 158, *enemies*.
 Enteris, 54, *enters*.
 Enterit, *entered*.
 Entised, 188, *enticed*.
 Epecuriens, 185, *Epicures*.
 Epistil, 5, *epistle*.
 Epistill, 63, *epistle*.
 Equall, 67, *equal*.
 Equitie, 85, *equity*.
 Erand, 201, *errand*.
 Erle, 157, *earl*.
 Erlis, 196, *earls*.
 Ernestlie, 58, *earnestly*.
 Erre, 160, *err*.
 Errour, 157, *error*.
 Esay, 42, *Isaiab*.
 Eschaip, 25, *escape*.
 Eschew, 70, *escape*.
 Esperance, 53, *hope*.
 Espye, 87, *spy*.
 Estait, 24, *estate*.
 Estaitis, 195, *estates*.
 Esteme, 29, *esteem*.
 Eternalie, *eternally*.
 Euangelistis, 175, *evangelists*.

Euangell, 62, *gospel*.
 Eue, 46, *Eve*.
 Euermore, 22, *evermore*.
 Euer, 82, *ever*.
 Euer mair, 127, *evermore*.
 Euer moir, 69, *evermore*.
 Euerie, 35, *every*.
 Euerie quhair, 155, *every-where*.
 Euerilk, 82, *every*.
 Euerlastand, 127, *everlasting*.
 Euerlasting, 140, *everlasting*.
 Euil, euill, 35, *evil*.
 Euill, 133, *wickedly*.
 Euillis, 12, *evils*.
 Euin, 158, *even*.
 Euin, 63, *even, evening*.
 Exaltit, 88, *exalted*.
 Exampill, 192, *example*.
 Exces, 17, *excess*.
 Exectit, *exacted*.
 Exempill, 152, *example*.
 Exempillis, 159, *examples*.
 Exemptioun, 77, *exemption*.
 Exerce, 101, *exercise*.
 Exercis, 85, *exercises*.
 Exercisit, *exercised*.
 Exersit, 101, *exercised*.
 Exilit, 118, *exiled*.
 Expellis, *expels*.
 Expone, 138, *expound*.
 Expres, 46, *express*.
 Expres, 158, *expressly*.
 Exyle, 42, *exile*.
 Eyis, 82, *eyes*.
 Ezechias, *Hezekiah*.

F.

Fa, 37, *foe*.
 Factis, 190, *deeds*.
 Faggat, 92, *faggot*.
 Faggottis, 123, *faggots*.
 Faid, 83, *fade*.
 Fail, 40, *fail*.
 Failzeit, 88, *failed*.
 Faine, 57, *fain*.
 Fainest, 35, *most willingly*.
 Faining, 188, *feigning*.
 Fair, 113, *fare*.
 Fair, 42, *fare, go*.
 Fais, 69, *foes*.
 Fals, 47, *false*.
 Falset, 178, *falsebood*.
 Falt, 31, *want*.
 Fand, 70, *found*.
 Fang, *catch, seize, grasp*.
 Fant, 31, *faint*.
 Fantasie, 201, *fancy*.
 Fastand, 6, *fasting*.
 Fastit, 180, *fasting*.
 Fatell, 162, *fatal*.
 Fatheris, *father's, fathers*.
 Faultie, 54, *typ. mistake for*
 Faultit, *faulted*.
 Faultis, *faults*.
 Fauour, 178, *favour*.
 Fauoris, 160, *favours*.
 Faute, 78, *fault*.
 Fautes, 80, *faults*.
 Fay, 202, *faith*.
 Fayne, 187, *feign*.
 Febill, 166, *feeble*.
 Febilnes, 109, *feebleness*.
 Fecht, 177, *fight*.
 Feid, 17, *feed*.

- Feid, 53, *enmity, quarrel*.
 Feidis, 164, *seeds*.
 Eeild, 92, *field*.
 Feikdis, 80, *fields*.
 Feill, 15, *know*: 96, *feel*.
 Feind, 169, *fiend, devil*.
 Feindis, 17, *devil's*: 45, *fiends*.
 Feinzetnes, 77, *feignedness*.
 Feir, 41, *fair, strong*.
 Feir, 195, *fear*.
 Feird, 113, *afraid*.
 Feirfull, 198, *fearful*.
 Feist, *feast*.
 Feit, 32, *feet*.
 Feit, 179, *gave fees*.
 Fell, 15, *keen*.
 Fell, 45, *cruel*.
 Fenzeit, 47, *feigned*.
 Fenzeitnes, 58, *feignedness*.
 Ferleis, 97, *wonders*.
 Feruent, 70, *fervent*.
 Feruentlie, *fervently*.
 Feruentnes, 58, *ferveur*.
 Fill furth, 123, *fulfil*.
 Fillit, 70, *filled*.
 Fing, 72, *bundle of thread*.
 Firme, 42, *firm*.
 Firmelic, 146, *firmlly*.
 Fit, 182, *measure, tune*.
 Fixit, 129, *fixed*.
 Flatterie, 79, *flattery*.
 Fleand, 93, *flying*.
 Fle, 22, *fly from*.
 Flee, 26, *fly*.
 Fleiche, 180, *flatter*.
 Fleis, 90, *fies*.
 Flemit, 160, *banished*.
 Flesche, 18, *flesh*.
 Fleschely, 29, *fleshy*.
 Fleschlie, 65, *fleshy*.
 Fleshe, 58, *flesh*.
 Fleshlie, 76, *fleshy*.
 Fie, 181, *fly*.
 Fling, 123, *throw*.
 Flit, 89, *remove*.
 Flockis, 172, *flocks*.
 Flour, 26, *flower*.
 Floure, 146, *flower*.
 Flow, 88, *water*.
 Flude, 92, *flood*.
 Flureis, 86, *flourish*.
 Flycht, 152, *flight*.
 Fo, 41, *fore*.
 Foirbearis, 149, *ancestors*.
 Foirbearis, 196, *forefathers*.
 Foirfather, 174, *forefather*.
 Folke, 120, *folk*.
 Folkis, 170, *folk*.
 Folie, 139, *folly*.
 Follit, 02, *pursued, chased*.
 Followis, 6, *follows*.
 Followit, 47, *followed*.
 Fontaine, 68, *fountain*.
 Fontane, 5, *fountain*.
 Forbiddin, 160, *forbidden*.
 For caus, 38, *because*.
 Forfair, 167, *perish*.
 Forgeue, 115, *forgive*.
 Forgeuin, 37, *forgiven*.
 Forgeuis, 101, *forgives*.
 Forgiue, 4, *forgive*.
 Forleit, 99, *forsake*.
 Forloir, 193, *lost*.
 Forlorne, 30, *lost*.
 Forme, 46, *form*.
 Formit, 120, *formed*.
 Forsaik, 123, *forsake*.

- Forsuith, 62, *forsooth*.
 Forsuke, 133, *forsook*.
 Forthinkis, 155, *repents*.
 Fortoun, 187, *fortune*.
 Fortounis, 189, *fortunes*.
 Forzet, 58, *forget*.
 Forzet, 26, *forgot*.
 Forzettin, 99, *forgotten*.
 Foster, 179, *progeny*.
 Fosterit, 34, *fostered*.
 Foule, 172, *foul*.
 Foulis, 101, *fowls*.
 Foullar, 97, *fowler*.
 Foundatouris, 163, *founders*.
 Founding, 72, *found, foundation*.
 Fourt, 2, *fourth*.
 Fourtie, 6, *forty*.
 Fra, 86, *from*.
 Fra hand, 31, *immediately*.
 Fragilitie, 55, *frailty*.
 Fragill, 11, *fragile*.
 Fragill, 106, *frail*.
 Fragylitie, 14, *frailty*.
 Frances, 179, *Francis*.
 Fraternitie, 176, *fraternity*.
 Fray, 24, *from*.
 Fre, 66, *free*.
 Fre, noble.
 Fred, 200, *freed*.
 Fredome, 98, *freedom*.
 Freind, 37, *friend*.
 Freindis, 182, *friends*.
 Freir, 179, *friar*.
 Freiris, 152, *friars*.
 Freith, 41, *release, liberate*.
 Frelage, 200, *right of heritagage*.
 Frelie, 85, *freely*.
 Frely, 22, *freely*.
 Frensie, 187, *frenzy*.
 Fresche, 23, *fresh*.
 Frute, 35, *fruit*.
 Fry, 165, *spawn*.
 Fridayis, 180, *Fridays*.
 Foxe, 153, *fox*.
 Fude, 65, *food*.
 Fuffe, 164, 170, *puff*.
 Ful, 101, *full*.
 Fule, 87, *fool*.
 Fulfill, 31, *fill*.
 Fulfillit, 17, *fulfilled*.
 Fulis, 152, *fools*.
 Fulische, 89, *foolish*.
 Fund, 195, *found, fond*.
 Fundatioun, 186, *foundation*.
 Fundyit, 69, *stiff, frozen*.
 Fure, 179, *fared*.
 Furth, 71, *forth*.
 Furthe, *forth*.
 Furthschaw, 79, *declare, show forth*.
 Furthwith, 152, *forthwith*.
 Fute, 94, *foot*.
 Fyfe, *Fife*.
 Fylde, 161, *defiled*.
 Fylth, 92, *filth*.
 Fyne, 28, *end*.
 Fyre, 25, *fire*.
 Fyue, 36, *five*.

G.

- Ga, 50, *go*.
 Gadderit, 164, *gathered*.
 Gagioun, 156, *slander*.
 Gaif, 20, *gave*.
 Gaine, 187, *gain*.
 Gaine, 156, *gone*.
 Gaip, 152, *gape*.
 Gais, 20, *goes*.
 Gaist, 39, *ghost, spirit*.
 Gait, 75, *away*.
 Galles, *Gauls*.
 Gallous, 152, *gallows*.
 Gane, 153, *gone*.
 Ganestand, 43, *withstand*.
 Gang, 108, *go*.
 Gar, 14, *make, compel*.
 Garding, 120, *garden*.
 Garris, 167, *causes, compels*.
 Gart, 34, *compelled*.
 Gat, 190, *begot*.
 Gat, 157, *got*.
 Gaue, 37, *gave*.
 Ga will, 80, *go astray*.
 Gedde, 163, *Ged*.
 Geif, 88, *give*.
 Geir, 26, *riches, wealth*.
 Gentill, 121, *gentle*.
 Gentilnes, 18, *gentleness*.
 Geuand, 54, *giving*.
 Geue, 150, *if*.
 Geue, 76, *give*.
 Geuin, 65, *given*.
 Geuis, 26, *gives*.
 Geuis, 87, *gives*.
 Gevin, *given*.
 Gif, 85, *give*.
 Gif, 34, *if*.
- Giftes, *gifts*.
 Giftis, 65, *gifts*.
 Gilt, 95, *gilded*.
 Gilt, 135, *guilt*.
 Giltles, 2, *guiltless*.
 Giue, 29, *give*.
 Giue, 167, *if*.
 Giuen, 114, *given*.
 Ghaist, 3, *ghost*.
 Glaid, 194, *glad*.
 Glaidlie, 120, *gladly*.
 Glaidly, 124, *gladly*.
 Glaidnes, 33, *gladness*.
 Glaidness, 99, *gladness*.
 Glaik, 156, *trifle, spend time*.
 Glas, 189, *mirror*.
 Glie, 181, *glee*.
 Gloir, 64, *glory*.
 Gloird, 71, *gloried*.
 Gloiris, *glories*.
 Glorie, 62, *glory*.
 Gloris, 44, *gloriest*.
 Gluttoun, 34, *glutton*.
 Gluttounis, 35, *glutton's*.
 Gnash, *gnash*.
 Goddis, 52, *God's*.
 Goddis, 152, *Gods*.
 Godheid, 66, *Godhead*.
 Godis, 2, *gods*.
 Godles, 26, *godless*.
 Godlie, 65, *godly*.
 Goldin, *golden*.
 Gospell, 73, *gospel*.
 Gothis, *Goths*.
 Gottin, 149, *begot*.
 Gottin, 181, *got, won*.
 Gouvernance, 75, *government*.
 Gouverne, 107, *govern*.

- Gouverning, 72, *government*.
 Gouvernour, 50, *governor*.
 Gouvernours, 92, *governors*.
 Gowne, 91, *gown*.
 Graip, 202, *feel, grope*.
 Graith, 184, *clothing*.
 Graith, 69, *prepare*.
 Graithit, 16, *prepared, made ready*.
 Grantis, 101, *grants*.
 Grantit, 6, *granted*.
 Gras, 187, *grass*.
 Grasse, 83, *grass*.
 Grat, 71, *wept*.
 Gracious, 45, *gracious*.
 Graue, 39, *grave*.
 Grauin, 2, *graven*.
 Grauit, 13, *buried*.
 Gre, 90, *agree*.
 Gredie, 65, *greedy*.
 Gredynes, 185, *greediness*.
 Greif, 102, *grief*.
 Greif, 83, *grieve*.
 Greit, 35, *great*.
 Greitar, 113, *greater*.
 Greitest, 44, *greatest*.
 Greitlie, 155, *greatly*.
 Greitnes, 100, *greatness*.
 Grene, 179, *green*.
 Gress, 202, *grass*.
 Greting, 103, *weeping*.
 Gretumlie, 125, *greatly*.
 Greuance, 75, *grievance*.
 Greuand, 8, *grieving*.
 Greue, 39, *grieve*.
 Greuis, 172, *grieves*.
 Greuis, 134, *griefs*.
 Greuit, 19, *grieved*.
 Greuous, 92, *grievous*.
 Greuously, 26, *grievously*.
 Grevous, 132, *grievous*.
 Grip, 126, *lay hold, seize*.
 Grit, 59, *great*.
 Ground, 87, *whetted*.
 Groundit, 141, *grounded*.
 Ground-stane, 176, *foundation stone*.
 Gruncheand, 26, *groaning and grinding the teeth*.
 Gude, 65, *good*.
 Gude, 45, *possession*.
 Gude, 85, *property*.
 Gudis, 34, *goods*.
 Gudlie, 110, *goodly*.
 Gude-man, 174, *good man*.
 Gudnes, 68, *goodness*.
 Guk, guk, 163, *cry of a fowl*.
 Gyand, 82, *giant*.
 Gyde, 20, *guide*.
 Gydis, 92, *guides*.
 Gydit, 184, *guided*.
 Gyis, 195, *fashion*.
 Gylis, 182, *guile*.
 Gylt, 116, *guilt*.
 Gyltie, 5, *guilty*.
 Gyrne, 175, *gin, snare*.
 Gyrne, 84, *grin*.
 Gyrth, 94, *sanctuary*.

H.

- Habitakill, 78, *habitation*.
 Habite, 131, *habit*.
 Haboundantlie, 115, *abundantly*.
 Haddington, *Haddington*.

- Haif, 58, *have*.
 Hail, 81, *whole*.
 Haill, 53, *whole, wholly*.
 Haill, 73, *bail*.
 Haillie, 56, *wholly*.
 Hailely, 192, *wholly*.
 Haillis, 149, *beals*.
 Haillit, 59, *bealed*.
 Haint, 146, *beart*.
 Haist, 153, *baste*.
 Haist, 90, *basten*.
 Haistely, 26, *bastily*.
 Haistie, 87, *basty*.
 Haistelie, 32, *bastily*.
 Haistines, 186, *baste*.
 Hait, 70, *bate*.
 Haitit, 158, *bated*.
 Hald, 30, *bold*.
 Haldin, 162, *compelled*.
 Haldis, 168, *bolds*.
 Halie, 139, *boly*.
 Halines, 115, *boliness*.
 Hallowit, 4, *hallowed*.
 Haly, 13, *bolily*.
 Haly, 28, *boly*.
 Haly croce, *boly cross*.
 Haly Gaist, *Holy Ghost*.
 Haly kirk, 162, *boly church*.
 Halynes, 183, *boliness*.
 Haly Spreit, 47, *Holy Spirit*.
 Haly Wryte, 48, *Holy Scripture*.
 Hame, 32, *bome*.
 Handis, 89, *bands*.
 Hand-madin, 125, *band-maiden*.
 Hand write, 71, *band-writing*.
 Hang, 71, *lung*.
 Hangit, 162, *banged*.
 Hant, 81, *to frequent*.
 Happin, 192, *happen*.
 Hard, 50, *beard*.
 Harkin, 202, *bearken*.
 Harlatric, 34, *barlotry*.
 Harlatric, *villany*.
 Harlottis, 190, *barlots*.
 Harnes, 91, *harness, armour*.
 Harnest, 182, *armed*.
 Harnis, 99, *brains*.
 Harpe, 81, *barp*.
 Harpis, 99, *barps*.
 Hart, 65, *beart*.
 Hartfullie, *beartily*.
 Hartfully, 11, *cordially*.
 Hartis, 169, *bearts*.
 Hartis, 47, *beart's*.
 Hartly, 41, *beloved*.
 Hartly, 66, *bearty, cordial*.
 Hauand, 102, *having*.
 Haue, 74, *have*.
 Hauing, 116, *having*.
 Hauld, 32, *bold, keep*.
 Hay! 61, 168, *a joyous exclamation*.
 Hecht, 35, *called*.
 Hecht, 53, *promise, engage*.
 Hecht, 17, 107, *promised*.
 Hed, 144, *bad*.
 Heich, 47, *high*.
 Heid, 170, *bead*.
 Heill, 114, *bealth*.
 Heill, 170, *beel*.
 Heip, 101, *beap*.
 Heipand, 54, *beaping*.
 Heipis, 81, *beaps*.
 Heir, *bear*.

- Heir, 25, *here*.
 Heir and thair, 182, *here and there*.
 Heirfoir, 69, *for this*.
 Heirfoir, 76, *therefore*.
 Heiris, 101, *bears*.
 Heisit, 180, *beaved*.
 Heit, 60, *beat*.
 Helenis, 186, *Helen's*.
 Helis, 158, *Eli's*.
 Hellis, 52, *bell's*.
 Helpis, 26, *helps*.
 Helpit, 106, *helped*.
 Helth, 63, *bealth*.
 Hely, 157, *Eli*.
 Helias, 157, *Elijah*.
 Heretyke, 166, *heretic*.
 Heretykis, 160, *heretics*.
 Herisie, 50, *heresy*.
 Heryit, 115, *plundered*.
 Hes, 30, *has*.
 Hes, 18, *bast*.
 Hethin, 51, *beatben*.
 Heuie, 25, *heavy*.
 Heuin, 37, *heaven*.
 Heuines, 114, *beauviness*.
 Heuinlie, 52, *heavenly*.
 Heuinly, 35, *heavenly*.
 Heuinnis, 69, *heavens*.
 Heuinnis, 167, *heaven's*.
 Heuy, 126, *heavy*.
 Heuynes, 105, *beauviness*.
 Hew, 70, *bue*.
 Hicht, 92, *height*.
 Hidder, 198, *bitber*.
 Hiddertill, 112, *bitberto*.
 Hidder socht, 193, *brought bitber*.
 Hie, 17, *bigb*.
 Hiest, 18, 145, *bigbest*.
 Hillis, 95, *bills*.
 Him sell, 61, *himself*.
 Hing, 46, *bang*.
 Hinnest, 163, *the last*.
 Hippis, 180, *bips*.
 Hir, 45, *ber*.
 Hirdis, 164, *shepherds*.
 Historyis, 191, *histories*.
 Hoipit, 108, *boped*.
 Honest, 32, *respectable*.
 Honouris, 66, *honours*.
 Hony, 184, *honey*.
 Hopeand, 108, *hoping*.
 Horne, 105, *outlawry*.
 Hornis, 91, *borns*.
 Horribill, 196, *horrible*.
 Hors, 8, *horse*.
 Hors, 172, *horses*.
 Hounger, 69, *hunger*.
 Houngrie, 31, *hungry*.
 Hount, 161, *bunt*.
 Hous, 2, *house*.
 Housis, 196, *houses*.
 Hude, 91, *hood*.
 Hudis, 169, *hoods*.
 Huke, 80, *hook*.
 Humanitie, 66, *humanity*.
 Humbill, 68, *bumble*.
 Humbilnes, 66, *bumility*.
 Humelie, 96, *bumbly*.
 Humill, 115, *bumble*.
 Hunder, 160, *hundred*.
 Hundis, 153, *bounds*.
 Hundreth, 161, *bundred*.
 Huntis, 153, *bunts*.
 Hure, 164, *wbore*.
 Huredome, 158, *wboredom*.
 Hurklit, 91, *folded*.

Hurtis, 78, *hurts*.
 Hyde, 169, *bide*.
 Hymne, 99, *hymn*.
 Hymnis, *hymns*.
 Hyne, 199, *hence*.
 Hypocresie, 181, *hypocrisy*.
 Hypocrisie, 87, *hypocrisy*.
 Hypocritis, 91, *hypocrites*.
 Hyrdia, 44, *shepherds*.
 Hyre, 197, *hire*.

I.

Identlie, 22, *diligently*.
 Idilnes, 173, *idleness*.
 Idolateris, 152, *idolaters*.
 Idolatrie, 50, *idolatry*.
 Idoles, 63, *idols*.
 Idoll, 91, *idle*.
 Ilk, 25, *every, each*.
 Imagerie, 176, *idols*.
 Imagerie, 172, *image worship*.
 Imagis, 95, *images*.
 Imploir, 69, *implore*.
 Imprentit, *imprinted*.
 Impyre, 92, *empire*.
 Impunge, 157, *impugn*.
 In, 41, *into*.
 Inche, 202, *inch*.
 Includit, 161, *included*.
 Inclusit, 166, *enclosed*.
 Inclyne, 114, *incline*.
 In contrair, 87, *against*.
 In contrarie, 97, *in opposition*.
 Inces, 57, *increase*.
 Incessis, *increases*.

In deid, 65, *indeed*.
 Indure, 89, *endure*.
 Indure, 50, *harden*.
 Induris, 14, *endures*.
 Indurit, 163, *hardened*.
 Indurit, 155, *endured*.
 Infect, 191, *infected*.
 Inglis, 159, *English*.
 Ingrait, 135, *ungrateful*.
 Inherite, 84, *inherit*.
 Innocens, 61, *innocence*.
 Innocentis, 30, *innocents*.
 Inquyre, 87, *inquire*.
 Inspyre, 70, *inspire*.
 Institute, 14, *instituted*.
 Instruction, *instruction*.
 Instructit, 178, *instructed*.
 Inteir, 146, *entire*.
 Intelligens, 186, *knowledge, intelligence*.
 In till, 47, *into*.
 Intill, 66, *into*.
 Intill, 79, *unto*.
 Into, 63, *in*.
 Inuaid, 41, *invade*.
 Inuent, 176, *invent*.
 Inuentioun, 186, *invention*.
 Inuentit, 152, *invented*.
 Inuerkething, *Inverkeithing*.
 Inwart, 40, *inward*.
 Inwart, 91, *inwardly*.
 Inwartlie, 131, *inwardly*.
 In weir, 197, *doubtful*.
 Ioy, 20, *joy*.
 Isaack, 107, *Isaac*.
 Isack, 70, *Isaac*.
 Isackis, 70, *Isaac's*.
 Isay, 37, *Isaiah*.

Ismalitis, 91, *Ismaelites*.
Isope, 107, *byssop*.

J.

Jabene, 91, *Jabin*.
Jacobinis, 179, *Jacobins*.
Jacobis, 95, *Jacob's*.
Jakmen, 172, *men in armour*.
Jelous, 200, *jealous*.
Jesew, 69, *Jesus*.
Jet, 182, *gad about*.
Jewes, 71, *Jews*.
Jewis, 147, *Jews*.
Jewis, 137, *Jew's*.
Johne, 59, *John*.
Jordane, 95, *Jordan*.
Jornay, 32, *journey*.
Josaph, 73, *Joseph*.
Josephis, 192, *Joseph's*.
Josias, 157, *Josiah*.
Josue, *Joshua*.
Joye, *joy*.
Joyes, *joys*.
Joyis, 45, *joys*.
Joyne, 192, *join*.
Joynit, 12, *joined*.
Jouk, 91, *nod*.
Joukis, 169, *bowings*.
Juda, 71, *Judab*.
Judethis, 192, *Judith's*.
Judgeing, 106, *judgment*.
Judgeit, 106, *judged*.
Juge, 197, *judge*.
Jugement, 158, *judgment*.
Junii, *June*.
Jurie, 135, *Jewry*.

K.

Kaill, 180, *broth*.
Keild, 158, *killed*.
Keill, 161, *kill*.
Keine, 166, *keen*.
Keip, 131, *beed*.
Keip, 155, *keep*.
Keipar, 142, *keeper*.
Keiping, 48, *keeping*.
Keipis, 2, *keeps*.
Keipit, 127, *kept*.
Ken, 48, *know*.
Kend, 25, *knew*.
Kend, 148, *know*.
Kend, 198, *known*.
Kend, 30, *made known*.
Kendlit, 97, *kindled*.
Kest, 41, *cast*.
Keyis, 6, *keys*.
Killis, 194, *kills*.
Killit, 137, *killed*.
Kin, 7, *kind*.
Kin, 64, *kind, sort*.
Kin, 70, *kindred*.
Kincarne of Neill, *Kincardine O'Neill*.
Kingdome, 4, *kingdom*.
Kings, 154, *kings*.
Kinrik, 11, *kingdom*.
Kinroscheir, *Kinross-shire*.
Kirk, 43, *church*.
Kis, 138, *kiss*.
Kissit, 32, *kissed*.
Kittill, 179, *tickle*.
Knaw, 36, *know*.
Knaw, 79, *known*.
Knawand, 56, *knowing*.

Knawers, 16, *people who know.*

Knawin, 118, *known.*

Knawis, 154, *knowest.*

Knawis, 184, *knows.*

Knawledge, 27, *knowledge.*

Knelland, 195, *knelling.*

Kneill, 170, *kneel.*

Kneis, 45, *knees.*

Knicht, 24, *knight.*

Knittis, 130, *knits.*

Knot, 131, *pitby saying.*

Ky, 44, *cow.*

Kyd, 33, *kid.*

Kyis, 171, *cow.*

Kyithit, 40, *sheen.*

Kynde, 36, *kind.*

Kynde, 56, *sort, manner.*

Kyndely, 32, *kindly.*

Kyndnes, 46, *kindness.*

Kyson, 92, *Kisbon.*

L.

Labouris, 130, *labours.*

Ladin, 25, *laden.*

Laif, 53, *the rest.*

Laik, *lack, need.*

Laip, 153, *lap.*

Lair, 11, *lore, learning.*

Lait, 180, *late.*

Lait and air, 142, *late and early.*

Laithly, 35, *loathsome.*

Laithsum, 191, *loathsome.*

Lambe, 37, *lamb.*

Lambes, *Lammas.*

Lambis, 95, *lambs.*

Lamit, 59, *lame.*

Lammis, 153, *lambs.*

Landis, 178, *lands.*

Lane, 79, *alone.*

Lang, 48, *long.*

Langest, *longest.*

Langing, 192, *longing.*

Lap, 95, *leaped.*

Lardounis, 179, *lumps.*

Laser, 23, *leisure.*

Lassis, 180, *lasses, girls.*

Lat, 118, *let.*

Latine, *Latin.*

Laubour, 89, *labour.*

Lauch, 84, *laugh.*

Laude, 71, *blessing.*

Laude, 100, *praise.*

Laudes, 137, *praises.*

Lave, 96, *the remainder, the rest.*

Law, 66, *low.*

Lawder, *Lauder.*

Lawis, 166, *laws.*

Lawit, 170, *lay.*

Lawly, 66, *lowly.*

Lawlynes, 38, *lowliness.*

Lawrel, 86, *laurel.*

Lay, 124, *pledge.*

Layit, 195, *laymen.*

Leand, 64, *lying.*

Lecture, 196, *lesson.*

Legall, 71, *legal.*

Leiche, 159, *loiter, tarry.*

Leid, 27, *lead.*

Leid, 14, *watchword.*

Leidand, 151, *leading.*

Leif, 123, *leave.*

Leif, 84, *life.*

Leif, 64, *live.*

- Leifis, 193, *leaves*.
 Leigis, *lies*.
 Leill, 142, *constant*.
 Leing, 77, *lying*.
 Leip, *leap*.
 Leir, 76, *learn*.
 Leirne, 170, *learn*.
 Leirning, 42, *learning*.
 Leirnit, 160, *learned*.
 Leis, 168, *lies*.
 Leist, 30, *least*.
 Leist, 36, *lest*.
 Lely, 146, *lily*.
 Leit, 169, *lied*.
 Len, 79, *lend*.
 Lenth, 49, *length*.
 Les, 12, *less*.
 Les and moir, 64, *small and great*.
 Lesingis, 168, *lies*.
 Lest, 82, *last, endure*.
 Lestand, 144, *lasting*.
 Lestis, 29, *lasts*.
 Lestit, 180, *lasted*.
 Lettis, 125, *lets*.
 Leuand, 14, *living*.
 Leuch, 102, *laugbed*.
 Leue, 64, *leave*.
 Leue, 24, *live*.
 Leuing, 114, *living, life*.
 Luis, 181, *leaves*.
 Luis, 83, *lives*.
 Leuit, 187, *lived*.
 Leuittis, 158, *Levites*.
 Lelyn, 199, *lean*.
 Libertie, 67, *liberty*.
 Licharie, 185, *lechery*.
 Licharus, 190, *lecherous*.
 Licherie, 65, *lechery*.
 Licht, 78, *enlighten*.
 Licht, 29, *light*.
 Lichtin, 127, *enlighten*.
 Lichtleis, 70, *slights*.
 Lichtly, 95, *lightly*.
 Lickand, 35, *licking*.
 Lier, 154, *liar*.
 Liftit, 39, *lifted*.
 Lin, 102, *rock, precipice*.
 Lippis, 77, *lips*.
 List, 15, *chooses*.
 Listis, 95, *lists*.
 Litill, 195, *little*.
 Liue, 51, *live*.
 Lois, 174, *lose*.
 Loissit, 23, *lost*.
 Loist, 34, *lost*.
 Lollaris, 11, *heretics, Lollards*.
 Lordis, 2, *Lords*.
 Lordis, 30, *Lord's*.
 Lose, 70, *loss*.
 Lose, 189, *lost*.
 Lot, 131, *possession*.
 Loudlie, 168, *loudly*.
 Loue, 100, *love*.
 Louing, 48, *blessing*.
 Louing, 111, *praise*.
 Loup, 95, *jump*.
 Loupe, 96, *leap*.
 Louse, 168, *loose*.
 Lownis, 185, *idlers, villains*.
 Lowreis, 183, *foxes*.
 Lowse, 193, *loose*.
 Lowsit, 139, *loosed*.
 Lowsing, 6, *loosing*.
 Lowsis, 18, *looses*.
 Lufaris, 34, *lovers, friends*.
 Lufe, 62, *love*.

Luffis, 126, *loves*.
 Lufis, 81, *loves*.
 Lufit, 201, *loved*.
 Luifaris, 122, *lovers*.
 Luifis, 161, *loves*.
 Luiffing, 119, *loving*.
 Luiffis, 85, *loves*.
 Luk, 30, *Luke*.
 Luke, 29, *look*.
 Luking, 65, *looking*.
 Lukis, 82, *looks*.
 Lustie, 81, *pleasant*.
 Lusting, 191, *lustful*.
 Lustis, 27, *lusts*.
 Lustit, 192, *lusted*.
 Lusum, 100, *lovely*.
 Ly, 66, *lie*.
 Lychorie, 70, *lechery*.
 Lychorus, 190, *lecherous*.
 Lyfe, 20, *life*.
 Lyfis, 179, *lives*.
 Lyftit, 35, *lifted*.
 Lyis, 43, *lies*.
 Lyke, 37, *like*.
 Lykenes, 138, *likeness*.
 Lykis, 153, *likes*.
 Lykit, 133, *liked*.
 Lymmaris, 180, *worthless fellows*.
 Lymmerie, 180, *villany*.
 Lyonnis, 94, *lion's*.
 Lyoun, 71, *lion*.
 Lyre, 163, *flesh, skin*.
 Lytill, 65, *little*.
 Lytill quhile, 83, *a short time*.
 Lytill stound, 33, *short time, a short space*.
 Lyue, 143, *life*.
 Lyues, 96, *lives*.

M.

Ma, 156, *more*.
 Madionitis, 91, *Midianites*.
 Magnifie, 43, *magnify*.
 Mahomete, *Mahomet*.
 Maid, 61, *made*.
 Maidenheid, 127, *maidenhood*.
 Maestie, 67, *majesty*.
 Maij, 120, *May*.
 Mair, 12, *more*.
 Mair, 38, *greater*.
 Mair and min, 38, *greater and less*.
 Maist, 82, *most, greatest*.
 Maister, 153, *master*.
 Majestie, 68, *majesty*.
 Mak, 32, *make*.
 Makand, 55, *making*.
 Makis, 152, *makes*.
 Makis, 19, *makest*.
 Maledie, 94, *malady*.
 Maling, 49, *malign*.
 Malitious, 185, *malicious*.
 Mammontrie, 63, *idolatry*.
 Man, 42, *must*.
 Maner, 152, *manner*.
 Maneir, 30, *manner*.
 Manesweir, 65, *perjure*.
 Manis, 8, *man's*.
 Mannis, 85, *man's*.
 Mankynd, 76, *mankind*.
 Mankynde, 73, *mankind*.
 Mankynde, 59, *human nature*.
 Mantene, 91, *maintain*.
 Marche, *March*.
 Mariage, 165, *marriage*.

- Marie, *The Virgin Mary*.
 Marie, 154, *marry*.
 Marrit, 162, *marred*.
 Mark, 93, *dark*.
 Mark nor licht, 93, *dark nor light*.
 Martine, *Martin*.
 Maryit, 165, *married*.
 Materis, 191, *matters*.
 Matussalem, 146, *Methusalem*.
 Mayd, 123, *maid*.
 Meane, 186, *means*.
 Mediatour, 67, *mediator*.
 Meik, 142, *meek*.
 Meiklie, 120, *meekly*.
 Meine, 166, *mean*.
 Meir, 139, *mere*.
 Meit, 18, *meat*.
 Meit, 32, *meet, fit*.
 Mekill, 165, *much*.
 Mekle, 33, *much*.
 Mell, 62, *become acquainted with*.
 Melodie, *melody*.
 Memberis, 70, *members*.
 Mend, 46, *amend*.
 Mendis, 52, *amends*.
 Menis, 33, *means*.
 Menis, 83, *men's*.
 Mennis, 30, *men's*.
 Menstraly, 33, *minstrelsy*.
 Mercat, 165, *market*.
 Mercie, 2, *mercy*.
 Mercyfull, 48, *merciful*.
 Mercyfullie, 10, *mercifully*.
 Mercyles, 103, *without mercy*.
 Mercyles, 155, *merciless*.
 Mers, *Merse*.
 Meruellis, 37, *wonders*.
 Meruellous, 111, *marvellous*.
 Meruellouslie, 97, *marvellously*.
 Merynes, 33, *merryness*.
 Mes, 183, *the Mass*.
 Messis, 181, *Masses*.
 Mesure, 41, *measure*.
 Meter, 6, *metre*.
 Micht, 32, *might, power*.
 Michtie, 73, *mightly*.
 Michtis, 66, *powers*.
 Michtis, 93, *strength, power*.
 Michtiest, 92, *mightiest*.
 Michtfullie, 94, *with power*.
 Middis, *middle*.
 Midnight, 79, *midnight*.
 Min, 38, *less*.
 Minde, *mind*.
 Minsing, 188, *mincing*.
 Mirk, 179, *dark*.
 Mirkness, 126, *darkness*.
 Mirrie, 182, *merry*.
 Mirroure, 196, *mirror*.
 Mirrylie, *merrily*.
 Mirrynes, 67, *mirth*.
 Mis, 109, *miss*.
 Mis, 46, *amiss*.
 Mis, 60, *misdeed, sin, fault*.
 Misaventure, 94, *misadventure*.
 Mischeuouslie, 159, *mischievously*.
 Misdeid, 55, *wrongdoing*.
 Misericord, 49, *merciful*.
 Miserie, 69, *misery*.

- Misfair, 196, *fare ill*.
 Misfortoun, 94, *misfortune*.
 Misknaw, 64; Misknawis, 166, *ignorant of*.
 Misken, 110, *be ignorant of*.
 Misken, 84, *misunderstand*.
 Miskennit, 113, *was ignorant of*.
 Misknew, 71, *knew not*.
 Misreule, 172, *misrule*.
 Misthryue, 164, *thrive amiss*.
 Mo, 58, *more*.
 Moabitis, 91, *Moabites*.
 Mockit, 102, *mocked*.
 Moir, 57, *more*.
 Moitis, 96, *motes*.
 Molde, 82, 163, *earth*.
 Mon, 198, *must*.
 Mone, 193, *moan*.
 Monence, *Monance*.
 Monethis, 74, *months*.
 Monkis, 169, *monks*.
 Monstouris, 152, *monsters*.
 Mont, 75, *mount*.
 Montanis, 95, *mountains*.
 Mony, 71, *many*.
 Nonyfald, 106, *manifold*.
 Mony fauld, 167, *manifold*.
 Morne, 198, *morrow*.
 Mortifie, 37, *mortify*.
 Mot, 68, *may*.
 Mot, 103, *might*.
 Moue, 27, *move*.
 Mouit, 132, *moved*.
 Mountit, 185, *mounted*.
 Mouswobs, 96, *spider webs*.
 Moyses, 36, *Moses*.
 Mucke, 92, *dung*.
 Mufe, 83, *move*.
 Mufe thé not, 83, *be not disturbed*.
 Muifit, 95, *moved*.
 Mulis, 172, *mules*.
 Mumleit, 152, *mumbled*.
 Mumling, 183, *mumbling*.
 Mummillit, 176, *mumbled*.
 Murne, 24, *mourn*.
 Murning, 77, *mourning*.
 Murnis, 122, *mourns*.
 Murther, 3, *murder*.
 Mvsing, 145, 155, *musings*.
 Mylde, 73, *mild*.
 Myle, 160, *mile*.
 Mynde, 36, 159, *mind*.
 Myndes, *mines, remembrance*.
 Myndis, 28, *minds*.
 Myne, 42, *mine*.
 Myne, 65, *my, mine*.
 Myrrie, 46, *merry*.
 Myrthis, 146, *gladness*.
 Myster, 96, *need*.
 Mysteris, 66, *needs*.
 Myster maist, 96, *greatest need*.
 Mysticall, 71, *mystical*.
 Myte, 154, *mite*.

N.

- Na, 6, *no, not*.
 Naillit, 122, *nailed*.
 Nalit, 134, *nailed*.
 Na kin wise, 64, *nowise*.
 Na kin wyse, 7, *no manner of way*.

Nane, 74, *no, none*.
 Nathing, 56, *nothing*.
 Natiounis, 74, *nations*.
 Natiue, 14, *native*.
 Natiuitie, 67, *nativity*.
 Necessarie, 4, *necessary*.
 Neid, 10, *need*.
 Neidis, 16, *needest*.
 Neir, 101, *near*.
 Neir, 168, *nearly*.
 Neist, 144, *next*.
 Nek, 157, *neck*.
 Nettis, 87, *nets*.
 Neuer, 38, *never*.
 Nicht, 5, *night*.
 Nichtbour, 72, *neighbour*.
 Nichtbouris, 3, *neighbours*.
 Nixt, 72, *next*.
 Nobilest, 38, *noblest*.
 Nobill, *noble*.
 Nobles, 202, *nobleness*.
 Nocht, 172, *not*.
 Nocht, 49, *nothing*.
 Noddis, 169, *nods*.
 Noe, *Noah*.
 Noisthirlis, 96, *nostrils*.
 None, 173, *noon*.
 Notis, 195, *notes*.
 Nouembris, *November*.
 Nouthar, 145, *neither*.
 Nowellis, 43, *news*.
 Nowther, 159, *neither*.
 Noy, 24, *annoyance*.
 Noyis, 78, *annoys*.
 Noyis, 88, *noise*.
 Nukit, 171, *nooked*.
 Numerat, 176, *numbered*.
 Nunne, 165, *num*.
 Nunnis, 180, *nuns*.

Nureist, 91, *nourished*.
 Nurisching, 79, *nourish-*
ing.
 Nycht, 151, *night*.
 Nymbill, 182, *nimble*.
 Nyse, 132, *gross*.

O.

Obeyis, 82, *obeys*.
 Obeyit, 33, *obeyed*.
 Oblatiounis, 195, *oblations*.
 Obserue, 85, *observe*.
 Obseruance, 55, *observance*.
 Obseruis, 79, *observes*.
 Absoluit, 154, *absolved*.
 Obteine, 117, *obtain*.
 Obtene, 12, *obtain*.
 Occour, 79, *usury*.
 Och, 138, *Oh!*
 Ocht, 86, *ought*.
 Ocht, 90, *ought, anything*.
 Od, 176, *odd*.
 Od or euin, 176, *odd or even*.
 Of, 171, *off*.
 Offendand, 11, *offending*.
 Offendit, 195, *offended*.
 Offeringis, 195, *offerings*.
 Offerit, 151, *offered*.
 Oist, *bast*.
 Oliue, 114, *olive*.
 One, 20, *on*.
 Onles, 153, *unless*.
 Onlie, 56, *only*.
 On liue, 96, *alive*.
 On lyfe, 33, *alive*.
 Ony, 91, *any*.
 Ony wayis, 36, *anywise*.

Ophni, 157, *Hophni*.
 Oppin, 127, *open*.
 Oppinnis, 18, *opens*.
 Oppres, 12, *oppress*.
 Ordand, 13, *ordained*.
 Ordour, 179, *order*.
 Ordouris, 120, *orders*.
 Organis, 81, *organs*.
 Ornamentis, 81, *ornaments*.
 Osan, 174, *Hosanna*.
 Ouer, 120, *over*.
 Ouercum, 126, *overcome*.
 Ouerest, 38, *ouerest, greatest*.
 Ouerthane, 96, *ouerrun*.
 Ouer gang, 94, *go over*.
 Ouergang, 124, *oppress*.
 Ouerlaid, 155, *overlaid, oppressed*.
 Ouerquhelmit, 97, *over-
 whelmed*.
 Ouerthrowin, 155, *over-
 thrown*.
 Ouerthrew, 91, *overtbrow*.
 Ouid, 187, *Ovid*.
 Quir, 202, *over, too*.
 Quirdriue, 23, *overdrive,
 spend, pass*.
 Quirquhelme, 99, *over-
 whelm*.
 Quirset, 23, *overset*.
 Quirspred, 151, *overspread*.
 Quirthrow, 102, *overtbrow*.
 Ouklie, 184, *weekly*.
 Outher, 124, *either*.
 Out tak, 128, *except*.
 Out throw, 124, *throughout*.
 Outwart, 91, *outwardly*.
 Ouerthrown, *overtbrow*.
 Ovr, 15, *our*.

Oxe, 66, *ox*.
 Oxin, 44, *oxen*.

P.

Pacience, 29, *patience*.
 Patientlie, 29, *patiently*.
 Pagane, 178, *pagan*.
 Paine, 69, *pain*.
 Paine, 17, *suffering*.
 Paintit, 173, *painted*.
 Paip, 169, *pope*.
 Paipis, 195, *popes*.
 Paith, 117, *path*.
 Paithis, 85, *paths*.
 Paithway, 117, *pathway*.
 Pane, 167, *pain*.
 Panis, 68, *pains*.
 Pantounis, 171, *slippers*.
 Papis, 172, *popes*.
 Papistrie, 186, *papistry*.
 Parabill, 30, *parable*.
 Paramouris, 163, *para-
 mours*.
 Pareis, 180, *Paris, parish*.
 Pardonis, 153, *pardons*.
 Pardounis, 14, *pardons*.
 Partis, *parts*.
 Partit, 184, *parted*.
 Pas, 67, *pass*.
 Pascall, 38, *pascchal*.
 Pasche, *Easter*.
 Passioun, 37, *passion*.
 Passioun, 55, *suffering*.
 Passis, 59, *surpasses*.
 Passit, 38, *passed*.
 Pater-nosteris, 176, *pater-
 nosters*.

- Patter, 170, *chatter*.
 Paunce, 182, *amble*.
 Payit, 154, *paid*.
 Peax, 90, *peace*.
 Peblis, *Peebles*.
 Peciabillie, 83, *peaceably*.
 Pecis, 97, *pieces*.
 Peice, 61, *peace*.
 Peir, 26, *equal*.
 Peirles, 35, *unequalled*.
 Peirs, 139, *pierce*.
 Peirsit, 147, *pierced*.
 Peltrie, 154, *pedler's ware*.
 Penneis, 154, *pence*.
 Pennes, 93, *feathers*.
 Penurie, 188, *penury*.
 Pepellis, 82, *peoples*.
 Pepil, pepill, *people*.
 Perellis, 94, *perils*.
 Perfit, perfite, *perfect*.
 Performit, 70, *performed*.
 Perfyte, 57, *perfect*.
 Perische, 155, *perish*.
 Perischit, 92, *perished*.
 Perishe, 79, *perish*.
 Perishit, 97, *destroyed*.
 Perpetuall, 82, *perpetually*.
 Perrell, 84, *peril*.
 Perrellis, 94, *perils*.
 Persaue, 137, *perceive*.
 Persauis, 82, *perceives*.
 Perseueur, 51, *persevere*.
 Perseuerance, 20, *perseverance*.
 Perseuir, 29, *persevere*.
 Perseveir, 20, *persevere*.
 Persew, 70, *pursue*.
 Persewaris, 80, *pursuers*.
 Persones, 195, *parsons*.
 Persoun, 180, *parson*.
 Perswaid, 72, *perceived*.
 Perturbe, 92, *vex*.
 Perturbis, 82, *disturbs*.
 Peruerst, 186, *perverse*.
 Perysit, 76, *perished*.
 Petitiounis, 4, *petitions*.
 Pittenweme, *Pittenweem*.
 Pharesians, 168; Pharisiens,
 47, *Pharisees*.
 Phenis, 157 *Phinebas*.
 Picht, 190, *placed*.
 Pietifull, 36, *pitiful*.
 Pilgramage, 143, *pilgrimage*.
 Pitie, 30, *pity*.
 Pitious, 31, *piteous*.
 Plaguit, 87, *plagued*.
 Plaig, 99, *plague*.
 Plaige, 20, *pledge*.
 Plainlie, 166, *plainly*.
 Plaintis, 196, *complaints*.
 Plak, 179, *plack*.
 Plane, 76, *to shew*.
 Planelie, 195, *plainly*.
 Plantit, 138, *planted*.
 Pleasand, 74, *pleasant*.
 Pleid, 130, *liability*.
 Pleid, 61, *plead*.
 Pleis, 77, *please*.
 Plentie, 59, *plenty*.
 Plenteouslie, *plenteously*.
 Plenze, 59, *complain*.
 Plesand, 81, *pleasant*.
 Plesandlie, 88, *pleasantly*.
 Plesit, 139, *pleased*.
 Plesour, 88, *pleasure*.
 Plesouris, 129, *pleasures*.
 Plesure, 76, *pleasure*.

- Plet, 24, *placed*.
 Plicht, 14, *plea*.
 Pluk, 170, *pluck, steal*.
 Pluke, 144, *pluck*.
 Plyabill, 30, *compliant*.
 Poetis, 188, *poets*.
 Pointis, 37, *points*.
 Polit, 180, *tickled*.
 Pompe, 92, *pomp*.
 Ponce, 3, *Pontius*.
 Popische, 179, *popish*.
 Port, *gate*.
 Postle, *apostle*.
 Posseid, 82, *possess*.
 Posses, 58, *possess*.
 Pot, 130, *pit*.
 Pouertie, 184, *poverty*.
 Powair, 100, *power*.
 Poysonit, 185, *poisoned*.
 Poyound, 46, *poisoned*.
 Prais, 109, *praise*.
 Pray, 27, *prey*.
 Prayand, 67, *praying*.
 Preceptis, 49, *precepts*.
 Preclair, 80, *clear*.
 Prefar, 76, *prefer*.
 Preferrit, 162, *preferred*.
 Preiche, 7, *preach*.
 Preicheouris, 140, *preachers*.
 Preicheris, 6, *preachers*.
 Preichit, 48, *preached*.
 Preichouris, 160, *preachers*.
 Preif, 29, *proof*; 76, *prove*.
 Preis, 25, *strive*.
 Preist, 176, *priest*.
 Preistis, 170, *priests*.
 Prelatis, 195, *prelates*.
 Prent, 12, *imprint*.
 Prepair, 74, *prepare*.
 Preparit, 200, *prepared*.
 Presence, 163, *presents*.
 Preseruis, 80, *preserves*.
 Preseruit, 86, *preserved*.
 Presoun, 198, *prison*.
 Preuail, 187, *prevail*.
 Preuaricatioun, 158, *prevarication*.
 Preue, 170, *prove*.
 Preuene, 144, *prevent*.
 Preuis, 185, *proves*.
 Princelie, 195, *princely*.
 Prisoun, 103, *prison*.
 Priuelie, 87, *privily*.
 Proceid, 71, *proceed*.
 Proceiding, 149, *proceeding*.
 Proceidis, 87, *proceeds*.
 Prologve, *prologue*.
 Promeis, 57, *promise*.
 Promeist, 28, *promised*.
 Promit, 77, *promise*.
 Promittis, 98, *promises*.
 Promittit, 98, *promised*.
 Promysit, 126, *promised*.
 Pronounce, 96, *pronounce*.
 Propertie, 184, *property*.
 Prophaine, 200, *profane*.
 Prophesie, 73, *prophecy*.
 Prophetis, 156, *prophets*.
 Propyne, 28, *present*.
 Proude, 125, *proud*.
 Prouisioun, 120, *provision*.
 Prouyde, 80, *provide*.
 Pryce, 167, *price*.
 Pryde, 80, *pride*.
 Prydefull, 65, *prideful*.
 Pryse, 76, *praise, esteem*.
 Pryse, 22, *prize*.

Psalme, 99, *psalm*.
 Psalmes, *psalms*.
 Ptolomie, *Ptolemy*.
 Pulis, 162, *pools*.
 Pundis, 170, *pounds*.
 Puneis, 167, *punish*.
 Puneist, 103, *punished*.
 Punische, 196, *punish*.
 Punishment, 190, *punishment*.
 Purches, 56, *purchase*.
 Purchasest, 75, *purchase*.
 Pure, 103, *poor*.
 Pureteth, 64, *poverty*.
 Purgatorie, 63, *purgatory*.
 Purgit, *purged*.
 Purifyit, 77, *purified*.
 Purpois, 37, *purpose*.
 Purpour, 35, *purple*.
 Purs, 171, *purse*.
 Pursis, 176, *purses*.
 Purteth, 92, *poverty*.
 Puttand, 151, *putting*.
 Puttis, 125, *puts*.
 Pyke, 176, *pick*.
 Pylate, 3, *Pilate*.
 Pynde, 103, *pained, wasted*.
 Pynde, 22, 120, *tortured*.
 Pyne, 27, *pain*.
 Pype, 182, *play, pipe*.

Q.

Quaik, 182, *quake*.
 Queir, 176, *choir*.
 Quha, 25, *who*.
 Quhair, 58, *where*.
 Quhairby, 118, *whereby*.

Quhair euer, 58, *wherever*.
 Quhairfoir, 68, *wherefor*.
 Quhair fra, 174, *wherefrom*.
 Quhairin, 44, *wherein*.
 Quhair of, 80, *whereof*.
 Quhairrof, 11, *whereof*.
 Quhair throw, 56, *where-through*.
 Quhairwith, 30, *where-with*.
 Quhais, 55, *whose*.
 Quhasaeuer, 5, *whosoever*.
 Quhat, 34, *what*.
 Quhat euer, 89, *whatever*.
 Quhatsaeuer, 6, *whatsoever*.
 Quhen, 30, *when*.
 Quheill, 92, *wheel*.
 Quhile, 83, *while*.
 Quhilk, 34, *who, which*.
 Quhilkis, 200, *which*.
 Quhill, 149, *till*.
 Quhill, *while, until*.
 Quhisperit, 176, *whispered*.
 Quhit, 178, *whit*.
 Quhite, 63, *to cut with a knife*.
 Quho, 116, *who*.
 Quhome, 59, *whom*.
 Quhy, 157, *why*.
 Quhyle, 188, *short time*.
 Quhylis, *times, sometimes*.
 Quhyte, 154, *white*.
 Quick, 10, *living*.
 Quicke, 4, *living*.
 Quicklie, 181, *quickly*.

Quiklie, 195, *quickly*.
 Quod, 202, *quoth*.
 Quyet, 190, *quiet*.
 Quyte, 98, 202, *quit*.
 Quyte, *quite, entirely*.
 Quyte, 65, *free from*.
 Quyte claime, 171, *quit claim*.
 Qvhat, 74, *what*.

R.

Raif, 52, *tore*.
 Ramis, 95, *rams*.
 Rander, 142, *render*.
 Ransoun, 68, *ransom*.
 Rais, 195, *raise*; 96, *rose*.
 Raisit, 71, *raised*.
 Rasche, 99, *dash*.
 Realme, 4, *realm*.
 Reblland, 104, *rebelling*.
 Rebellis, 90, *rebels*.
 Red, 93, *afraid*.
 Red, 160, *read*.
 Reddie, 100, *ready*.
 Reddy, 117, *ready*.
 Redeme, 37, *redeem*.
 Redemed, *redeemed*.
 Redemit, 69, *redeemed*.
 Redres, 114, *redress*.
 Reformit, 75, *reformed*.
 Refraine, 37, *abstain from*.
 Refresche, 18, *refresh*.
 Refreschit, 66, *refreshed*.
 Reft, 158, *snatched*.
 Refusit, 152, *refused*.
 Regnand, 101, *reigning*.
 Regnis, 168, *reigns*.

Reheirs, 73, *rebearse*.
 Reheirsis, 62, *rebearse*.
 Reif, 8, *outrage*.
 Reif, 65, *rob, steal*.
 Reigne, 190, *reign*.
 Reigne, 99, *kingdom*.
 Reignes, 125, *reigns*.
 Reid, 69, *read*.
 Reid, *red*.
 Reioyce, 34, *rejoice*.
 Reioycit, 51, *rejoiced*.
 Rejoyis, 88, *rejoice*.
 Reik, 163, *smoke, incense*.
 Reird, 84, *clamour*; 95, *noise*.
 Rekning, 197, *reckoning*.
 Releif, 36, *relieve*.
 Releue, 93, *relief*; 12, *relieve*.
 Relykis, 169, *relics*.
 Remaine, 189, *remain*.
 Remeid, 53, *remedy*.
 Remedie, 56, *remedy*.
 Remediles, 129, *without remedy*.
 Remissioun, 4, *remission*.
 Remittit, 102, *remitted*.
 Remord, 158, *repent*.
 Remord, 104, *make remorseful*.
 Remoue, 65, *remove*.
 Remufe, 75, *remove*.
 Renoun, 18, *renown*.
 Renowne, 160, *renown*.
 Renownes, *renowns*.
 Renunce, 131, *renounce*.
 Repentand, 15, *repenting*.
 Repleit, 113, *replete, filled*.
 Repois, 146, *repose*.

- Repreuing, 133, *reproving*.
 Reprufe, 75, *reproof*.
 Reprufe, 9, *reprove*.
 Repute, 38, *reputed*.
 Requyre, 7, *require*.
 Requyris, 174, *requires*.
 Requyrit, 99, *required*.
 Resistand, 20, *resisting*.
 Resistis, 75, *resists*.
 Resistit, 104, *resisted*.
 Ressaif, 65, *receive*.
 Ressaue, 30, *receive*.
 Ressauiis, 29, *receives*.
 Ressauiit, 52, *received*.
 Resson, 118, *reason*.
 Restoir, 184, *restore*.
 Restoird, 57, *restored*.
 Restord, 115, *restored*.
 Restorit, 70, *restored*.
 Resurreccioun, 4, *resurrection*.
 Retene, 6, *retain*.
 Retenit, 6, *retained*.
 Reuart, 67, *revert, turn back*.
 Reuenge, 87, *revenge*.
 Reule, 75, *rule*.
 Reuth, 148, *pity*.
 Reuthfull, 141, *pitying*.
 Rew, 110, *regret*.
 Rewaird, 130, *reward*.
 Rewardit, 35, *rewarded*.
 Rewlaris, 76, *rulers*.
 Rewle, 190, *rule*.
 Rewling, 127, *ruling*.
 Rewlis, 38, *rules*.
 Riche, 45, *enrich*.
 Riche, 30, *rich*.
 Richt, 66, *right*.
 Richteous, 5, *righteous*.
 Richteousnes, 10, *righteousness*.
 Rin, 97, *run*.
 Ring, 57, *reign*.
 Ringand, 144, *reigning*.
 Ringis, 48, *reigns*.
 Rinnand, 152, *running*.
 Rinnis, 102, *runs*.
 Rissen, 69, *risen*.
 Riuer, 147, *river*.
 Riueris, 102, *rivers*.
 Roboam, *Reboboam*.
 Rocke, 45, *rock, cherish*.
 Rockit, 133, *shaken*.
 Rod, 200, *road*.
 Roddis, 183, *rods*.
 Romanes, *Romans*.
 Rottin, 162, *rotten*.
 Rox, 153, *rocks*.
 Rubbis, 153, *ruhs*.
 Rude, 168, *rood, the Cross*.
 Ruddis, 169, *roods, crosses*.
 Ruglane, *Rutberglen*.
 Rute, 83, *root*.
 Rutit, *ruttit, rooted*.
 Ryall, 196, *royally*.
 Ryatous, 35, *riotous*.
 Ryatouslie, 31, *riotously*.
 Ryches, 163, *riches*.
 Rycht, 68, *right*.
 Rychteousnes, 76, *righteousness*.
 Ryde, 190, *ride*.
 Ryfe, *many, plentiful*.
 Ryis, 198, *rise*.
 Rype, 93, *matured*.
 Ryse, 36, *rise*.
 Ryue, 164, *tear, burst*.

S.

Sa, 32, *so*.
 Sabbath, 2, *Sabbath*.
 Sacrifying, *sacrisfising*.
 Said, 29, *long-continued*.
 Saif, 46, *safe*; 30, *save*.
 Saif, 53, *save, but*.
 Saif, 82, *saved*.
 Saift, 60, *saved*.
 Saik, 64, *sake*.
 Saikis, 159, *sakes*.
 Saikleslie, 201, *without guilt*.
 Saine, 26, *blessed*.
 Saintes, *saints*.
 Sair, 29, 75, *sore*.
 Sairis, 35, *sores*.
 Sait, 82, *seat*.
 Sal, 86, *shall*.
 Salbe, 74, *shall be*.
 Sald, 106, *sold*.
 Sall, 59, *shall*.
 Salomone, 157, *Solomon*.
 Saluation, 177, *salvation*.
 Saluatioun, 43, *salvation*.
 Sanct, 34, *saint*.
 Sanctandroids, *St Andrews*.
 S. Andro, *St Andrew*.
 S. Barnabie, *St Barnabas*.
 S. Cudbert, *St Cuthbert*.
 S. Dinneis, *St Denis*.
 S. Jhone, *St John*.
 S. John Euangell, *St John Evangelist*.
 S. Johnis, *St John's*.
 S. Johnstoun, *town of Perth*.
 S. Katherine, *St Catherine*.
 S. Steuin, *St Stephen*.
 Sanctifyit, 101, *sanctified*.

Sanctis, *saints, saint's*.
 Sandell, 44, *rich embroidered cloth*.
 Sandellis, 171, *sandals*.
 Sang, 67, *sung*.
 Sang, 71, *song*.
 Sangis, 61, *songs*.
 Samin, 102, *same*.
 Sathan, 52, *Satan*.
 Sathanis, 9, *Satan's*.
 Satisfie, 21, *satisfy*.
 Satisfyis, 101, *satisfies*.
 Sauch, 99, *willow*.
 Saue, 77, *save*.
 Sauer, 96, *savour*.
 Saues, 193, *saves*.
 Sauing, 137, *saving*.
 Sauior, 45, *saviour*.
 Sauis, 86, *saves*.
 Sauit, 52, *saved*.
 Sauld, 37, *sold*.
 Saule, 125, *sold*.
 Saulis, 59, *souls*.
 Saull, 175, *soul*.
 Saullis, *souls, soul's*.
 Sauour, 128, *savour*.
 Sawin, 178, *sown*.
 Sayand, 13, *saying*.
 Sayis, 62, *says*.
 Say weil, 181, *say well*.
 Scarlat, 91, *scarlet*.
 Scatteris, 125, *scatters*.
 Schaip, 153, *scare away*.
 Schaipis, 124, *aim*.
 Schairp, 71, *sharp*.
 Schairply, 105, *sharply*.
 Schame, 24, *shame*.
 Scharp, 87, *sharp*.
 Scharplie, 97, *sharply*.

- Schauelingis, 179, *shave-
lings*.
 Schauin, 155, *shaven*.
 Schauin sort, 155, *monks*.
 Schaw, 75, *shew*.
 Schawand, 169, *shewing*.
 Schawin, 115, *shewn*.
 Schawis, 29, *shews*.
 Sched, 168, *shed*.
 Schedding, 110, *shedding*.
 Scheild, 158, *shield*.
 Schent, 201, *destroyed*.
 Schent, 39, *utterly lost*.
 Scheip, 80, *sheep*.
 Schew, *show, showed*.
 Scho, 73, *sbe*.
 Schoir, 172, *threaten*.
 Schoir, 53, *threatening*.
 Schoir, 167, *transgression*.
 Schone, 32, *sboes*.
 Schord, 78, *threatened*.
 Schorit, 97, *threatened*.
 Schort, 30, *short*.
 Schortest, *shortest*.
 Schot, 131, *penalty*.
 Schyne, 83, *shine*.
 Schynis, 126, *shines*.
 Sclander, 58, *slander*.
 Scoir, 182, *score*.
 Scornis, 82, *scorns*.
 Scornit, 188, *scorned*.
 Sculptill, 200, *graven*.
 Scurge, 29, *scourge*.
 Scurgis, 133, *scourges*.
 Scurgit, 39, *scourged*.
 Se, 48, *see*.
 Seasit, 163, *beld*.
 Seb, 92, *Zeeb*.
 Secreit, 89, *secret*.
 Secreitlie, 114, *secretly*.
 Sectouris, 26, *executors*.
 Seid, 85, *seed*.
 Seik, 35, *sick*.
 Seik, 69, *seek*.
 Seiking, 140, *seeking*.
 Seikly, 35, *sickly, feeble*.
 Seine, 69, *seen*.
 Seirche, 87, *search*.
 Seis, 58, *sees*.
 Selfis, 152, *selves*.
 Sell, 14, *self*.
 Sellis, 176, *sells*.
 Sembling, 199, *seeming,
show*.
 Seme, 185, *seem*.
 Semely, 182, *seemly*.
 Semis, 168, *seems*.
 Sempill, 63, *simple*.
 Sen, 61, *since*.
 Send, 74, *sent*.
 Sendis, 86, *sends*.
 Sene, 29, *seen*.
 Sensualitie, 37, *sensuality*.
 Sepulture, 102, *burial*.
 Sepulture, 149, *grave*.
 Seruand, 68, *servant*.
 Seruandis, 101, *servants*.
 Serue, 110, *deserve*.
 Serue, 56, *serve*.
 Seruice, 140, *service*.
 Seruis, 72, *served*.
 Seruit, 197, *served*.
 Seruitour, 142, *servant*.
 Seruitude, 68, *servitude*.
 Seruiture, 150, *servant*.
 Sesoun, 87, *season*.
 Settis, 140, *sets*.
 Seuin, 77, *seven*.

- Seuinfauld, 103, *sevenfold*.
 Sew, *sue*.
 Sex, 74, *six*.
 Sex and seuin, 23, *six and seven (a game)*.
 Sext, *sixth*.
 Sey, 95, *sea*.
 Shawis, 155, *sheaves*.
 Shortlie, 37, *shortly*.
 Sic, 26, *so*.
 Sic, 89, *such*.
 Sic a kinde, 89, *such a fashion*.
 Sicera, 91, *Sisera*.
 Sich, 133, *sigh*.
 Sicht, 29, *sight*.
 Sicker, 94, *sure*.
 Siclike, 92, *suchlike, like as*.
 Siclyke, 71, *suchlike*.
 Signe, 14, *sign*.
 Sillie, 25, *feeble*; 179, *foolish*.
 Siluer, 77, *silver*.
 Sinay, 6, *Sinai*.
 Sindrie, *sundry*.
 Sing, *for sign*, 72, *aspect*.
 Singand, 113, *singing*.
 Sinnand, 106, *sinning*.
 Sinnaris, 93, *sinner*.
 Sinnes, 110, *sins*.
 Sinnis, 92, *sins*.
 Sinnit, 32, *sinned*.
 Sisteris, 62, *sisters*.
 Sittis, 3, *sits*; 114, *sittest*.
 Skaith, 49, *harm*.
 Skaldit, 163, *scalded*.
 Skant, 31, *scarce, scant*.
 Skarlat, 172, *scarlet*.
 Skinnis, 153, *skins*.
 Skyis, 81, *skies*.
 Sla, 184, *slay*.
 Slaik, 195, *slack*.
 Slake, *slack*.
 Slane, 21, *slain*.
 Slaw, 100, *slow*.
 Sleip, 101, *sleep*.
 Sleipis, 144, *sleeps*.
 Sleipit, 102, *slept*.
 Sleuth, 89, *slot*.
 Slicht, 152, *cunning, fraud*.
 Slie, 131, *sly*.
 Slipper, 182, *slippery*.
 Slokkin, 70, *quenched*.
 Slycht, 90, *cunning*.
 Slychtis, 160, *tricks*.
 Slyde, 100, *slide*.
 Slyding, 72, *slipping*.
 Slydrie, 89, *slippery*.
 Slyme, 144, *clay*.
 Smart, 118, *pain*.
 Smellit, 151, *smelt*.
 Smoir, 161, *smother*.
 Smorit, 181, *smothered*.
 Snair, 189, *snare*.
 Snaird, 189, *ensnared*.
 Snakis, 163, *snakes*.
 Snaw, 107, *snow*.
 Snib, 66, *binder*.
 Sober, 37, *small, mean*.
 Sober, 137, *soir, suffering*.
 Soberlie, 13, *soberly*.
 Socht, 39, *sought*.
 Sodayis, *Sundays*.
 Sone and air, 34, *son and heir*.
 Sone, 33, *son*.
 Sone, 39, *soon*.
 Sone, 144, *sun*.
 Sones, 22, *son's*.

- Sonnes, 30, *sons*.
 Sonnis, 55, *son's*.
 Soir, 58, *sore*.
 Soirly, 54, *sorely, anxiously*.
 Solempnitie, *solemnity*.
 Solistatioun, 11, *anxiety, solicitude*.
 Sorie, 78, *sad*.
 Soueraine, 69, *sovereign*.
 Spak, 74, *spoke*.
 Spait, 97, *flood*.
 Spectakill, 78, *spectacle*.
 Speid, 153, *speed*.
 Speik, 125, *speak*.
 Speikand, 85, *speaking*.
 Speikes, 85, *speaks*.
 Speikis, 77, *speaks*.
 Speir, 152, *ask*.
 Speir, 108, *spear*.
 Spendit, 84, *spent*.
 Spill, 149, *destroy*.
 Spill, 118, *mar*.
 Spilt, 135, *destroyed*.
 Spirituall, *spiritual*.
 Spittit, 148, *spat*.
 Splene, 146, *spleen*.
 Spokin, 118, *spoken*.
 Sponk, 163, *spark*.
 Spousit, 73, *espoused*.
 Spoylzeit, 52, *spoiled*.
 Spred, 120, *spread*.
 Spreit, 109, *spirit*.
 Springis, 174, *springs*.
 Sprinkill, 107, *sprinkle*.
 Spyit, *espied, seen*.
 Staffe, 80, *staff*.
 Staine, 63, *stone*.
 Stait, 82, *state*.
 Stakerand, 88, *stumbling*.
 Stakis, 163, *stakes*.
 Stand, 97, *stood*.
 Standand, 185, *standing*.
 Standis, 183, *stand*.
 Stane, 54, *stone*.
 Stang, 71, *sting*.
 Stangand, 163, *stinging*.
 Stanis, 44, *stones*.
 Stark, 23, *strong, powerful*.
 Steid, 195, *stead*.
 Steidfast, 62, *steadfast*.
 Steidfastlie, 42, *steadfastly*.
 Steik, 202, *shut*.
 Steill, 65, *steal*.
 Steir, 196, *government*.
 Steir, 10, *stir*.
 Stend, 95, *spring*.
 Stepillis, 185, *steeple*.
 Steppis, 202, *steps*.
 Sternis, 127, *stars*.
 Stert, 95, *start*.
 Stife, 91, *stiff*.
 Stinkand, 172, *stinking*.
 Stok, 54, *stock*.
 Stoir, 57, *store*.
 Stomak, 31, *stomach*.
 Stomokis, 65, *stomachs*.
 Stoppit, 71, *stopped*.
 Stormis, 186, *storms*.
 Storie, 92, *story*.
 Stound, 87, *aching, pain*.
 Straif, 38, *stroke*.
 Straik, 191, *struck*.
 Strang, 58, *strong*.
 Strangair, 116, *stranger*.
 Strampe, 94, *tread*.
 Stray, 44, *straw*.
 Streit, 102, *street*.
 Stremis, 97, *streams*.

- Strenth, 49, *strength*.
 Strenth, 48, *strengthben*.
 Stres, 105, *distraint*.
 Stres, 113, *distress*.
 Strickin, 168, *struck*.
 Stringit, 81, *stringed*.
 Striue, 24, *strife*.
 Striuling, *Stirling*.
 Sroy, 124, *destroy*.
 Stryfe, 27, *strife*.
 Stryfe, 146, *striving, fighting*.
 Stryke, 87, *strike*.
 Stryuand, 91, *striving*.
 Stryue, 75, *strive*.
 Stude, 122, *stood*.
 Stule, 44, *stool*.
 Stummer, 100, *stumble*.
 Sturdie, 186, *vexing*.
 Subdew, 69, *subdue*.
 Subdewit, 26, *subdued*.
 Subtell, 131, *subtle*.
 Subtelte, 160, *subtlety*.
 Subtill, 190, *subtle*.
 Suddand, 78, *sudden*.
 Suddanely, 198, *suddenly*.
 Suddanly, 28, *suddenly*.
 Sufferit, 59, *suffered*.
 Suith, 202, *true*.
 Suith, 166, *truth*.
 Suld, 29, *should*.
 Sum, 60, *some*.
 Sum deale, 181, *somewhat*.
 Summe, 37, *sum*.
 Sune, 89, *soon*.
 Sunne, 2, *sun*.
 Supplie, 72, *supply*.
 Suppois, 183, *suppose*.
 Sure, 94, *assure*.
 Suretie, 59, *surety, certainty*.
 Surfet, 65, *surfeit*.
 Surmisse, 133, *surmise*.
 Suspitioun, 87, *suspicion*.
 Susseit, 149, *besitated*.
 Susteinit, 188, *sustained*.
 Sustene, 30, *sustain*.
 Swa, 150, *so*.
 Sweilling, 44, *savaddling*.
 Sweir, 198, *loth*.
 Sweir, 79, *swear*.
 Sweit, 88, *sweet*.
 Sweiter, 146, *sweeter*.
 Sweitest, *sweetest*.
 Sweitly, 61, *sweetly*.
 Swelland, 95, *savelling*.
 Swyith, 44, *quick*.
 Swyne, 165, *swine*.
 Syde, 61, *side*.
 Sylk, 35, *silk*.
 Syle, 156, *betray*.
 Syllie, *simple, harmless*.
 Symeon, 57, *Simeon*.
 Syne, 162, *after*.
 Syne, 35, *afterwards*.
 Synk, 162, *cesspool*.
 Syse, 7, *assize*.
 Syse, 115, *times*.
 Syith, 91, *compensation*.

T.

- Tabernakil, 78, *tabernacle*.
 Tabernacles, *tabernacles*.
 Tabill, 202, *table*.
 Tabillis, 7, *tables*.
 Tak, 109, *take*.
 Takin, *taken*.

- Takin, 12, *token*.
 Takis, 22, *takes*.
 Tak tent, 22, *be attentive*.
 Tailit, 177, *tailed*.
 Taine, tane, *taken*.
 Tantonie, 153, *St Anthony*.
 Targe, 82, *shield*.
 Tarie, 154, *tarry*.
 Taucht, 25, *taught*.
 Tauld, 176, *told*.
 Teiche, 63, *teach*.
 Teichement, 77, *teaching*.
 Teiching, 1, *teaching*.
 Teichit, 25, *taught*.
 Teind, 158, *tenth*.
 Teindit, 164, *teinded*.
 Teine, 78, *injury, loss*.
 Teiris, 109, *tears*.
 Teith, 14, 97, *teeth*.
 Tempill, 101, *temple*.
 Temptit, 30, *tempted*.
 Tenderlie, 66, *tenderly*.
 Termis, 195, *terms*.
 Terribill, 35, *terrible*.
 Testifyis, 200, *testifies*.
 Thae, 102, *they*.
 Thai, 36, *they*.
 Thair, 1, *their*.
 Thair, 58, *there*.
 Thairby, 38, *thereby*.
 Thairfoir, 29, *therefore*.
 Thairin, 153, *therein*.
 Thairof, 117, *thereof*.
 Thairtill, 31, *thereto*.
 Thairto, 57, *thereto*.
 Thame, 167, *them*.
 Thame self, 164, *themselves*.
 Thame selfis, 87, *themselves*.
 Thankis, 5, *thanks*.
 Thay, 125, *they, those*.
 Thê, 29, *thee*.
 Theifis, 134, *theives*.
 Thift, 8, *theft*.
 Thinefurth, 111, *thenceforth*.
 Thingis, 69, *things*.
 Thinkand, 180, *thinking*.
 Thinkis, 195, *thinks*.
 Thir, 78, *these*.
 Thirlage, 85, *bondage*.
 Thirldome, 99, *thralldom*.
 Thirlit, 52, *bound to*.
 Thirlit, 30, *enthrallled*.
 Thirlit, 118, *pierced*.
 Thocht, 89, *thought*.
 Thocht, 29, *although*.
 Thochtis, 48, *thoughts*.
 Thoill, 30, *suffer, endure*.
 Thole, 89, *endure*.
 Tholit, 67, *endured*.
 Thousandis, 2, *thousands*.
 Thow, 6, *thou*.
 Thrall, 53, *servant*.
 Thrall, 145, *stubborn, hard*.
 Thrawardnes, 65, *perverse-
ness*.
 Thre, 60, *three*.
 Threid, 72, *thread*.
 Threitning, 3, *threatening*.
 Thrid, 39, *third*.
 Thrinfalde, 179, *threefold*.
 Thring, 124, *thrust*.
 Thrist, 131, *thirst*.
 Throuchlie, 181, *thoroughly*.
 Throtis, 96, *throats*.
 Throw, 39, *through*.
 Thyne, 54, *thence*.
 Thyne, *thy, thine*.
 Til, 101, *to*.

- Till, 58, *to*.
 Tint, 158, *lost*.
 Tippet, 171, *short cloak*.
 To, 166, *too*.
 Togidder, 19, *together*.
 Torment, 36, *tormented*.
 Tormenting, 36, *torment*.
 Tormentit, 162, *tormented*.
 Tot quot, 154, *so much*.
 Totcheit, 133, *tossed about*.
 Tounge, 36, *tongue*.
 Toungis, 77, *tongues*.
 Tour 142, *tower*.
 Traine, 188, *enticement, snare*.
 Traist, 34, *trust*.
 Traistand, 116, *trusting*.
 Traistis, 76, *trusts*.
 Transitoir, 72, *transitory*.
 Translatit, 74, *translated*.
 Trappit, 175, *trapped*.
 Tratour, 37, *traitor*.
 Trauel, 16, *labour*.
 Trauell, 89, *trouble, pains*.
 Tre, 44, *wood*; 167, *the Cross*.
 Treasour, 34, *treasure*.
 Tred, 94, *tread*.
 Treis, 114, *trees*.
 Trespas, 61, *trespass*.
 Trespassis, 4, *trespasses*.
 Treuth, 77, *truth*.
 Trew, 160, *true*.
 Trewar, 77, *truer*.
 Trewlie, 60, *truly*.
 Trewly, 36, *truly*.
 Trick, 182, *artful, clever*.
 Triffillis, 195, *trifles*.
 Trimbill, 182, *tremble*.
 Tripairtit, 184, *parted in three*.
 Trothe, 54, *truth*.
 Troubill, 58, *trouble*.
 Troublis, 29, *troubles*.
 Troublit, 15, *troubled*.
 Trow 63, *believe trust*.
 Trowis, 155, *believes*.
 Trublit, 88, *troubled*.
 Trumpettis, *trumpets*.
 Trybes, *tribes*.
 Tryflis, 177, *trifles*.
 Trym, 32, *trim*.
 Tryne, 91, *multitude*.
 Tryne, 12, *retinuc*.
 Tryumphe, 52, *triumph*.
 Tuik, 44, *took*.
 Tuke, 184, *took*.
 Tuke trauell, 89, *took pains*.
 Tumbe, 137, *tomb*.
 Tung, 173, *tongue*.
 Tungs, 173, *tongues*.
 Turnand, 151, *turning*.
 Turne, 37, *turn*.
 Turnis, 55, *turns*.
 Turnit, 144, *turned*.
 Turs, 171, *truss*.
 Twa, 30, *two*.
 Twa edgeit, 87, *two-edged*.
 Tway, 171, *two*.
 Twelf, 3, *twelve*.
 Twentie, 2, *twentieth*.
 Twentie, 60, *twenty*.
 Twin, 53, *separate*.
 Twyse, 7, *twice*.
 Tyde, 37, *time*.
 Tyde, 101, *season*.
 Tykis, 162, *dogs*.
 Tyme, 29, *time*.

Tymes, 77, *times*.
 Tyne, 31, *lose, be lost*.
 Tyrane, 86, *tyrant*.
 Tyrannis, 40, *tyrants*.
 Tyrl, 81, *trill*.
 Tyrranis, 86, *tyrants'*.
 Tythingis, 43, *tidings*.

U.

Uengeance, 171, *vengeance*.
 Unburyit, 102, *unburied*.
 Unknawin, 117, *unknown*.
 Unkyndly, 58, *unkindly*.
 Utheris, *others*.

V.

Vaill, 65, *value*.
 Vaine, vane, *vain*.
 Valure, 146, *valour*.
 Vangel, 30, *gospel*.
 Vanitie, 64, *vanity*.
 Vaniteis, 201, *vanities*.
 Variance, 17, *change*.
 Veirs, 14, *verse*.
 Veluote, 172, *velvet*.
 Veneis, *Venice*.
 Vennemous, 68, *venemous*.
 Verifie, 67, *verify*.
 Veritie, 40, *verity, truth*.
 Verray, 117, *very*.
 Verteousnes, 80, *virtue*.
 Vertew, 181, *virtue*.
 Vexacioun, 11, *vexation*.
 Vexit, 77, *vexed*.
 Victorie, 75, *victory*.

Victour, 20, *conqueror*.
 Vincust, 24, *vanquished*.
 Visibill, 71, *visible*.
 Visitis, 2, *visits*.
 Vitious, 23, *unregulated*.
 Vittel, 31, *grain*.
 Vmbeset, 53, *surrounded*.
 Vmest, 171, *uppermost*.
 Vnbeleuaris, *unbelievers*.
 Vnbeleue, 11, *unbelief*.
 Vncleue, 177, *unclean*.
 Vncouth, 93, *strange*.
 Vnder, 2, *under*.
 Vnderstand, 10, *understand*.
 Vnderstude, 46, *understood*.
 Vnfzenzeitlie, 42, *unfeignedly*.
 Vnforlorne, 127, *not lost*.
 Vniuersall, 4, *universal*.
 Vnitie, 157, *unity*.
 Vnkynde, 122, *unkind*.
 Vnkyndelie, 137, *unkindly*.
 Vnkyndenes, 132, 133, *unkindness*.
 Vnperfite, 63, *imperfect*.
 Vnricht, 44, *unrighteous*.
 Vnricht, 151, *wrong*.
 Vnrichteousnes, 10, *unrighteousness*.
 Vnschamefastnes, 65, *shamelessness*.
 Vnstabil, 92, *unstable*.
 Vnsure, 107, *uncertain*.
 Vnthankfull, 150, *unthankful*.
 Vntill, 5, *until*.
 Vnto, 196, *unto*.
 Vntraistie, 188, *untrusty*.
 Vntrew, 127, *untrue*.

Vnworthelie, 15, *unworthily*.
 Vnworthely, 5, *unworthily*.
 Vnworthie, 24, *unworthy*.
 Voce, 86; Voyce, 13, *voice*.
 Voide, 102, *devoid*.
 Voyde, 29, *void*.
 Vowis, 14, *vows*.
 Vp, 81, *up*.
 Vpbring, 142, *rear*.
 Vpon, 2, *upon*.
 Vpper, 181, *upper*.
 Vproir, 177, *uproar*.
 Vs, 32, *us*.
 Vse, vsis, *use, uses*.
 Vsit, 177, *used*.
 Vsurpit, 153, *usurped*.
 Vther, 57, *other*.
 Vtheris, 168, *others*.
 Vtter, 92, *utter*.
 Vyce, 166, *vice*.
 Vylanie, 135, *villany*.
 Vylde, vyle, *vile*.

W.

Wacht, 23, *quaff*.
 Waigis, 195, *wages*.
 Waik, 126, *watch*.
 Waik, 193, *weak*.
 Waiknes, 57, *weakness*.
 Wairis, 195, *wares, goods*.
 Waistit, 31, *wasted*.
 Wait, 129, *know, knew*.
 Wait, 198, *knowest*.
 Waitis, 98, *waits*.
 Wald, 31, *would*.
 Walkand, 120, *awake*.

Walkins, 123, *wakens*.
 Walkis, 88, *walks*.
 Wallis, 113, *walls*.
 Wallis, 97, 168, *waves*.
 Wallowis, 83, *fades*.
 Wallowit, 202, *withered*.
 Wan, 174, *won*.
 Wan, 28, *stroke, sickness*.
 Wantand, 103, *wanting*.
 Wantit, 35, *wanted*.
 Wantounlie, 179, *wantonly*.
 War, 32, *aware*.
 War, 161, *were*.
 Wardly, 64, *worldly*.
 Wark, 88, *work*.
 Warkand, 157, *working*.
 Warkis, 80, *works*.
 Warld, 120, *world*.
 Warldis, *worlds, world's*.
 Warldly, 122, *worldly*.
 Warldlie, 24, *worldly*.
 Warrand, 97, *warrant*.
 Wat, 166, *know*; 168, *knows*.
 Wate, 91, *knew*.
 Wateris, 81, *waters*.
 Watter, 14, *water*.
 Wauer, 80, *warver*.
 Wawis, 97, *waves*.
 Way, 163, *wo*.
 Wayis, 83, *ways*.
 Wayis, 36, *wise*.
 Waxit, 134, *became*.
 Weddit, 46, *wedded*.
 Weid, 93, *dwelling-place*.
 Weilbelouit, 13, *well-be-loved*.
 Weild, 145, *possess*.
 Weill, 159, *weal*.

- Weill, 65, *well*.
 Weill or wo, 53, *prosperity or adversity*.
 Weind, 171, *fancied*.
 Weip, 19, *weep*.
 Weipit, 99, *wept*.
 Weir, 130, *doubt*.
 Weir, 197, *law phrase, referring to a doubtful debt*.
 Weir, 158, *strife*; 22, *war*.
 Weird, 24, *fate, destiny*.
 Weiris, 185, *Wars*.
 Weirle, 93, *happy*.
 Weit, 36, *wet*.
 Welcom, 150, *welcome*.
 Welterand, 97, *rolling*.
 Welth, 88, *wealth*.
 Welth, 168, *gladness*.
 Welthie, 189, *wealthy*.
 Wemen, 186, *women*.
 Wemis, *Wemyss*.
 Wenche, 190, *girl*.
 Wend, 25, *go*; 77, *gone*.
 Wene, 30, *imagine, think*.
 Went, 98, *gone*.
 Wer, 29, *were, wert*.
 Wes, 33, *was*.
 Wesche, 105, *wash*.
 Weschin, 148, *washed*.
 Whill, *while*.
 Wicht, 23, 75, *active, agile*.
 Wicht, 117, *man, person*.
 Wicket, 82, *wicked*.
 Wickit, 55, *wicked*.
 Wickitnes, 64, *wickedness*.
 Widderit, 83, *withered*.
 Wil, 78, *wilt*.
 Will, 80, *willfully*.
 Win, 52, *won, gained*.
 Win, 16, *gain*.
 Win away, 97, *escaped*.
 Windo, 116, *window*.
 Wingis, 93, *wings*.
 Winnis, 199, *gains*.
 Wirk, 26, *work*.
 Wirkand, 57, *working*.
 Wirkar, 68, *worker*.
 Wirking, 12, *working*.
 Wirkis, 121, *works*.
 Wirschip, 81, *worship*.
 Wirship, 76, *worship*.
 Wis, 8, *desire*.
 Wis, 117, *know*.
 Wisdome, *wisdom*.
 Wist, 135, *knew*.
 Withouttin, 28, *without*.
 Witnessis, 37, *witnesses*.
 Wittis, 75, *wits*.
 Wo, 159, *sad*.
 Wod, 200, *wood*.
 Wolfis, 131, *wolves*.
 Woll, 164, *wool*.
 Worde, 12, *word*.
 Wordis, 48, *words*.
 Workis, 95, *works*.
 Wormes, 24, *worms*.
 Worschip, 57, *worship*.
 Worschiping, 176, *worshipping*.
 Worthely, 38, *worthily*.
 Worthie, 32, *worthy*.
 Wot, 154, *knows*.
 Wount, 161, *wont*.
 Wounder, 40, *wonder*.
 Wounder, 32, *wondrous*.
 Wounder, 131, *wonderfully*.
 Wounder, 163, *wondrously*.





